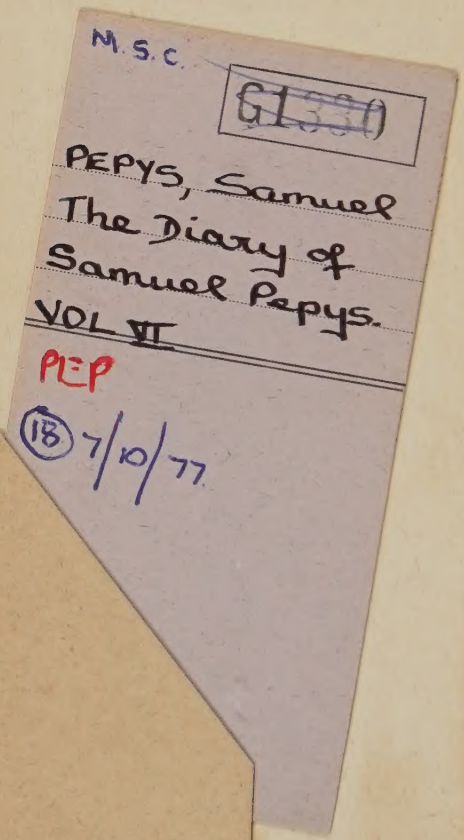
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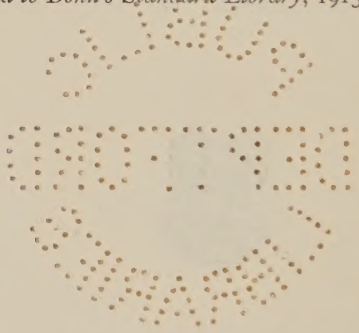

THE

DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS.

October 1st, 1666.

Up, and all the morning at the office, getting the list of all the ships and vessels employed since the war, for the Committee of Parliament. At noon with it to Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and there dined with him and [Sir] W. Batten, and [Sir] W. Pen, and after dinner examined it and find it will do us much right in the number of men rising to near the expense we delivered to the Parliament. [Sir] W. Coventry and I (the others going before the Committee) to Lord Bruncker's for his hand, and find him simply mighty busy in a council of the Queen's. He come out and took in the papers to sign, and sent them mighty wisely out again. Sir W. Coventry away to the Committee, and I to the Mercer's, and there took a bill of what I owe of late, which comes to about £17. Thence to White Hall, and there did hear Betty Michell was at this end of the towne, and so without breach of vowe did stay to endeavour to meet with her and carry her home; but she did not come, so I lost my whole afternoon. But pretty! how I took another pretty woman for her, taking her a clap on the breech, thinking verily it had been her. Staid till [Sir] W. Batten and [Sir] W. Pen come out and so away home by water with them, and to the office to do some business, and then home, and my wife do tell me that W. Hewer tells her that Mercer hath no mind to come. So I was angry at it, and resolved with her to have Falconbridge's girle, and I think it will be better for us, and will please me better with singing. With this resolution, to supper and to bed.

2nd. Up, and am sent for to Sir G. Carteret, and to him, and there he tells me how our lists are referred to a Subcommittee to consider and examine, and that I am ordered to be there this afternoon. So I away thence to my new bookbinder to see my books gilding in the backs, and then to White Hall to the House, and spoke to Sir W. Coventry, where he told me I must attend the Committee in the afternoon, and received some hints of more work to do. So I away to the 'Chequer, and thence to an alehouse, and found Mr. Falconbridge, and agreed for his kinswoman to come to me. He says she can dress my wife, and will do anything we would have her to do, and is of a good spirit and mighty cheerful. He is much pleased therewith, and so we shall be. So agreed for her coming the next week. So away home, and eat a short dinner, and then with Sir W. Pen to White Hall, and do give his boy my book of papers to hold while he went into the Committee Chamber in the Inner Court of Wards,[1] and I walked without with Mr. Slingsby, of the Tower, who was there, and who did in walking inform me mightily in several things; among others, that the heightening or lowering of money is only a cheat, and do good to some particular men, which, I can but remember how, I am now by him fully convinced of. Anon Sir W. Pen went away, telling me that Sir W. Coventry that was within had told him that the fleete is all come into the buoy of the Nore, and that he must hasten down to them, and so went away, and I into the Committee Chamber before the Committee sat, and there heard Birch discourse highly and understandingly about the Navy business and a proposal made heretofore to farm the Navy; but Sir W. Coventry did abundantly answer him, and is a most excellent person. By and by the Committee met, and I walked out, and anon they rose and called me in, and appointed me to attend a Committee of them to-morrow at the office to examine our lists. This put me into a mighty fear and trouble, they doing it in a very ill humour, methought. So I away and called on my Lord Bruncker to desire him to be there to-morrow, and so home, having

[1] The Court of Wards and Liveries was held at the end of Westminster Hall, opposite St. Stephen's Chapel. The court was abolished 12 Car. II. (see note, vol. i., p. 47).

taken up my wife at Unthanke's, full of trouble in mind to think what I shall be obliged to answer, that am neither fully fit, nor in any measure concerned to take the shame and trouble of this office upon me, but only from the inability and folly of the Comptroller that occasions it. When come home I to Sir W. Pen's, to his boy, for my book, and there find he hath it not, but delivered it to the doore-keeper of the Committee for me. This, added to my former disquiet, made me stark mad, considering all the nakedness of the office lay open in papers within those covers. I could not tell in the world what to do, but was mad on all sides, and that which made me worse Captain Cocke was there, and he did so swear and curse at the boy that told me. So Cocke, Griffin, and the boy with me, they to find the housekeeper of the Parliament, Hughes, while I to Sir W. Coventry, but could hear nothing of it there. But coming to our rendezvous at the Swan Taverne, in King Streete, I find they have found the housekeeper, and the book simply locked up in the Court. So I staid and drank, and rewarded the doore-keeper, and away home, my heart lighter by all this, but to bed very sad notwithstanding, in fear of what will happen to-morrow upon their coming.

3rd. Waked betimes, mightily troubled in mind, and in the most true trouble that I ever was in my life, saving in the business last year of the East India prizes. So up, and with Mr. Hater and W. Hewer and Griffin to consider of our business, and books and papers necessary for this examination; and by and by, by eight o'clock, comes Birch, the first, with the lists and books of accounts delivered in. He calls me to work, and there he and I begun, when, by and by, comes Garraway,[1] the first time I ever saw him, and Sir W. Thompson and Mr. Boscawen. They to it, and I did make shift to answer them better than I expected. Sir W. Batten, Lord Bruncker, [Sir] W. Pen, come in, but presently went out; and [Sir] J. Minnes come

[1] William Garway, elected M.P. for Chichester, March 26th, 1661, and in 1674 he was appointed by the House to confer with Lord Shaftesbury respecting the charge against Pepys being popishly affected. See note to the Life, vol. i., p. xxx, and for his character, October 6th, 1666 (p. 8).

in, and said two or three words from the purpose, but to do hurt; and so away he went also, and left me all the morning with them alone to stand or fall. At noon Sir W. Batten comes to them to invite them (though fast day) to dinner, which they did, and good company they were, but especially Garraway. Here I have news brought me of my father's coming to town, and I presently to him, glad to see him, poor man, he being come to town unexpectedly to see us and the city. I could not stay with him, but after dinner to work again, only the Committee and I, till dark night, and by that time they cast up all the lists, and found out what the medium of men was borne all the war, of all sorts, and ended with good peace, and much seeming satisfaction; but I find them wise and reserved, and instructed to hit all our blots, as among others, that we reckon the ships full manned from the beginning. They gone, and my heart eased of a great deale of fear and pain, and reckoning myself to come off with victory, because not overcome in anything or much foiled, I away to Sir W. Coventry's chamber, but he not within, then to White Hall, and there among the ladies, and saw my Lady Castlemaine never looked so ill, nor Mrs. Stewart neither, as in this plain, natural dress. I was not pleased with either of them. Away, not finding [Sir] W. Coventry, and so home, and there find my father and my brother come to towne — my father without my expectation; but glad I am to see him. And so to supper with him, and to work again at the office; then home, to set up all my folio books, which are come home gilt on the backs, very handsome to the eye, and then at midnight to bed. This night [Sir] W. Pen told me [Sir] W. Batten swears he will have nothing to do with the Privateer if his son do not go Lieutenant, which angers me and him; but we will be even with him, one way or other.

4th. Up, and mighty betimes, to [Sir] W. Coventry, to give him an account of yesterday's work, which do give him good content. He did then tell me his speech lately to the House in his owne vindication about the report of his selling of places, he having a small occasion offered him by chance, which he did desire, and took, and did it to his content, and, he says, to the House's seeming to approve of it by their hum. He confessed how long he had done

it, and how he desired to have something else; and, since then, he had taken nothing, and challenged all the world. I was glad of this also. Thence up to the Duke of York, by appointment, with fellow officers, to complaine, but to no purpose, of want of money, and so away. I to Sir G. Carteret, to his lodging, and here discoursed much of the want of money and our being designed for destruction. How the King hath lost his power, by submitting himself to this way of examining his accounts, and is become but as a private man. He says the King is troubled at it, but they talk an entry[1] shall be made, that it is not to be brought into example; that the King must, if they do not agree presently, make them a courageous speech, which he says he may do, the City of London being now burned, and himself master of an army, better than any prince before him, and so I believe. Thence home, about noon, to dinner. After dinner the bookbinder come, and I sent by him some more books to gild. I to the office all day, and spent most of it with Sir W. Warren, whom I have had no discourse with a great while, and when all is done I do find him a mighty wise man as any I know, and his counsel as much to be followed. Late with Mr. Hater upon comparing the charge and husbandry of the last Dutch war with ours now, and do find good roome to think we have done little worse than they, whereof good use may and will be made. So home to supper, and to bed.

5th. Up, and with my father talking awhile, then to the office, and there troubled with a message from Lord Peterborough about money; but I did give as kind answer as I could, though I hate him. Then to Sir G. Carteret to discourse about paying of part of the great ships come in, and so home again to compare the comparison of the two Dutch wars' charges for [Sir] W. Coventry, and then by water (and saw old Mr. Michell digging like a painfull father for his son) to him, and find him at dinner. After dinner to look over my papers, and comparing them with some notes of his and brought me, the sight of some good Navy notes of his which I shall get. Then examined and liked well my notes, and away together to White Hall, in the way

[1] In the Journals of the House of Commons. — B.

discoursing the inconvenience of the King's being thus subject to an account, but it will be remedied for the time to come, he thinks, if we can get this over, and I find he will have the Comptroller's business better done, swearing he will never be for a wit to be employed on business again. Thence I home, and back again to White Hall, and meeting Sir H. Cholmly to White Hall; there walked till night that the Committee come down, and there [Sir] W. Coventry tells me that the Sub-committee have made their report to the Grand Committee, and in pretty kind terms, and have agreed upon allowing us £4 per head, which I am sure will do the business, but he had endeavoured to have got more, but this do well, and he and I are both mighty glad it is come to this, and the heat of the present business seems almost over. But I have more worke cut out for me, to prepare a list of the extraordinaries, not to be included within the £4, against Monday. So I away from him, and met with the Vice-Chamberlain, and I told him when I had this evening in coming hither met with Captain Cocke, and he told me of a wild motion made in the House of Lords by the Duke of Buckingham for all men that had cheated the King to be declared traitors and felons, and that my Lord Sandwich was named. This put me into a great pain; so the Vice-Chamberlain, who had heard nothing of it, having been all day in the City, away with me to White Hall; and there come to me and told me that, upon Lord Ashly's asking their direction whether, being a peere, he should bring in his accounts to the Commons, which they did give way to, the Duke of Buckingham did move that, for the time to come, what I have written above might be declared by some fuller law than heretofore. Lord Ashly answered, that it was not the fault of the present laws, but want of proof; and so said the Lord Chancellor. He answered, that a better law, he thought, might be made: so the House laughing, did refer it to him to bring in a Bill to that purpose, and this was all. So I away with joyful heart home, calling on Cocke and telling him the same. So I away home to the office to clear my Journall for five days, and so home to supper and to bed, my father who had staid out late and troubled me thereat being come home well and gone to bed, which pleases me also. This

day, coming home, Mr. Kirton's kinsman, my bookseller, come in my way; and so I am told by him that Mr. Kirton is utterly undone, and made 2 or £3,000 worse than nothing, from being worth 7 or £8,000. That the goods laid in the Churchyarde fired through the windows those in St. Fayth's church; and those coming to the warehouses' doors fired them, and burned all the books and the pillars of the church, so as the roof falling down, broke quite down, which it did not do in the other places of the church, which is alike pillared (which I knew not before); but being not burned, they stand still. He do believe there is above £150,000 of books burned; all the great booksellers almost undone: not only these, but their warehouses at their Hall, and under Christchurch, and elsewhere being all burned. A great want thereof there will be of books, specially Latin books and foreign books; and, among others, the Polyglottes[1] and new Bible, which he believes will be presently worth £40 a-piece.

6th. Up, and having seen my brother in his cassocke, which I am not the most satisfied in, being doubtfull at this time what course to have him profess too soon. To the office and there busy about a list of the extraordinaries of the charge of the fleete this war; and was led to go to the office of the ordnance to be satisfied in something, and find their accounts and books kept in mighty good order, but that they can give no light, nor will the nature of their affairs permit it to tell what the charge of the ordnance comes to a man a month. So home again and to dinner, there coming Creed to me; but what with business and my hatred to the man, I did not spend any time with him, but after dinner [my] wife and he and I took coach and to Westminster, but he 'light about Paul's, and set her at her tailor's, and myself to St. James's, but there missing [Sir] W. Coventry, returned and took up my wife, and calling

[1] Bishop Walton's great work, published in 1657, entitled, "Biblia Sacra Polyglotta," in six large folio volumes. Nine languages are used in it, though no one book of the Bible is printed in so many. It was printed by subscription, under the patronage of Oliver Cromwell; but the Protector dying before it was finished, the bishop cancelled two leaves of the preface commendatory of his patron, and others were printed complimentary to Charles II. Hence the distinction of *republican* and *loyal* copies. The former are the most valued. — B.

at the Exchange home, whither Sir H. Cholmly come to visit me, but my business suffered me not to stay with him. So he gone I by water to Westminster Hall and thence to St. James's, and there found [Sir] W. Coventry waiting for me, and I did give him a good account to his mind of the business he expected about extraordinaries and then fell to other talke, among others, our sad condition contracted by want of a Comptroller;[1] and it was his words, that he believes, besides all the shame and trouble he hath brought on the office, the King had better have given £100,000 than ever have had him there. He did discourse about some of these discontented Parliament-men, and says that Birch is a false rogue, but that Garraway is a man that hath not been well used by the Court, though very stout to death, and hath suffered all that is possible for the King from the beginning. But discontented as he is, yet he never knew a Session of Parliament but he hath done some good deed for the King before it rose. I told him the passage Cocke told me of — his having begged a brace of bucks of the Lord Arlington for him, and when it come to him, he sent it back again. Sir W. Coventry told me, it is much to be pitied that the King should lose the service of a man so able and faithfull; and that he ought to be brought over, but that it is always observed, that by bringing over one discontented man, you raise up three in his room; which is a State lesson I never knew before. But when others discover your fear, and that discontent procures favour, they will be discontented too, and impose on you. Thence to White Hall and got a coach and home, and there did business late, and so home and set up my little books of one of my presses come home gilt, which pleases me mightily, and then to bed. This morning my wife told me of a fine gentlewoman my Lady Pen tells her of, for £20 per annum, that sings, dances, plays on four or five instruments and many other fine things, which pleases me mightily: and she sent to have her see her, which she did this afternoon; but sings basely, and is a tawdry wench that would take £8, but [neither] my wife nor I think her fit to come.

[1] As Sir John Minnes performed the duties inefficiently, it was considered necessary to take the office from him. See January 21st.

7th (Lord's day). Up, and after visiting my father in his chamber, to church, and then home to dinner. Little Michell and his wife come to dine with us, which they did, and then presently after dinner I with Sir J. Minnes to White Hall, where met by [Sir] W. Batten and Lord Bruncker, to attend the King and Duke of York at the Cabinet; but nobody had determined what to speak of, but only in general to ask for money. So I was forced immediately to prepare in my mind a method of discoursing. And anon we were called in to the Green Room, where the King, Duke of York, Prince Rupert, Lord Chancellor, Lord Treasurer, Duke of Albemarle, [Sirs] G. Carteret, W. Coventry, Morrice. Nobody beginning, I did, and made a current, and I thought a good speech, laying open the ill state of the Navy: by the greatness of the debt; greatness of work to do against next yeare; the time and materials it would take; and our incapacity, through a total want of money. I had no sooner done, but Prince Rupert rose up and told the King in a heat, that whatever the gentleman had said, he had brought home his fleete in as good a condition as ever any fleete was brought home; that twenty boats would be as many as the fleete would want: and all the anchors and cables left in the storm might be taken up again. This arose from my saying, among other things we had to do, that the fleete was come in — the greatest fleete that ever his Majesty had yet together, and that in as bad condition as the enemy or weather could put it; and to use Sir W. Pen's words, who is upon the place taking a survey, he dreads the reports he is to receive from the Surveyors of its defects.[1] I therefore did only answer, that I was sorry for his Highness's offence, but that what I said was but the report we received from those entrusted in the fleete to inform us. He muttered and repeated what he had said; and so, after a long silence on all hands, nobody, not so much as the Duke of Albemarle, seconding the Prince, nor taking notice of what he said, we withdrew. I was not a little troubled at this passage, and the more when speaking with Jacke Fenn about it, he told me that the

[1] Sir William Coventry's letter of instructions to Sir William Penn, directing him to visit the fleet at the Nore, dated October 2nd, is printed in Penn's "Memorials of Sir W. Penn," vol. ii., p. 422.

Prince will be asking now who this Pepys is, and find him to be a creature of my Lord Sandwich's, and therefore this was done only to disparage him. Anon they broke up, and Sir W. Coventry come out; so I asked his advice. He told me he had said something to salve it, which was, that his Highnesse had, he believed, rightly informed the King that the fleete is come in good condition to have staid out yet longer, and have fought the enemy, but yet that Mr. Pepys his meaning might be, that, though in so good condition, if they should come in and lie all the winter, we shall be very loth to send them to sea for another year's service with[out] great repairs. He said it would be no hurt if I went to him, and showed him the report himself brought up from the fleete, where every ship, by the Commander's report, do need more or less, and not to mention more of Sir W. Pen for doing him a mischief. So I said I would, but do not think that all this will redound to my hurt, because the truth of what I said will soon appear. Thence, having been informed that, after all this pains, the King hath found out how to supply us with 5 or £6,000, when £100,000 were at this time but absolutely necessary, and we mentioned £50,000. This is every day a greater and greater omen of ruine. God fit us for it! Sir J. Minnes and I home (it raining) by coach, calling only on Sir G. Carteret at his lodging (who is I find troubled at my Lord Treasurer and Sir Ph. Warwicke bungling in his accounts), and come home to supper with my father, and then all to bed. I made my brother in his cassocke to say grace this day, but I like his voice so ill that I begin to be sorry he hath taken this order upon him.

8th. Up and to my office, called up by Commissioner Middleton,[1] newly come to town, but staid not with me; so I to my office busy all the morning. Towards noon, by water to Westminster Hall, and there by several hear that the Parliament do resolve to do something to retrench Sir G. Carteret's great salary; but cannot hear of any thing bad they can lay to his charge. The House did this day order to be engrossed the Bill against importing Irish cattle; a thing, it seems, carried on by the Western Parliament-men,

[1] For note on Colonel Middleton, see vol. iv., p. 263.

wholly against the sense of most of the rest of the House; who think if you do this, you give the Irish again cause to rebel. Thus plenty on both sides makes us mad. The Committee of the Canary Company of both factions come to me for my Cozen Roger that is of the Committee.[1] Thence with [Sir] W. Coventry when the House rose and [Sir] W. Batten to St. James's, and there agreed of and signed our paper of extraordinaries, and there left them, and I to Unthanke's, where Mr. Falconbridge's girle is, and by and by comes my wife, who likes her well, though I confess I cannot (though she be of my finding out and sings pretty well), because she will be raised from so mean a condition to so high all of a sudden; but she will be much to our profit, more than Mercer, less expense. Here we bespoke a new gowne for her, and to come to us on Friday. She being gone, my wife and I home by coach, and then I presently by water with Mr. Pierce to Westminster Hall, he in the way telling me how the Duke of York and Duke of Albemarle do not agree. The Duke of York is wholly given up to this bitch of Denham. The Duke of Albemarle and Prince Rupert do less agree. So that we are all in pieces, and nobody knows what will be done the next year. The King hath yesterday in Council declared his resolution of setting a fashion for clothes, which he will never alter.[2] It will be a vest, I know not well how; but it is to teach the nobility thrift, and will do good. By and by comes down from the Committee [Sir] W. Coventry, and I find him troubled at several things happened this

[1] The Canary Company of Merchants was incorporated by charter, bearing date March 17th, 1664, to trade with the seven islands formerly called the Fortunate Islands, and afterwards the Canary Islands. The House of Commons considered the company's patent to be illegal and a monopoly; and in December, 1666, the Houses of Lords and Commons held a conference on the subject. In the end the Commons obtained their will, and an address of both houses was presented to the king thanking his Majesty "for causing the Canary Patent to be surrendered and vacated" ("Journals of the House of Lords," vol. xii., p. 119). The trade was in consequence freed from all control.

[2] There are several references to this new fashion of dress introduced by the king. Pepys saw the Duke of York put on the vest on the 13th, and he says Charles II. himself put it on on the 15th. On November 4th Pepys dressed himself in the new vest and coat. See notes, October 15th (p. 20) and Nov. 22nd.

afternoon, which vexes me also; our business looking worse and worse, and our worke growing on our hands. Time spending, and no money to set anything in hand with; the end thereof must be speedy ruine. The Dutch insult and have taken off Bruant's head,[1] which they have not dared to do (though found guilty of the fault he did die for, of something of the Prince of Orange's faction) till just now, which speaks more confidence in our being worse than before. Alderman Maynell, I hear, is dead. Thence returned in the darke by coach all alone, full of thoughts of the consequences of this ill complexion of affairs, and how to save myself and the little I have, which if I can do, I have cause to bless God that I am so well, and shall be well contented to retreat to Brampton, and spend the rest of my days there. So to my office, and did some business, and finished my Journall with resolutions, if God bless me, to apply myself soberly to settle all matters for myself, and expect the event of all with comfort. So home to supper and to bed.

9th. Up and to the office, where we sat the first day since the fire, I think. At noon home, and my uncle Thomas was there, and dined with my brother and I (my father and I were gone abroad), and then to the office again in the afternoon, and there close all day long, and did much business. At night to Sir W. Batten, where Sir R. Ford did occasion some discourse of sending a convoy to the Maderas; and this did put us upon some new thoughts of sending our privateer thither on merchants' accounts, which I have more mind to, the profit being certain and occasion honest withall. So home and to supper with my father, and then to set my remainder of my books gilt in order with much pleasure, and so late to bed.

10th (Fast-day for the fire).[2] Up with Sir W. Batten by

[1] Captain Du Buat, a Frenchman in the Dutch service, plotted with two magistrates of Rotterdam to obtain a peace with England as the readiest means of pressing the elevation of the Prince of Orange to the office of Captain-General. He was brought before the Supreme Court of Holland, condemned, and executed. He had been one of the household of the Prince of Orange who were dismissed by De Witt.

[2] "Proclamation (Whitehall, Sept. 13, 1666) ordering Oct. 10 to be observed as a day of humiliation and fasting on account of the late fire, whereby the greatest part of London within the walls, part of the

water to White Hall, and anon had a meeting before the Duke of York, where pretty to see how Sir W. Batten, that carried the surveys of all the fleete with him, to shew their ill condition to the Duke of York, when he found the Prince there, did not speak one word, though the meeting was of his asking — for nothing else. And when I asked him, he told me he knew the Prince too well to anger him, so that he was afeard to do it. Thence with him to Westminster, to the parish church,[1] where the Parliament-men, and Stillingfleete in the pulpit. So full, no standing there; so he and I to eat herrings at the Dog Taverne. And then to church again, and there was Mr. Frampton[2] in the pulpit, they cry up so much, a young man, and of a mighty ready tongue. I heard a little of his sermon, and liked it; but the crowd so great, I could not stay. So to the Swan, and blaise a fille, and drank, and then home by coach, and took father, wife, brother, and W. Hewer to Islington, where I find mine host dead. Here eat and drank, and merry; and so home, and to the office a while, and then to Sir W. Batten to talk a while, and with Captain Cocke into the office to hear his newes, who is mighty conversant with Garraway and those people, who tells me what they object as to the mal-administration of things as to money. But that they mean well, and will do well; but their reckonings are very good, and show great faults, as I will insert here. They say the king hath had towards this war expressly thus much:

suburbs, 80 parishes, with churches, chapels, hospitals, &c., are become one ruinous heap; also ordering the distressed state of the people to be earnestly recommended to general charity in collections to be distributed by the Lord Mayor of London as he sees fit" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 122).

[1] St. Margaret's. Dr. Sancroft, Dean of St. Paul's, preached before his Majesty at the Cathedral; Seth Ward, Bishop of Exeter, before the House of Lords, in Westminster Abbey; and Dr. Stillingfleet and Dr. Frampton before the House of Commons at St. Margaret's, Westminster. — *The London Gazette*, No. 94. — B.

[2] Robert Frampton, a native of Pimpern, in Dorsetshire, educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and afterwards a student of Christ Church, and chaplain to a man-of-war. In 1673 he became Dean of Gloucester, and in 1681 bishop of that see; but refusing to take the oaths of allegiance to William and Mary, he was deprived, Feb. 1, 1690–1, and retired into private life. He died at Standish, near Gloucester, on May 25th, 1708, aged eighty-six years.

Royal Ayde	£2,450,000
More	1,250,000
Three months' tax given the King by a power of raising a month's tax of £70,000 every year for three years	0,210,000
Customes, out of which the King did promise to pay £240,000, which for two years comes to	0,480,000
Prizes, which they moderately reckon at	0,300,000
A debt declared by the Navy, by us	0,900,000
	5,590,000
The whole charge of the Navy, as we state it for two years and a month, hath been but	3,200,000
So what is become of all this sum?	2,390,000

He and I did bemoan our public condition. He tells me the Duke of Albemarle is under a cloud, and they have a mind at Court to lay him aside. This I know not; but all things are not right with him, and I am glad of it, but sorry for the time. So home to supper, and to bed, it being my wedding night,[1] but how many years I cannot tell; but my wife says ten.

11th. Up, and discoursed with my father of my sending some money for safety into the country, for I am in pain what to do with what I have. I did give him money, poor man, and he overjoyed. So left him, and to the office, where nothing but sad evidences of ruine coming on us for want of money. So home to dinner, which was a very good dinner, my father, brother, wife and I, and then to the office again, where I was all the afternoon till very late, busy, and then home to supper and to bed.

Memorandum. I had taken my Journall during the fire and the disorders following in loose papers until this very day, and could not get time to enter them in my book till January 18, in the morning, having made my eyes sore by frequent attempts this winter to do it. But now it is done, for which I thank God, and pray never the like occasion may happen.

[1] See Life, vol. i., p. xix., where the register of St. Margaret's parish, Westminster, is quoted to the effect that Pepys was married December 1st, 1655. It seems incomprehensible that both husband and wife should have been wrong as to the date of their wedding day, but Mrs. Pepys was unquestionably wrong as to the number of years, for they had been married nearly eleven.

12th. Up, and after taking leave of my poor father, who is setting out this day for Brampton by the Cambridge coach, he having taken a journey to see the city burned, and to bring my brother to towne, I out by water; and so coach to St. James's, the weather being foul; and there, from Sir W. Coventry, do hear how the House have cut us off £150,000 of our wear and tear, for that which was saved by the King while the fleete lay in harbour in winter. However, he seems pleased, and so am I, that they have abated no more and do intend to allow of 28,000 men for the next year; and this day have appointed to declare the sum they will give the King,[1] and to propose the way of raising it; so that this is likely to be the great day. This done in his chamber, I with him to Westminster Hall, and there took a few turns, the Hall mighty full of people, and the House likely to be very full to-day about the money business. Here I met with several people, and do find that people have a mighty mind to have a fling at the Vice-Chamberlain, if they could lay hold of anything, his place being, indeed, too much for such, they think, or any single subject of no greater parts and quality than he, to enjoy. But I hope he may weather all, though it will not be by any dexterity of his, I dare say, if he do stand, but by his fate only, and people's being taken off by other things. Thence home by coach, mighty dirty weather, and then to the Treasurer's office and got a ticket paid for my little Michell, and so again by coach to Westminster, and come presently after the House rose. So to the Swan, and there sent for a piece of meat and dined alone and played with Sarah, and so to the Hall a while, and thence to Mrs. Martin's lodging and did what I would with her. She is very big, and resolves I must be godfather. Thence away by water with Cropp to Deptford. It was almost night before I got thither. So I did only give directions concerning a press that I have making there to hold my turning and joyner's tooles that were lately given me, which will be very handsome, and so away back again, it being now dark, and so home, and there find my wife come home, and hath

[1] The parliament voted this day a supply of £1,800,000 sterling. See below.

brought her new girle I have helped her to, of Mr. Falconbridge's. She is wretched poor, and but ordinary favoured; and we fain to lay out seven or eight pounds worth of clothes upon her back, which, methinks, do go against my heart; and I do not think I can ever esteem her as I could have done another that had come fine and handsome; and which is more, her voice, for want of use, is so furred, that it do not at present please me; but her manner of singing is such, that I shall, I think, take great pleasure in it. Well, she is come, and I wish us good fortune in her. Here I met with notice of a meeting of the Commissioners for Tangier to-morrow, and so I must have my accounts ready for them, which caused me to confine myself to my chamber presently and set to the making up my accounts, which I find very clear, but with much difficulty by reason of my not doing them sooner, things being out of my mind.

13th. It cost me till four o'clock in the morning, and, which was pretty to think, I was above an hour, after I had made all right, in casting up of about twenty sums, being dozed with much work, and had for forty times together forgot to carry the 60 which I had in my mind, in one denomination which exceeded 60; and this did confound me for above an hour together. At last all even and done, and so to bed. Up at seven, and so to the office, after looking over my last night's work. We sat all the morning. At noon by coach with my Lord Bruncker and 'light at the Temple, and so alone I to dinner at a cooke's, and thence to my Lord Bellasses', whom I find kind; but he had drawn some new proposal to deliver to the Lords Commissioners to-day, wherein one was, that the garrison would not be well paid without some goldsmith's undertaking the paying of the bills of exchange for Tallys. He professing so much kindness to me, and saying that he would not be concerned in the garrison without me; and that if he continued in the employment, no man should have to do with the money but myself. I did ask his Lordship's meaning of the proposition in his paper. He told me he had not much considered it, but that he meant no harm to me. I told him I thought it would render me useless; whereupon he did very frankly, after my seeming denials for a good while, cause it to be writ over again, and that clause left out,

which did satisfy me abundantly. It being done, he and I together to White Hall, and there the Duke of York (who is gone over to all his pleasures again, and leaves off care of business, what with his woman, my Lady Denham, and his hunting three times a week) was just come in from hunting. So I stood and saw him dress himself, and try on his vest, which is the King's new fashion, and will be in it for good and all on Monday next, and the whole Court: it is a fashion, the King says, he will never change. He being ready, he and my Lord Chancellor, and Duke of Albemarle, and Prince Rupert, Lord Bellasses, Sir H. Cholmly, Povy, and myself, met at a Committee for Tangier. My Lord Bellasses's propositions were read and discoursed of, about reducing the garrison to less charge; and indeed I am mad in love with my Lord Chancellor, for he do comprehend and speak out well, and with the greatest easinesse and authority that ever I saw man in my life. I did never observe how much easier a man do speak when he knows all the company to be below him, than in him; for though he spoke, indeed, excellent well, yet his manner and freedom of doing it, as if he played with it, and was informing only all the rest of the company, was mighty pretty. He did call again and again upon Mr. Povy for his accounts. I did think fit to make the solemn tender of my accounts that I intended. I said something that was liked, touching the want of money, and the bad credit of our tallys. My Lord Chancellor moved, that without any trouble to any of the rest of the Lords, I might alone attend the King, when he was with his private Council, and open the state of the garrison's want of credit; and all that could be done, should. Most things moved were referred to Committees, and so we broke up. And at the end Sir W. Coventry come; so I away with him, and he discoursed with me something of the Parliament's business. They have voted giving the [King] for next year £1,800,000; which, were it not for his debts, were a great sum. He says, he thinks the House may say no more to us for the present, but that we must mend our manners against the next tryall, and mend them we will. But he thinks it not a fit time to be found making of trouble among ourselves, meaning about Sir J. Minnes, who most certainly must be

removed, or made a Commissioner, and somebody else Comptroller. But he tells me that the House has a great envy at Sir G. Carteret, and that had he ever thought fit in all his discourse to have touched upon the point of our want of money and badness of payment, it would have been laid hold on to Sir G. Carteret's hurt; but he hath avoided it, though without much reason for it, most studiously, and in short did end thus, that he has never shewn so much of the pigeon[1] in all his life as in his innocence to Sir G. Carteret at this time; which I believe, and will desire Sir G. Carteret to thank him for it. So we broke up and I by coach home, calling for a new pair of shoes, and so, little being to do at the office, did go home, and after spending a little in righting some of my books, which stood out of order, I to bed.

14th (Lord's day). Lay long in bed, among other things, talking of my wife's renewing her acquaintance with Mrs. Pierce, which, by my wife's ill using her when she was here last, hath been interrupted. Herein we were a little angry together, but presently friends again; and so up, and I to church, which was mighty full, and my beauties, Mrs. Lethulier,[2] and fair Batelier both there. A very foul morning, and rained; and sent for my cloake to go out of the church with. So dined, and after dinner (a good discourse thereat to my brother) he and I by water to White Hall, and he to Westminster Abbey. Here I met with Sir Stephen Fox, who told me how much right I had done myself, and how well it is represented by the Committee to the House, my readinesse to give them satisfaction in everything when they were at the office. I was glad of this. He did further discourse of Sir W. Coventry's great abilities, and how necessary it were that I were of the House to assist him. I did not owne it, but do myself think it were not unnecessary if either he should die, or be removed to the Lords, or any thing to hinder his doing the like service the next trial, which makes me think that it were not a thing very unfit; but I will not move in it. He and

[1] The timidity of the pigeon has caused the addition of a series of words to the English language, as, pigeon, a gull; to pigeon; pigeon-hearted, and pigeon-livered, the latter expression used in "Hamlet."

[2] See December 13th, 1665 (vol. v., p. 162).

I parted, I to Mrs. Martin's, thinking to have met Mrs. Burrows, but she was not there, so away and took my brother out of the Abbey and home, and there to set some accounts right, and to the office to even my Journall, and so home to supper and to bed.

15th. Called up, though a very rainy morning, by Sir H. Cholmley, and he and I most of the morning together evening of accounts, which I was very glad of. Then he and I out to Sir Robt. Viner's, at the African house[1] (where I had not been since he come thither); but he was not there; but I did some business with his people, and then to Colvill's, who, I find, lives now in Lyme Streete, and with the same credit as ever, this fire having not done them any wrong that I hear of at all. Thence he and I together to Westminster Hall, in our way talking of matters and passages of state, the viciousness of the Court; the contempt the King brings himself into thereby; his minding nothing, but doing all things just as his people about him will have it; the Duke of York becoming a slave to this whore Denham, and wholly minds her; that there really was amours between the Duchesse and Sidney;[2] that there is reason to fear that, as soon as the Parliament have raised this money, the King will see that he hath got all that he can get, and then make up a peace. He tells me, what I wonder at, but that I find it confirmed by Mr. Pierce, whom I met by-and-by in the Hall, that Sir W. Coventry is of the caball with the Duke of York, and Bruncker, with this Denham; which is a shame, and I am sorry for it, and that Sir W. Coventry do make her visits; but yet I hope it is not so. Pierce tells me, that as little agreement as there is between the Prince[3] and Duke of Albemarle, yet they are likely to go to sea again; for the first will not be trusted alone, and nobody will go with him but this Duke of Albemarle. He tells me much how all the commanders of the fleete and officers that are sober men do cry out upon their bad discipline, and the ruine that must follow it if it continue. But that which I wonder most at, it seems their secretaries have been the

[1] The African House of the Royal African or Guinea Company of Merchants was situated in Leadenhall Street.

[2] See note, vol. v., p. 180.

[3] Prince Rupert.

most exorbitant in their fees to all sorts of the people, that it is not to be believed that they durst do it, so as it is believed they have got £800 apiece by the very vacancies in the fleete. He tells me that Lady Castlemayne is concluded to be with child again; and that all the people about the King do make no scruple of saying that the King do lie with Mrs. Stewart, who, he says, is a most excellent-natured lady. This day the King begins to put on his vest, and I did see several persons of the House of Lords and Commons too, great courtiers, who are in it; being a long cassocke close to the body, of black cloth, and pinked with white silke under it, and a coat over it, and the legs ruffled with black riband like a pigeon's leg; and, upon the whole, I wish the King may keep it, for it is a very fine and handsome garment.[1] Walking with Pierce in the Court of Wards out comes Sir W. Coventry, and he and I talked of business. Among others I proposed the making Sir J. Minnes a Commissioner, and make somebody else Comptroller. He tells me it is the thing he hath been thinking of, and hath spoke to the Duke of York of it. He believes it will be done; but that which I fear is that Pen will be Comptroller, which I shall grudge a little. The Duke of Buckingham called him aside and spoke a good while with him. I did presently fear it might be to discourse something of his design to blemish my Lord of Sandwich, in

[1] Evelyn describes the new fashion as "a comely dress after ye Persian mode" (see "Diary," October 18th, 1666). He adds that he had described the "comelinesse and usefulnesse" of the Persian clothing in his pamphlet entitled "Tyrannus, or the Mode." "I do not impute to this discourse the change which soone happen'd, but it was an identity I could not but take notice of."

Rugge, in his "Diurnal," thus describes the new Court costume: "1666, Oct. 11. In this month His Majestie and whole Court changed the fashion of their clothes — viz. a close coat of cloth, pinkt with a white taffety under the cutts. This in length reached the calf of the leg, and upon that a sercoat cutt at the breast, which hung loose and shorter than the vest six inches. The breeches the Spanish cut, and buskins some of cloth, some of leather, but of the same colour as the vest or garment; of never the like fashion since William the Conqueror." It is represented in a portrait of Lord Arlington, by Sir P. Lely formerly belonging to Lord de Clifford, and engraved in Lodge's "Portraits." Louis XIV. ordered his servants to wear the dress. See p. 11 and November 22.

pursuance of the wild motion he made the other day in the House. Sir W. Coventry, when he come to me again, told me that he had wrought a miracle, which was, the convincing the Duke of Buckingham that something — he did not name what — that he had intended to do was not fit to be done, and that the Duke is gone away of that opinion. This makes me verily believe it was something like what I feared. By and by the House rose, and then we parted, and I with Sir G. Carteret, and walked in the Exchequer Court, discoursing of businesses. Among others, I observing to him how friendly Sir W. Coventry had carried himself to him in these late inquiries, when, if he had borne him any spleen, he could have had what occasion he pleased offered him, he did confess he found the same thing, and would thanke him for it. I did give him some other advices, and so away with him to his lodgings at White Hall to dinner, where my Lady Carteret is, and mighty kind, both of them, to me. Their son and my Lady Jemimah will be here very speedily. She tells me the ladies are to go into a new fashion shortly, and that is, to wear short coats, above their ancles; which she and I do not like, but conclude this long trayne to be mighty graceful. But she cries out of the vices of the Court, and how they are going to set up plays already; and how, the next day after the late great fast, the Duchesse of York did give the King and Queene a play. Nay, she told me that they have heretofore had plays at Court the very nights before the fast for the death of the late King. She do much cry out upon these things, and that which she believes will undo the whole nation; and I fear so too. After dinner away home, Mr. Brisband along with me as far as the Temple, and there looked upon a new booke, set out by one Rycault,[1] secretary to my Lord Wincheslea, of the policy and customs of

[1] Paul Rycaut (B.A. Camb., 1650) was appointed secretary to the Earl of Winchelsea when that nobleman went to Constantinople in 1661 as Ambassador Extraordinary to the Sultan Mahomet Han. He was afterwards consul at Smyrna, secretary to Henry Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1685–87, when he was knighted, and Resident at Hamburg. He died December 16th, 1700. The book referred to appears to be "The Present State of the Ottoman Empire" (see March 20th and April 8th, 1667).

the Turks, which is, it seems, much cried up. But I could not stay, but home, where I find Balty come back, and with him some muster-books, which I am glad of, and hope he will do me credit in his employment. By and by took coach again and carried him home, and my wife to her tailor's, while I to White Hall to have found out Povy, but miss him and so call in my wife and home again, where at Sir W. Batten's I met Sir W. Pen, lately come from the fleete at the Nore; and here were many good fellows, among others Sir R. Holmes, who is exceeding kind to me, more than usual, which makes me afeard of him, though I do much wish his friendship. Thereupon, after a little stay, I withdrew, and to the office and awhile, and then home to supper and to my chamber to settle a few papers, and then to bed. This day the great debate was in Parliament, the manner of raising the £1,800,000 they voted [the King] on Friday; and at last, after many proposals, one moved that the Chimney-money might be taken from the King, and an equal revenue of something else might be found for the King, and people be enjoyned to buy off this tax of Chimney-money for ever at eight years' purchase, which will raise present money, as they think, £1,600,000 and the State be eased of an ill burthen and the King be supplied of something as good or better for his use. The House seems to like this, and put off the debate to to-morrow.

16th. Up, and to the office, where sat to do little business but hear clamours for money. At noon home to dinner, and to the office again, after hearing my brother play a little upon the Lyra viall, which he do so as to show that he hath a love to musique and a spirit for it, which I am well pleased with. All the afternoon at the office, and at night with Sir W. Batten, Sir W. Pen, [and Sir] J. Minnes, at [Sir] W. Pen's lodgings, advising about business and orders fit presently to make about discharging of ships come into the river, and which to pay first, and many things in order thereto. But it vexed me that, it being now past seven o'clock, and the businesses of great weight, and I had done them by eight o'clock, and sending them to be signed, they were all gone to bed, and Sir W. Pen, though awake, would not, being in bed, have them brought to him to sign; this made me quite angry. Late at work at the

office, and then home to supper and to bed. Not come to any resolution at the Parliament to-day about the manner of raising this £1,800,000.

17th. Up, and busy about public and private business all the morning at the office. At noon home to dinner, alone with my brother, with whom I had now the first private talke I have had, and find he hath preached but twice in his life. I did give him some advice to study pronunciation; but I do fear he will never make a good speaker, nor, I fear, any general good scholar, for I do not see that he minds optickes or mathematiques of any sort, nor anything else that I can find. I know not what he may be at divinity and ordinary school-learning. However, he seems sober, and that pleases me. After dinner took him and my wife and Barker (for so is our new woman called, and is yet but a sorry girle), and set them down at Unthanke's, and so to White Hall, and there find some of my brethren with the Duke of York, but so few I put off the meeting. So staid and heard the Duke discourse, which he did mighty scurrilously, of the French, and with reason, that they should give Beaufort orders when he was to bring, and did bring, his fleete hither, that his rendezvous for his fleete, and for all sluggs to come to, should be between Calais and Dover; which did prove the taking of La Roche[lle], who, among other sluggs behind, did, by their instructions, make for that place, to rendezvous with the fleete; and Beaufort, seeing them as he was returning, took them for the English fleete, and wrote word to the King of France that he had passed by the English fleete, and the English fleete durst not meddle with him. The Court is all full of vests, only my Lord St. Albans not pinked but plain black; and they say the King says the pinking upon white makes them look too much like magpyes, and therefore hath bespoke one of plain velvet. Thence to St. James's by coach, and spoke, at four o'clock or five, with Sir W. Coventry, newly come from the House, where they have sat all this day and not come to an end of the debate how the money shall be raised. He tells me that what I proposed to him the other day was what he had himself thought on and determined, and that he believes it will speedily be done — the making Sir J. Minnes a Commissioner, and bringing

somebody else to be Comptroller, and that (which do not please me, I confess, for my own particulars, so well as Sir J. Minnes) will, I fear, be Sir W. Pen, for he is the only fit man for it. Away from him and took up my wife, and left her at Temple Bar to buy some lace for a petticoat, and I took coach and away to Sir R. Viner's about a little business, and then home, and by and by to my chamber, and there late upon making up an account for the Board to pass to-morrow, if I can get them, for the clearing all my imprest[1] bills, which if I can do, will be to my very good satisfaction. Having done this, then to supper and to bed.

18th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning. The waters so high in the roads, by the late rains, that our letters come not in till to-day, and now I understand that my father is got well home, but had a painful journey of it. At noon with Lord Bruncker to St. Ellen's,[2] where the master of the late Pope's Head Taverne is now set up again, and there dined at Sir W. Warren's cost, a very good dinner. Here my Lord Bruncker proffered to carry me and my wife into a play at Court to-night, and to lend me his coach home, which tempted me much; but I shall not do it. Thence rose from table before dinner ended, and homewards met my wife, and so away by coach towards Lovett's (in the way wondering at what a good pretty wench our Barker makes, being now put into good clothes, and fashionable, at my charge; but it becomes her, so that I do not now think much of it, and is an example of the power of good clothes and dress), where I stood godfather. But it was pretty, that, being a Protestant, a man stood by and was my Proxy to answer for me. A priest christened it, and the boy's name is Samuel. The ceremonies many, and some foolish. The priest in a gentleman's dress, more than my owne; but is a Capuchin, one of the Queene-mother's priests. He did give my proxy and the woman proxy (my Lady Bills,[3] absent, had a

[1] See note, November 28th, 1660 (vol. i., p. 274).

[2] Apparently the parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, which escaped the Fire.

[3] Lady Diana Fane, daughter of Mildmay Fane, second Earl of Westmoreland, widow of Edward Pellam, Esq., of Brocklesby, in Lincolnshire, remarried John Bills, Esq., of Caen Wood, Highgate.

proxy also) good advice to bring up the child, and, at the end, that he ought never to marry the child nor the godmother, nor the godmother the child or the godfather: but, which is strange, they say that the mother of the child and the godfather may marry. By and by the Lady Bills come in, a well-bred but crooked woman. The poor people of the house had good wine, and a good cake; and she a pretty woman in her lying-in dress. It cost me near 40*s.* the whole christening: to midwife 20*s.*, nurse 10*s.*, mayde 2*s.* 6*d.*, and the coach 5*s.* I was very well satisfied with what I have done, and so home and to the office, and thence to Sir W. Batten's, and there hear how the business of buying off the Chimney-money is passed in the House; and so the King to be satisfied some other way, and the King supplied with the money raised by this purchasing off of the chimnies. So home, mightily pleased in mind that I have got my bills of imprest cleared by bills signed this day, to my good satisfaction. To supper, and to bed.

19th. Up, and by coach to my Lord Ashly's, and thence (he being gone out), to the Exchequer chamber, and there find him and my Lord Bellasses about my Lord Bellasses' accounts, which was the business I went upon. This was soon ended, and then I with Creed back home to my house, and there he and I did even accounts for salary, and by that time dinner was ready, and merry at dinner, and then abroad to Povy's, who continues as much confounded in all his business as ever he was; and would have had me paid money, as like a fool as himself, which I troubled him in refusing; but I did persist in it. After a little more discourse, I left them, and to White Hall, where I met with Sir Robert Viner, who told me a little of what, in going home, I had seen; also a little of the disorder and mutiny among the seamen at the Treasurer's office, which did trouble me then and all day since, considering how many more seamen will come to towne every day, and no money for them. A Parliament sitting, and the Exchange close by, and an enemy to hear of, and laugh at it.[1] Viner

Her only child, Diana, by her second husband, died the widow of Captain Francis D'Arcy Savage, May 23rd, 1726, and is buried at Barnes. Lady Diana Bills was at this time in her thirty-sixth year. — B.

[1] The King of Denmark was induced to conclude a treaty with the

too, and Backewell, were sent for this afternoon; and was before the King and his Cabinet about money; they declaring they would advance no more, it being discoursed of in the House of Parliament for the King to issue out his privy-seals to them to command them to trust him, which gives them reason to decline trusting. But more money they are persuaded to lend, but so little that (with horrour I speake it), coming after the Council was up, with Sir G. Carteret, Sir W. Coventry, Lord Bruncker, and myself, I did lay the state of our condition before the Duke of York, that the fleete could not go out without several things it wanted, and we could not have without money, particularly rum and bread, which we have promised the man Swan to helpe him to £200 of his debt, and a few other small sums of £200 a piece to some others, and that I do foresee the Duke of York would call us to an account why the fleete is not abroad, and we cannot answer otherwise than our want of money; and that indeed we do not do the King any service now, but do rather abuse and betray his service by being there, and seeming to do something, while we do not. Sir G. Carteret asked me (just in these words, for in this and all the rest I set down the very words for memory sake, if there should be occasion) whether £50 or £60 would do us any good; and when I told him the very rum man[1] must have £200, he held up his eyes as if we had asked a million. Sir W. Coventry told the Duke of York plainly he did rather desire to have his commission called in than serve in so ill a place, where he cannot do the King service, and I did concur in saying the same. This was all very plain, and the Duke of York did confess that he did not see how he could do anything without a present supply of £20,000, and that he would speak to the King next Council day, and I promised to wait on him to put

United Provinces, a secret article of which bound him to declare war against England. The order in council for the printing and publishing a declaration of war against Denmark is dated "Whitehall, Sept. 19, 1666;" annexed is "A True Declaration of all transactions between his Majesty of Great Britain and the King of Denmark, with a declaration of war against the said king, and the motives that obliged his Majesty thereunto" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 140).

[1] The contractor Swan referred to above.

him in mind of it. This I set down for my future justification, if need be, and so we broke up, and all parted, Sir W. Coventry being not very well, but I believe made much worse by this night's sad discourse. So I home by coach, considering what the consequence of all this must be in a little time. Nothing but distraction and confusion; which makes me wish with all my heart that I were well and quietly settled with what little I have got at Brampton, where I might live peaceably, and study, and pray for the good of the King and my country. Home, and to Sir W. Batten's, where I saw my Lady, who is now come down stairs after a great sickness. Sir W. Batten was at the pay to-day, and tells me how rude the men were, but did go away quietly, being promised pay on Wednesday next. God send us money for it! So to the office, and then to supper and to bed. Among other things proposed in the House to-day, to give the King in lieu of chimneys, there was the bringing up of sealed paper, such as Sir J. Minnes shewed me to-night, at Sir W. Batten's, is used in Spayne, and brings the King a great revenue; but it shows what shifts we are put to too much.

20th. Up, and all the morning at the office, where none met but myself. So I walked a good while with Mr. Gawden in the garden, who is lately come from the fleete at the buoy of the Nore, and he do tell me how all the sober commanders, and even Sir Thomas Allen himself, do complain of the ill government of the fleete. How Holmes and Jennings have commanded all the fleete this yeare, that nothing is done upon deliberation, but if a sober man give his opinion otherwise than the Prince would have it the Prince would cry, "Damn him, do you follow your orders, and that is enough for you." He tells me he hears of nothing but of swearing and drinking and whoring, and all manner of profaneness, quite through the whole fleete. He being gone, there comes to me Commissioner Middleton, whom I took on purpose to walk in the garden with me, and to learn what he observed when the fleete was at Portsmouth. He says that the fleete was in such a condition, as to discipline, as if the Devil had commanded it; so much wickedness of all sorts. Enquiring how it come to pass that so many ships miscarried this year, he tells me

that he enquired; and the pilots do say, that they dare not do nor go but as the Captains will have them; and if they offer to do otherwise, the Captains swear they will run them through. He says that he heard Captain Digby[1] (my Lord of Bristoll's son, a young fellow that never was but one year, if that, in the fleete) say that he did hope he should not see a tarpaulin[2] have the command of a ship within this twelve months. He observed while he was on board the Admirall, when the fleete was at Portsmouth, that there was a faction there. Holmes commanded all on the Prince's side, and Sir Jeremy Smith on the Duke's, and every body that come did apply themselves to one side or other; and when the Duke of Albemarle was gone away to come hither, then Sir Jeremy Smith did hang his head, and walked in the Generall's ship but like a private commander. He says he was on board The Prince, when the newes come of the burning of London; and all the Prince said was, that now Shipton's prophecy was out;[3] and he heard a young commander presently swear, that now a citizen's wife that would not take under half a piece before, would be occupied for half-a-crowne: and made mighty sport of it. He says that Hubberd[4] that commanded this year the Admiral's ship is a proud conceited fellow (though I thought otherwise of him), and fit to command a single ship but not a fleete, and he do wonder that there hath not been more

[1] Francis Digby, second son of George, second Earl of Bristol. He was appointed lieutenant of the "Royal Charles" in 1666, and promoted to the command of the "Jersey" in the same year. He was killed in the sea-fight at Solebay, and Charnock ("Biographia Navalis," vol. i., pp. 222, 223) speaks highly of his intrepidity.

[2] This word (now used only in the curtailed form of tar) was once common. "The Archbishop of Bordeaux is at present general of the French Naval Forces, who though a priest is yet permitted to turn tarpaulin and soldier." — *The Turkish Spy*, Letter I. (1691).

[3] Evidently the concluding passage of "Mother Shipton's Prophecies," viz., "A ship come sayling up the Thames to London, and the master of the ship shall weepe, and the mariners shall aske him why he weepeth, being he hath made so good a voyage, and he shall say, 'Ah, what a goodlie citie this was! none in the world comparable to it; and now there is scarcely left any house that can let us have drinke for our money.'" Quoted from the edition of 1641, which Prince Rupert might have seen. — B.

[4] "John Hubbard commanded the Return, the Helversome and Lyon in succession during the year 1665; in 1666 he was made cap-

mischief this year than there hath. He says the fleete come to anchor between the Horse and the Island, so that when they came to weigh many of the ships could not turn, but run foul of the Horse, and there stuck, but that the weather was good. He says that nothing can do the King more disservice, nor please the standing officers of the ship better than these silly commanders that now we have, for they sign to anything that their officers desire of them, nor have judgment to contradict them if they would. He told me other good things, which made me bless God that we have received no greater disasters this year than we have, though they have been the greatest that ever was known in England before, put all their losses of the King's ships by want of skill and seamanship together from the beginning. He being gone, comes Sir G. Carteret, and he and I walked together awhile, discoursing upon the sad condition of the times, what need we have, and how impossible it is to get money. He told me my Lord Chancellor the other day did ask him how it come to pass that his friend Pepys do so much magnify all things to worst, as I did on Sunday last, in the bad condition of the fleete. Sir G. Carteret tells me that he answered him, that I was but the mouth of the rest, and spoke what they have dictated to me; which did, as he says, presently take off his displeasure. So that I am well at present with him, but I must have a care not to be over busy in the office again, and burn my fingers. He tells me he wishes he had sold his place at some good rate to somebody or other at the beginning of the warr, and that he would do it now, but no body will deale with him for it. He tells me the Duke of Albemarle is very much discontented, and the Duke of York do not, it seems, please

tain of the Royal Charles, the ship on board which the joint commanders in chief, Prince Rupert and the Duke of Albemarle, hoisted the standard. The very conspicuous share borne by this ship in the victory obtained over the Dutch may naturally be inferred from the known active intrepidity of those two great men. And while their extensive minds were engaged in arranging and manœuvring the fleet under their command, surely no small degree of merit ought to be attributed to the captain of the ship in which they fought, who by his conduct and gallantry enabled them to transfer their attention from an individual object to the weightier part of their charge." — Charnock's *Biographia Navalis*, vol. i., p. 168.

him. He tells me that our case as to money is not to be made good at present, and therefore wishes a good and speedy peace before it be too late, and from his discourse methinks I find that there is something moving towards it. Many people at the office, but having no more of the office I did put it off till the next meeting. Thence, with Sir G. Carteret, home to dinner, with him, my Lady and Mr. Ashburnham, the Cofferer. Here they talk that the Queene hath a great mind to alter her fashion, and to have the feet seen, which she loves mightily; and they do believe that it [will] come into it in a little time. Here I met with the King's declaration[1] about his proceedings with the King of Denmarke, and particularly the business of Bergen; but it is so well writ, that, if it be true, the King of Denmarke is one of the most absolute wickednesse in the world for a person of his quality. After dinner home, and there met Mr. Povy by appointment, and there he and I all the afternoon, till late at night, evening of all accounts between us, which we did to both our satisfaction; but that which troubles me most is, that I am to refund to the ignoble Lord Peterborough what he had given us six months ago, because we did not supply him with money; but it is no great matter. He gone I to the office, and there did some business; and so home, my mind in good ease by having done with Povy in order to the adjusting of all my accounts in a few days. So home to supper and to bed.

21st (Lord's day). Up, and with my wife to church, and her new woman Barker with her the first time. The girle will, I think, do very well. Here a lazy sermon, and so home to dinner, and took in my Lady Pen and Peg (Sir William being below with the fleete), and mighty merry we were, and then after dinner presently (it being a mighty cool day) I by coach to White Hall, and there attended the Cabinet, and was called in before the King and them to give an account of our want of money for Tangier, which troubles me that it should be my place so often and so soon after one another to come to speak there of their wants — the thing of the world that they love least to hear of, and that which is no welcome thing to be the solicitor for — and to

[1] For note on declaration of war with Denmark, see p. 25.

see how like an image the King sat and could not speak one word when I had delivered myself was very strange; only my Lord Chancellor did ask me, whether I thought it was in nature at this time to help us to anything. So I was referred to another meeting of the Lords Commissioners for Tangier and my Lord Treasurer, and so went away, and by coach home, where I spent the evening in reading Stillingfleet's defence of the Archbishopp,[1] the part about Purgatory, a point I had never considered before, what was said for it or against it, and though I do believe we are in the right, yet I do not see any great matter in this book. So to supper; and my people being gone, most of them, to bed, my boy and Jane and I did get two of my iron chests out of the cellar into my closett, and the money to my great satisfaction to see it there again, and the rather because the damp cellar spoils all my chests. This being done, and I weary, to bed This afternoon walking with Sir H. Cholmly long in the gallery, he told me, among many other things, how Harry Killigrew[2] is banished the Court lately, for saying that my Lady Castlemayne was a little lecherous girle when she was young. . . . This she complained to the King of, and he sent to the Duke of York, whose servant he is, to turn him away. The Duke of York hath done it, but takes it ill of my Lady that he was not complained to first. She attended him to excuse it, but ill blood is made by it. He told me how Mr. Williamson stood in a little place to have come into the House of Commons, and they would not choose him; they said, "No courtier."[3] And

[1] The archbishop defended by Stillingfleet was Laud, and the work referred to is entitled, "A Rational Account of the Grounds of the Protestant Religion . . . . being a Vindication of the Archbishop's Relation of a Conference from the pretended Answer of T. C[arwell]. London, 1665."

[2] Son of Thomas Killigrew by his first wife, Cecilia, daughter of Sir John Crofts, and maid of honour to Henrietta Maria. Born April 9th, 1637, and baptized in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, April 16th. He is called "young," to distinguish him from his uncle of the same name, who was Master of the Savoy. He was Groom of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York (1656), then to the king (1662), again to the duke (1666), and again to the king (1669). He was living in 1694, when he held his father's place of Master of the Revels.

[3] Williamson stood for Morpeth, but was unsuccessful; Edward, Lord Morpeth, was elected on September 27th, 1666.

which is worse, Bab May went down in great state to Winchelsea with the Duke of York's letters, not doubting to be chosen; and there the people chose a private gentleman in spite of him, and cried out they would have no Court pimp to be their burgesse; which are things that bode very ill.[1] This afternoon I went to see and sat a good while with Mrs. Martin, and there was her sister Doll, with whom, contrary to all expectation, I did what I would, and might have done anything else.

22nd. Up, and by coach to Westminster Hall, there thinking to have met Betty Michell, who I heard yesterday staid all night at her father's, but she was gone So I staid a little and then down to the bridge by water, and there overtook her and her father. So saluted her and walked over London Bridge with them and there parted, the weather being very foul, and so to the Tower by water, and so home, where I find Mr. Cæsar playing the treble to my boy upon the Theorbo, the first time I heard him, which pleases me mightily. After dinner I carried him and my wife towards Westminster, by coach, myself 'lighting at the Temple, and there, being a little too soon, walked in the Temple Church, looking with pleasure on the monuments and epitaphs, and then to my Lord Belasses, where Creed and Povy by appointment met to discourse of some of their Tangier accounts between my Lord and Vernatty, who will prove a very knave. That being done I away with Povy to White Hall, and thence I to Unthanke's, and there take up my wife, and so home, it being very foule and darke. Being there come, I to the settling of some of my money matters in my chests, and evening some accounts, which I was at late, to my extraordinary content, and especially to see all things hit so even and right and with an apparent profit and advantage since my last accounting, but how much I cannot particularly yet come to adjudge. Late to supper and to bed.

23rd. Up, and to the office all the morning. At noon Sir W. Batten told me Sir Richard Ford would accept of one-third of my profit of our private man-of-war, and bear

[1] Robert Austin of Tenterden was elected M.P. for Winchelsea, October 4th, 1666.

one-third of the charge, and be bound in the Admiralty, so I shall be excused being bound, which I like mightily of, and did draw up a writing, as well as I could, to that purpose and signed and sealed it, and so he and Sir R. Ford are to go to enter into bond this afternoon. Home to dinner, and after dinner, it being late, I down by water to Shadwell, to see Betty Michell, the first time I was ever at their new dwelling since the fire, and there find her in the house all alone. I find her mighty modest. But had her lips as much as I would, and indeed she is mighty pretty, that I love her exceedingly. I paid her £10 1*s*. that I received upon a ticket for her husband, which is a great kindness I have done them, and having kissed her as much as I would, I away, poor wretch, and down to Deptford to see Sir J. Minnes ordering of the pay of some ships there, which he do most miserably, and so home. Bagwell's wife, seeing me come the fields way, did get over her pales to come after and talk with me, which she did for a good way, and so parted, and I home, and to the office, very busy, and so to supper and to bed.

24th. Up, and down to the Old Swan, and there find little Michell come to his new shop that he hath built there in the room of his house that was burned. I hope he will do good here. I drank and bade him joy, for I love him and his wife well, him for his care, and her for her person, and so to White Hall, where we attended the Duke; and to all our complaints for want of money, which now we are tired out with making, the Duke only tells us that he is sorry for it, and hath spoke to the King of it, and money we shall have as soon as it can be found; and though all the issue of the war lies upon it, yet that is all the answer we can get, and that is as bad or worse than nothing. Thence to Westminster Hall, where the term is begun, and I did take a turn or two, and so away by coach to Sir R. Viner's, and there received some money, and then home and to dinner. After dinner to little business, and then abroad with my wife, she to see her brother, who is sick, and she believes is from some discontent his wife hath given him by her loose carriage, which he is told, and he hath found has been very suspicious in his absence, which I am sorry for. I to the Hall and there walked long, among others

talking with Mr. Hayes, Prince Rupert's Secretary, a very ingenious man, and one, I think, fit to contract some friendship with. Here I staid late, walking to and again, hearing how the Parliament proceeds, which is mighty slowly in the settling of the money business, and great factions growing every day among them. I am told also how Holmes did last Sunday deliver in his articles to the King and Cabinet against [Sir Jeremy] Smith, and that Smith hath given in his answer, and lays his not accompanying the fleete to his pilot, who would not undertake to carry the ship further; which the pilot acknowledges. The thing is not accommodated, but only taken up, and both sides commanded to be quiet; but no peace like to be. The Duke of Albemarle is Smith's friend, and hath publiquely swore that he would never go to sea again unless Holmes's commission were taken from him.[1] I find by Hayes that they did expect great glory in coming home in so good condition as they did with the fleete, and therefore I the less wonder that the Prince was distasted with my discourse the other day about the bad state of the fleete.

[1] In the instructions given to Sir Thomas Clifford (August 5th, 1666) to be communicated to Prince Rupert and the Duke of Albemarle, we read: "to tell them that the complaint of Sir Jeremy Smith's misbehaviour in the late engagement being so universal, unless he have fully satisfied the generals he should be brought to trial by court-martial, and there purged or condemned." The Duke of Albemarle answered the king (August 14th?): "Wishes to clear a gallant man falsely accused, Sir Jeremiah Smith, who had more men killed and hurt, and his ship received more shot than any in the fleet. There is not a more spirited man serves in the fleet." On October 27th H. Muddiman wrote to Sir Edward Stradling: "Sir Jeremy Smith has got as much credit by his late examination as his enemies wished him disgrace, the King and Duke of York being fully satisfied of his valour in the engagement. It appears that he had 147 men killed and wounded, while the most eminent of his accusers had but two or three." With regard to Sir Jeremy's counter-charges, we read: "Nov. 3. The King having maturely considered the charges brought against Sir Rob. Holmes by Sir Jeremy Smith, finds no cause to suspect Sir Robert of cowardice in the fight with the Dutch of June 25 and 26, but thinks that on the night of the 26th he yielded too easily to the opinion of his pilot, without consulting those of the other ships, muzzled his ship, and thus obliged the squadron to do the same, and so the enemy, which might have been driven into the body of the king's fleet, then returning from the pursuit, was allowed to escape" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, pp. 14, 40, 222, 236).

But it pleases me to hear that he did expect great thanks, and lays the fault of the want of it upon the fire, which deadened everything, and the glory of his services. About seven at night home, and called my wife, and, it being moonshine, took her into the garden, and there layed open our condition as to our estate, and the danger of my having it [his money] all in the house at once, in case of any disorder or troubles in the State, and therefore resolved to remove part of it to Brampton, and part some whither else, and part in my owne house, which is very necessary, and will tend to our safety, though I shall not think it safe out of my owne sight. So to the office, and then to supper and to bed.

25th. Up betimes and by water to White Hall, and there with Sir G. Carteret to Sir W. Coventry, who is come to his winter lodgings at White Hall, and there agreed upon a method of paying of tickets; and so I back again home and to the office, where we sate all the morning, but to little purpose but to receive clamours for money. At noon home to dinner, where the two Mrs. Daniels come to see us, and dined with us. After dinner I out with my wife to Mrs. Pierce's, where she hath not been a great while, from some little unkindness[1] of my wife's to her when she was last here, but she received us with mighty respect and discretion, and was making herself mighty fine to go to a great ball to-night at Court, being the Queene's birthday; so the ladies for this one day do wear laces, but to put them off again to-morrow. Thence I to my Lord Bruncker's, and with him to Mrs. Williams's, where we met Knipp. I was glad to see the jade. Made her sing; and she told us they begin at both houses to act on Monday next. But I fear, after all this sorrow, their gains will be but little. Mrs. Williams says, the Duke's house will now be much the better of the two, because of their women; which I am glad to hear. Thence with Lord Bruncker to White Hall and there spoke with Sir W. Coventry about some office business, and then I away to Mrs. Pierce's, and there saw her new closet, which is mighty rich and fine. Her daughter Betty grows mighty pretty. Thence with my wife home and

[1] See August 6th, 1666 (vol. v., p. 367).

to do business at the office. Then to Sir W. Batten's, who tells me that the House of Parliament makes mighty little haste in settling the money, and that he knows not when it will be done; but they fall into faction, and libells have been found in the House. Among others, one yesterday, wherein they reckon up divers great sums to be given away by the King, among others, £10,000 to Sir W. Coventry, for weare and teare (the point he stood upon to advance that sum by, for them to give the King); Sir G. Carteret £50,000 for something else, I think supernumerarys; and so to Matt. Wren £5,000 for passing the Canary Company's patent; and so a great many other sums to other persons. So home to supper and to bed.

26th. Up, and all the morning and most of the afternoon within doors, beginning to set my accounts in order from before this fire, I being behindhand with them ever since; and this day I got most of my tradesmen to bring in their bills and paid them. Dined at home, and busy again after dinner, and then abroad by water to Westminster Hall, where I walked till the evening, and then out, the first time I ever was abroad with Doll Lane, to the Dog tavern, and there drank with her, a bad face, but good bodied girle. Did nothing but salute and play with her and talk, and thence away by coach, home, and so to do a little more in my accounts, and then to supper and to bed. Nothing done in the House yet as to the finishing of the bill for money, which is a mighty sad thing, all lying at stake for it.

27th. Up, and there comes to see me my Lord Belasses, which was a great honour. He tells me great newes, yet but what I suspected, that Vernatty is fled, and so hath cheated him and twenty more, but most of all, I doubt, Mr. Povy. Thence to talk about publique business; he tells me how the two Houses begin to be troublesome; the Lords to have quarrels one with another. My Lord Duke of Buckingham having said to the Lord Chancellor (who is against the passing of the Bill for prohibiting the bringing over of Irish cattle), that whoever was against the Bill, was there led to it by an Irish interest, or an Irish understanding, which is as much as to say he is a foole; this bred heat from my Lord Chancellor, and something he

[Buckingham] said did offend my Lord of Ossory[1] (my Lord Duke of Ormond's son), and they two had hard words, upon which the latter sends a challenge to the former; of which the former complains to the House, and so the business is to be heard on Monday next.[2] Then as to the Commons; some ugly knives, like poignards, to stab people with, about two or three hundred of them were brought in yesterday to the House, found in one of the house's rubbish that was burned, and said to be the house of a Catholique. This and several letters out of the country, saying how high the Catholiques are everywhere and bold in the owning their religion, have made the Commons mad, and they presently voted that the King be desired to put all Catholiques out of employment, and other high things; while the business of money hangs in the hedge. So that upon the whole, God knows we are in a sad condition like to be, there being the very beginnings of the late troubles. He gone, I at the office all the morning. At noon home to dinner, where Mrs. Pierce and her boy and Knipp, who sings as well, and is the best company in the world, dined with us, and infinite merry. The playhouses begin to play next week. Towards evening I took them out to the New Exchange, and there my wife bought things, and I did give each of them a pair of Jesimy[3]

[1] Thomas, Earl of Ossory, sat in the House of Lords as Baron Butler, but his creation in 1665 is not mentioned in Courthope's "Historic Peerage" or in Solly's "Titles of Honour." In these books his creation in 1679 as Baron Butler of More Park, co. Hertford, only is mentioned. He died in 1680, and was succeeded by his son James, who himself succeeded his grandfather as second Duke of Ormonde in 1688.

[2] The proceedings on the 27th are not clearly stated. According to Clarendon, this bill was urgently pressed forward in the House of Lords by the Duke of Buckingham. The debate became most disorderly, especially on the part of its promoters. On the duke making the remark above quoted, Lord Ossory, not trusting himself with a reply in the house, challenged Buckingham privately. This the duke endeavoured to avoid, and was found in a place not fixed for the meeting. On the following morning he informed the house of the affair. Clarendon regards the whole as a "gross shift" on the part of the duke. Both parties were sent to the Tower. The bill was subsequently passed. See Lord Arlington's account of the quarrel in Brown's "Miscellanea Aulica," p. 423, &c. — B.

[3] Jessemin (Jasminum), the flowers of which are of a delicate

plain gloves, and another of white. Here Knipp and I walked up and down to see handsome faces, and did see several. Then carried each of them home, and with great pleasure and content, home myself, where, having writ several letters, I home, and there, upon some serious discourse between my wife and I upon the business, I called to us my brother, and there broke to him our design to send him into the country with some part of our money, and so did seriously discourse the whole thing, and then away to supper and to bed. I pray God give a blessing to our resolution, for I do much fear we shall meet with speedy distractions for want of money.

28th (Lord's day). Up, and to church with my wife, and then home, and there is come little Michell and his wife, I sent for them, and also comes Captain Guy to dine with me, and he and I much talk together. He cries out of the discipline of the fleete, and confesses really that the true English valour we talk of is almost spent and worn out; few of the commanders doing what they should do, and he much fears we shall therefore be beaten the next year. He assures me we were beaten home the last June fight, and that the whole fleete was ashamed to hear of our bonefires. He commends Smith, and cries out of Holmes for an idle, proud, conceited, though stout fellow. He tells me we are to owe the losse of so many ships on the sands, not to any fault of the pilots, but to the weather; but in this I have good authority to fear there was something more. He says the Dutch do fight in very good order, and we in none at all. He says that in the July fight, both the Prince and Holmes had their belly-fulls, and were fain to go aside; though, if the wind had continued, we had utterly beaten them. He do confess the whole to be governed by a company of fools, and fears our ruine. After dinner he gone, I with my brother to White Hall,

sweet smell, and often used to perfume gloves. Edmund Howes, Stow's continuator, informs us that sweet or perfumed gloves were first brought into England by the Earl of Oxford on his return from Italy, in the fifteenth year of Queen Elizabeth, during whose reign, and long afterwards, they were very fashionable. They are frequently mentioned by Shakespeare. Autolycus, in the "Winter's Tale," has among his wares — "Gloves as sweet as damask roses." — B.

and he to Westminster Abbey. I presently to Mrs. Martin's, and there met widow Burroughes and Doll, and did tumble them all the afternoon as I pleased, and having given them a bottle of wine I parted and home by boat (my brother going by land), and thence with my wife to sit and sup with my uncle and aunt Wight, and see Woolly's wife, who is a pretty woman, and after supper, being very merry, in abusing my aunt with Dr. Venner, we home, and I to do something in my accounts, and so to bed. The Revenge having her forecastle blown up with powder to the killing of some men in the River, and the Dyamond's being overset in the careening at Sheernesse,[1] are further marks of the method all the King's work is now done in. The Foresight also and another come to disasters in the same place this week in the cleaning; which is strange.

29th. Up, and to the office to do business, and thither comes to me Sir Thomas Teddiman, and he and I walked a good while in the garden together, discoursing of the disorder and discipline of the fleete, wherein he told me how bad every thing is; but was very wary in speaking any thing to the dishonour of the Prince or Duke of Albemarle, but do magnify my Lord Sandwich much before them both, for ability to serve the King, and do heartily wish for him here. For he fears that we shall be undone the next year, but that he will, however, see an end of it. To prevent the necessity of his dining with me I was forced to pretend occasion of going to Westminster, so away I went, and Mr. Barber, the clerk, having a request to make to me to get him into employment, did walk along with me, and by water to Westminster with me, he professing great love to me, and an able clerk he is. When I come thither I find the new Lord Mayor Bolton[2] a-swearing at the Exchequer, with some of the Aldermen and Livery; but, Lord! to see how meanely they now look, who upon this day used to be all little lords, is a sad sight and worthy

[1] On October 24th Sir William Penn wrote to the Navy Commissioners from Sheerness, with "particulars of the accident befallen the Diamond, Greenwich, and Foresight" — "they are now afloat and their damages repaired" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 216).

[2] Sir William Bolton, Merchant Tailor; Sheriff, 1660.

consideration. And every body did reflect with pity upon the poor City, to which they are now coming to choose and swear their Lord Mayor, compared with what it heretofore was. Thence by coach (having in the Hall bought me a velvet riding cap, cost me 20*s.*) to my taylor's, and there bespoke a plain vest, and so to my goldsmith to bid him look out for some gold for me; and he tells me that ginnys, which I bought 2,000 of not long ago, and cost me but 18½*d.* change, will now cost me 22*d.*; and but very few to be had at any price. However, some more I will have, for they are very convenient, and of easy disposal. So home to dinner and to discourse with my brother upon his translation of my Lord Bacon's "Faber Fortunæ," which I gave him to do and he has done it, but meanely; I am not pleased with it at all, having done it only literally, but without any life at all. About five o'clock I took my wife (who is mighty fine, and with a new fair pair of locks, which vex me, though like a foole I helped her the other night to buy them), and to Mrs. Pierce's, and there staying a little I away before to White Hall and into the new play-house[1] there, the first time I ever was there, and the first play I have seen since before the great plague. By and by Mr. Pierce comes, bringing my wife and his, and Knipp. By and by the King and Queene, Duke and Duchesse, and all the great ladies of the Court; which, indeed, was a fine sight. But the play being "Love in a Tub,"[2] a silly play, and though done by the Duke's people, yet having neither Betterton nor his wife,[3] and the whole thing done ill, and being ill also, I had no manner of pleasure in the play. Besides, the House, though very fine, yet bad for the voice, for hearing. The sight of the ladies, indeed, was exceeding noble; and above all, my Lady Castlemayne. The play done by ten o'clock. I carried them all home, and then home myself, and well satisfied

[1] The "Warrant appointing Henry Glover keeper of the Royal Theatre at Whitehall, with the scenes, engines, &c., fee £30 a year from the money allowed for plays, &c.," is dated November 21st, 1666 ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 278).

[2] "The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub," a comedy by Sir George Etherege, licensed for printing in 1664, and published in 1669.

[3] See note, vol. ii., p. 201.

with the sight, but not the play, we with great content to bed.

30th. Up, and to the office, where sat all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, and then to the office again, where late, very busy, and dispatching much business. Mr. Hater staying most of the afternoon abroad, he come to me, poor man, to make excuse, and it was that he had been looking out for a little house for his family. His wife being much frightened in the country with the discourses of troubles and disorders like to be, and therefore durst not be from him, and therefore he is forced to bring her to towne that they may be together. This is now the general apprehension of all people; particulars I do not know, but my owne fears are also great, and I do think it time to look out to save something, if a storm should come. At night home to supper, and singing with my wife, who hath lately begun to learn, and I think will come to do something, though her eare is not good, nor I, I confess, have patience enough to teach her, or hear her sing now and then a note out of tune, and am to blame that I cannot bear with that in her which is fit I should do with her as a learner, and one that I desire much could sing, and so should encourage her. This I was troubled at, for I do find that I do put her out of heart, and make her fearfull to sing before me. So after supper to bed.

31st. Out with Sir W. Batten toward White Hall, being in pain in my cods by being squeezed the other night in a little coach when I carried Pierce and his wife and my people. But I hope I shall be soon well again. This day is a great day at the House, so little to do with the Duke of York, but soon parted. Coming out of the Court I met Colonell Atkins, who tells me the whole city rings to-day of Sir Jeremy Smith's killing of Holmes in a duell, at which I was not much displeased, for I fear every day more and more mischief from the man, if he lives; but the thing is not true, for in my coach I did by and by meet Sir Jer. Smith going to Court. So I by coach to my goldsmith, there to see what gold I can get, which is but little, and not under 22*d*. So away home to dinner, and after dinner to my closett, where I spent the whole afternoon till late at evening of all my accounts publique and private,

and to my great satisfaction I do find that I do bring my accounts to a very near balance, notwithstanding all the hurries and troubles I have been put to by the late fire, that I have not been able to even my accounts since July last before; and I bless God I do find that I am worth more than ever I yet was, which is £6,200, for which the Holy Name of God be praised! and my other accounts of Tangier in a very plain and clear condition, that I am not liable to any trouble from them; but in fear great I am, and I perceive the whole city is, of some distractions and disorders among us, which God of his goodness prevent! Late to supper with my wife and brother, and then to bed. And thus ends the month with an ill aspect, the business of the Navy standing wholly still. No credit, no goods sold us, nobody will trust. All we have to do at the office is to hear complaints for want of money. The Duke of York himself for now three weeks seems to rest satisfied that we can do nothing without money, and that all must stand still till the King gets money, which the Parliament have been a great while about; but are so dissatisfied with the King's management, and his giving himself up to pleasures, and not minding the calling to account any of his officers, and they observe so much the expense of the war, and yet that after we have made it the most we can, it do not amount to what they have given the King for the warr, that they are backward of giving any more. However, £1,800,000 they have voted, but the way of gathering it has taken up more time than is fit to be now lost. The seamen grow very rude, and every thing out of order; commanders having no power over their seamen, but the seamen do what they please. Few stay on board, but all coming running up hither to towne and nobody can with justice blame them, we owing them so much money; and their familys must starve if we do not give them money, or they procure upon their tickets from some people that will trust them. A great folly is observed by all people in the King's giving leave to so many merchantmen to go abroad this winter, and some upon voyages where it is impossible they should be back again by the spring, and the rest will be doubtfull, but yet we let them go; what the reason of State is nobody can tell, but all condemn it.

The Prince and Duke of Albemarle have got no great credit by this year's service. Our losses both of reputation and ships having been greater than is thought have ever been suffered in all ages put together before; being beat home, and fleeing home the first fight, and then losing so many ships then and since upon the sands, and some falling into the enemy's hands, and not one taken this yeare, but the Ruby, French prize, now at the end of the yeare, by the Frenchmen's mistake in running upon us. Great folly in both Houses of Parliament, several persons falling together by the eares, among others in the House of Lords, the Duke of Buckingham and my Lord Ossory.[1] Such is our case that every body fears an invasion the next yeare; and for my part, I do methinks foresee great unhappiness coming upon us, and do provide for it by laying by something against a rainy day, dividing what I have, and laying it in several places, but with all faithfulness to the King in all respects; my grief only being that the King do not look after his business himself, and thereby will be undone both himself and his nation, it being not yet, I believe, too late if he would apply himself to it, to save all, and conquer the Dutch; but while he and the Duke of York mind their pleasure, as they do and nothing else, we must be beaten. So late with my mind in good condition of quiet after the settling all my accounts, and to bed.

November 1st. Up, and was presented by Burton, one of our smith's wives, with a very noble cake, which I presently resolved to have my wife go with to-day, and some wine, and house-warme my Betty Michell, which she readily resolved to do. So I to the office and sat all

[1] October 31st, 1666. "Humble petition of George, Duke of Bucks, shewing, 'That the displeasure of this Honourable House has been a greater trouble to him than anything could have befallen him in this business which has been the occasion of it.' Likewise the petition of Thomas, Lord Butler, was read, shewing, 'That he being heartily sorry for the occasion he hath given their Lordships to be displeased at him, in the late quarrel he had with the Duke of Buckingham . . . . humbly beseecheth their Lordships to restore him to his Liberty and their favour.' Hereupon it is ordered, That the Duke of Bucks and the Lord Butler be released and discharged from their present and respective restraints" ("Journals of the House of Lords," vol. xii., p. 22).

the morning, where little to do but answer people about want of money; so that there is little service done the King by us, and great disquiet to ourselves; I am sure there is to me very much, for I do not enjoy myself as I would and should do in my employment if my pains could do the King better service, and with the peace that we used to do it. At noon to dinner, and from dinner my wife and my brother, and W. Hewer and Barker away to Betty Michell's, to Shadwell, and I to my office, where I took in Mrs. Bagwell and did what I would with her, and so she went away, and I all the afternoon till almost night there, and then, my wife being come back, I took her and set her at her brother's, who is very sicke, and I to White Hall, and there all alone a pretty while with Sir W. Coventry at his chamber. I find him very melancholy under the same considerations of the King's service that I am. He confesses with me he expects all will be undone, and all ruined; he complains and sees perfectly what I with grief do, and said it first himself to me that all discipline is lost in the fleete, no order nor no command, and concurs with me that it is necessary we do again and again represent all things more and more plainly to the Duke of York, for a guard to ourselves hereafter when things shall come to be worse. He says the House goes on slowly in finding of money, and that the discontented party do say they have not done with us, for they will have a further bout with us as to our accounts, and they are exceedingly well instructed where to hit us. I left him with a thousand sad reflections upon the times, and the state of the King's matters, and so away, and took up my wife and home, where a little at the office, and then home to supper, and talk with my wife (with whom I have much comfort) and my brother, and so to bed.

2nd. Up betimes, and with Sir W. Batten to Woolwich, where first we went on board the Ruby,[1] French prize, the only ship of war we have taken from any of our enemies

[1] "M. de la Roche has been taken in the Ruby, a ship of 54 guns and 500 men, which was separated from Beaufort, and fell into the midst of the White Squadron, the colour of the flag deceiving him that it was French" (Letter from Jo. Hayes to Williamson, dated September 19th, "Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 139).

this year. It seems a very good ship, but with galleries quite round the sterne to walk in as a balcone, which will be taken down. She had also about forty good brass guns, but will make little amends to our loss in The Prince. Thence to the Ropeyarde and the other yards to do several businesses, he and I also did buy some apples and pork; by the same token the butcher commended it as the best in England for cloath and colour. And for his beef, says he, "Look how fat it is; the lean appears only here and there a speck, like beauty-spots." Having done at Woolwich, we to Deptford (it being very cold upon the water), and there did also a little more business, and so home, I reading all the way to make end of the "Bondman" (which the oftener I read the more I like), and begun "The Duchesse of Malfy,"[1] which seems a good play. At home to dinner, and there come Mr. Pierce, surgeon, to see me, and after I had eat something, he and I and my wife by coach to Westminster, she set us down at White Hall, and she to her brother's. I up into the House, and among other things walked a good while with the Serjeant Trumpet,[2] who tells me, as I wished, that the King's Italian here is about setting three parts for trumpets, and shall teach some to sound them, and believes they will be admirable musique. I also walked with Sir Stephen Fox an houre, and good discourse of publique business with him, who seems very much satisfied with my discourse, and desired more of my acquaintance. Then comes out the King and Duke of York from the Council, and so I spoke awhile to Sir W. Coventry about some office business, and so called my wife (her brother being now a little better than he was), and so home, and I to my chamber to do some business, and then to supper and to bed.

3rd. This morning comes Mr. Lovett, and brings me my print of the Passion, varnished by him, and the frame

[1] Massinger's "Bondman," acted before the court in 1623, and published in the following year. Webster's "Duchess of Malfy" was first published in 1623.

[2] The serjeant trumpeter was Gervase Price. The year's salary (which was not very regularly paid) for the serjeant trumpeter, sixteen trumpeters, and kettle-drummer, was £1,120 ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 446).

black, which indeed is very fine, though not so fine as I expected, however, pleases me exceedingly. This, and the sheets of paper he prepared for me, come to £3, which I did give him, and though it be more than is fit to lay out on pleasure, yet, it being ingenious, I did not think much of it. He gone, I to the office, where all the morning to little purpose, nothing being before us but clamours for money. So at noon home to dinner, and after dinner to hang up my new varnished picture and set my chamber in order to be made clean, and then to the office again, and there all the afternoon till late at night, and so to supper and to bed.

4th (Lord's day). Comes my taylor's man in the morning, and brings my vest home, and coate to wear with it, and belt, and silver-hilted sword. So I rose and dressed myself, and I like myself mightily in it, and so do my wife.[1] Then, being dressed, to church; and after church pulled my Lady Pen and Mrs. Markham into my house to dinner, and Sir J. Minnes he got Mrs. Pegg along with him. I had a good dinner for them, and very merry; and after dinner to the waterside, and so, it being very cold, to White Hall, and was mighty fearfull of an ague, my vest being new and thin, and the coat cut not to meet before upon my breast. Here I waited in the gallery till the Council was up, and among others did speak with Mr. Cooling, my Lord Chamberlain's secretary, who tells me my Lord Generall is become mighty low in all people's opinion, and that he hath received several slurs from the King and Duke of York. The people at Court do see the difference between his and the Prince's management, and my Lord Sandwich's. That this business which he is put upon of crying out against the Catholiques and turning them out of all employment, will undo him, when he comes to turn out the officers out of the Army, and this is a thing of his own seeking. That he is grown a drunken sot, and drinks with nobody but Troutbecke, whom nobody else will keep company with. Of whom he told me this story: That once the Duke of Albemarle in his drink taking

[1] See notes on the new costume introduced by the king, pp. 11, 20, 69 of this volume.

notice as of a wonder that Nan Hide should ever come to be Duchesse of York, "Nay," says Troutbecke, "ne'er wonder at that; for if you will give me another bottle of wine, I will tell you as great, if not greater, a miracle." And what was that, but that our dirty Besse (meaning his Duchesse) should come to be Duchesse of Albemarle? Here we parted, and so by and by the Council rose, and out comes Sir G. Carteret and Sir W. Coventry, and they and my Lord Bruncker and I went to Sir G. Carteret's lodgings, there to discourse about some money demanded by Sir W. Warren, and having done that broke up. And Sir G. Carteret and I alone together a while, where he shows a long letter, all in cipher, from my Lord Sandwich to him. The contents he hath not yet found out, but he tells me that my Lord is not sent for home, as several people have enquired after of me. He spoke something reflecting upon me in the business of pursers, that their present bad behaviour is what he did foresee, and had convinced me of, and yet when it come last year to be argued before the Duke of York I turned and said as the rest did. I answered nothing to it, but let it go, and so to other discourse of the ill state of things, of which all people are full of sorrow and observation, and so parted, and then by water, landing in Southwarke, home to the Tower, and so home, and there began to read "Potters' Discourse upon 666,"[1] which pleases me mightily, and then broke off and to supper and to bed.

5th (A holyday). Lay long; then up, and to the office, where vexed to meet with people come from the fleete at the Nore, where so many ships are laid up and few going abroad, and yet Sir Thomas Allen hath sent up some Lieutenants with warrants to presse men for a few ships to go out this winter, while every day thousands appear here, to our great trouble and affright, before our office and the ticket office, and no Captains able to command one man

[1] "An Interpretation of the number 666." Oxford, 1642, 4to. The work was afterwards translated into French, Dutch, and Latin. It was written by Francis Potter, an English divine, born in Wiltshire, 1594, who died about 1678, at Kilmington, in Somersetshire, of which he was rector (Wood's "Athenæ"). See February 18th, 1665–66 (vol. v., p. 212).—B.

aboard. Thence by water to Westminster, and there at the Swan find Sarah is married to a shoemaker yesterday, so I could not see her, but I believe I shall hereafter at good leisure. Thence by coach to my Lady Peterborough,[1] and there spoke with my Lady, who had sent to speak with me. She makes mighty moan of the badness of the times, and her family as to money. My Lord's passionateness for want thereof, and his want of coming in of rents, and no wages from the Duke of York. No money to be had there for wages nor disbursements, and therefore prays my assistance about his pension. I was moved with her story, which she largely and handsomely told me, and promised I would try what I could do in a few days, and so took leave, being willing to keep her Lord fair with me, both for his respect to my Lord Sandwich and for my owne sake hereafter, when I come to pass my accounts. Thence to my Lord Crew's, and there dined, and mightily made of, having not, to my shame, been there in 8 months before. Here my Lord and Sir Thomas Crew, Mr. John, and Dr. Crew,[2] and two strangers. The best family in the world for goodness and sobriety. Here beyond my expectation I met my Lord Hinchingbroke, who is come to towne two days since from Hinchingbroke, and brought his sister and brother Carteret with him, who are at Sir G. Carteret's. After dinner I and Sir Thomas Crew went aside to discourse of public matters, and do find by him that all the country gentlemen are publickly jealous of the courtiers in the Parliament, and that they do doubt every thing that they propose; and that the true reason why the country gentlemen are for a land-tax and against a general excise, is, because they are fearful that if the latter be granted they shall never get it down again; whereas the land-tax will be but for so much, and when the war ceases, there will be no ground got by the Court to keep it up. He do much cry out upon our accounts, and that

[1] See August 10th, 1663 (vol. iii., p. 229).

[2] John, Lord Crew (see note, vol. i., p. 5); Sir Thomas Crew, his eldest son, second Lord Crew, 1679 (see note, vol. i., p. 30); John Crew, younger son of first Lord Crew; Nathaniel Crew, fifth son of the first Lord Crew, Bishop of Durham, 1674, succeeded as third Lord Crew in 1697 (see note, vol. ii., p. 221).

all that they have had from the King hath been but estimates both from my Lord Treasurer and us, and from all people else, so that the Parliament is weary of it. He says the House would be very glad to get something against Sir G. Carteret, and will not let their inquiries die till they have got something. He do, from what he hath heard at the Committee for examining the burning of the City, conclude it as a thing certain that it was done by plots;[1] it being proved by many witnesses that endeavours were made in several places to encrease the fire, and that both in City and country it was bragged by several Papists that upon such a day or in such a time we should find the hottest weather that ever was in England, and words of plainer sense. But my Lord Crew was discoursing at table how the Judges have determined in the case whether the landlords or the tenants (who are, in their leases, all of them generally tied to maintain and uphold their houses) shall bear the losse of the fire; and they say that tenants should against all casualties of fire beginning either in their owne or in their neighbour's; but, where it is done by an enemy, they are not to do it. And this was by an enemy, there having been one convicted and hanged upon this very score. This is an excellent salvo for the tenants, and for which I am glad, because of my father's house. After dinner and this discourse I took coach, and at the same time find my Lord Hinchingbroke and Mr. John Crew and the Doctor going out to see the ruins of the City; so I took the Doctor into my hackney coach (and he is a very fine sober gentleman), and so through the City. But, Lord! what pretty and sober observations he made of the City and its desolation; till anon we come to my house, and there I took them upon Tower Hill to shew them what houses were pulled down there since the fire; and then to my house, where I treated them with good wine of several sorts, and they took it mighty respectfully, and a fine company of gentlemen they are; but above all I was glad to see my Lord Hinchingbroke drink no wine at all. Here I got them to appoint Wednesday come se'nnight to dine here at my house, and so we broke up and all took coach

[1] See note, p. 94.

again, and I carried the Doctor to Chancery Lane, and thence I to White Hall, where I staid walking up and down till night, and then got almost into the playhouse, having much mind to go and see the play at Court this night; but fearing how I should get home, because of the bonefires and the lateness of the night to get a coach, I did not stay; but having this evening seen my Lady Jemimah, who is come to towne, and looks very well and fat, and heard how Mr. John Pickering is to be married this week, and to a fortune with £5,000, and seen a rich necklace of pearle and two pendants of dyamonds, which Sir G. Carteret hath presented her with since her coming to towne, I home by coach, but met not one bonefire through the whole town in going round by the wall, which is strange, and speaks the melancholy disposition of the City at present, while never more was said of, and feared of, and done against the Papists than just at this time. Home, and there find my wife and her people at cards, and I to my chamber, and there late, and so to supper and to bed.

6th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning sitting. At noon home to dinner, and after dinner down alone by water to Deptford, reading "Duchesse of Malfy," the play, which is pretty good, and there did some business, and so up again, and all the evening at the office. At night home, and there find Mr. Batelier, who supped with us, and good company he is, and so after supper to bed.

7th. Up, and with Sir W. Batten to White Hall, where we attended as usual the Duke of York, and there was by the folly of Sir W. Batten prevented in obtaining a bargain for Captain Cocke, which would, I think have [been] at this time (during our great want of hempe), both profitable to the King and of good convenience to me; but I matter it not, it being done only by the folly, not any design, of Sir W. Batten's. Thence to Westminster Hall, and, it being fast day, there was no shops open, but meeting with Doll Lane, did go with her to the Rose taverne, and there drank and played with her a good while. She went away, and I staid a good while after, and was seen going out by one of our neighbours near the office and two of the Hall people that I had no mind to have been seen by, but there was no hurt in it nor can be alledged from it. Therefore

I am not solicitous in it, but took coach and called at Faythorne's, to buy some prints for my wife to draw by this winter, and here did see my Lady Castlemayne's picture, done by him from Lilly's, in red chalke and other colours, by which he hath cut it in copper to be printed. The picture in chalke is the finest thing I ever saw in my life, I think; and did desire to buy it; but he says he must keep it awhile to correct his copper-plate[1] by, and when that is done he will sell it me. Thence home and find my wife gone out with my brother to see her brother. I to dinner and thence to my chamber to read, and so to the office (it being a fast day and so a holiday), and then to Mrs. Turner's, at her request to speake and advise about Sir Thomas Harvy's coming to lodge there, which I think must be submitted to, and better now than hereafter, when he gets more ground, for I perceive he intends to stay by it, and begins to crow mightily upon his late being at the payment of tickets; but a coxcombe he is and will never be better in the business of the Navy. Thence home, and there find Mr. Batelier come to bring my wife a very fine puppy of his mother's spaniel, a very fine one indeed, which my wife is mighty proud of. He staid and supped with us, and they to cards. I to my chamber to do some business, and then out to them to play and were a little merry, and then to bed. By the Duke of York his discourse to-day in his chamber, they have it at Court, as well as we here, that a fatal day is to be expected shortly, of some great mischiefe to the remainder of this day; whether by the Papists, or what, they are not certain. But the day is disputed; some say next Friday, others a day sooner, others later, and I hope all will prove a foolery. But it is observable how every body's fears are busy at this time.

8th. Up, and before I went to the office I spoke with Mr. Martin for his advice about my proceeding in the business of the private man-of-war, he having heretofore served in one of them, and now I have it in my thoughts to send him purser in ours. After this discourse I to the office, where I sat all the morning, Sir W. Coventry with

[1] See December 1st, 1666, on which day Pepys bought three copies of the engraving, p. 82.

us, where he hath not been a great while, Sir W. Pen also, newly come from the Nore, where he hath been some time fitting of the ships out. At noon home to dinner and then to the office awhile, and so home for my sword, and there find Mercer come to see her mistresse. I was glad to see her there, and my wife mighty kind also, and for my part, much vexed that the jade is not with us still. Left them together, designing to go abroad to-morrow night to Mrs. Pierce's to dance; and so I to Westminster Hall, and there met Mr. Grey, who tells me the House is sitting still (and now it was six o'clock), and likely to sit till midnight; and have proceeded fair to give the King his supply presently; and herein have done more to-day than was hoped for. So to White Hall to Sir W. Coventry, and there would fain have carried Captain Cocke's business for his bargain of hemp, but am defeated and disappointed, and know hardly how to carry myself in it between my interest and desire not to offend Sir W. Coventry. Sir W. Coventry did this night tell me how the business is about Sir J. Minnes; that he is to be a Commissioner, and my Lord Bruncker and Sir W. Pen are to be Controller joyntly, which I am very glad of, and better than if they were either of them alone; and do hope truly that the King's business will be better done thereby, and infinitely better than now it is. Thence by coach home, full of thoughts of the consequence of this alteration in our office, and I think no evil to me. So at my office late, and then home to supper and to bed. Mr. Grey did assure me this night, that he was told this day, by one of the greater Ministers of State in England, and one of the King's Cabinet, that we had little left to agree on between the Dutch and us towards a peace, but only the place of treaty; which do astonish me to hear, but I am glad of it, for I fear the consequence of the war. But he says that the King, having all the money he is like to have, we shall be sure of a peace in a little time.

9th. Up and to the office, where did a good deale of business, and then at noon to the Exchange and to my little goldsmith's, whose wife[1] is very pretty and modest,

[1] Mrs. Stokes, of Paternoster Row (see January 10th, 1665–66), wife of Humphry Stokes.

that ever I saw any. Upon the 'Change, where I seldom have of late been, I find all people mightily at a losse what to expect, but confusion and fears in every man's head and heart. Whether war or peace, all fear the event will be bad. Thence home and with my brother to dinner, my wife being dressing herself against night; after dinner I to my closett all the afternoon, till the porter brought my vest back from the taylor's, and then to dress myself very fine, about 4 or 5 o'clock, and by that time comes Mr. Batelier and Mercer, and away by coach to Mrs. Pierce's, by appointment, where we find good company: a fair lady, my Lady Prettyman,[1] Mrs. Corbet,[2] Knipp; and for men, Captain Downing, Mr. Lloyd, Sir W. Coventry's clerk, and one Mr. Tripp, who dances well. After some trifling discourse, we to dancing, and very good sport, and mightily pleased I was with the company. After our first bout of dancing, Knipp and I to sing, and Mercer and Captain Downing (who loves and understands musique) would by all means have my song of "Beauty, retire:" which Knipp had spread abroad, and he extols it above any thing he ever heard, and, without flattery, I know it is good in its kind. This being done and going to dance again, comes news that White Hall was on fire; and presently more particulars, that the Horse-guard was on fire;[3] and so we run up to the garret, and find it so; a horrid great fire; and by and by we saw and heard part of it blown up with powder. The ladies begun presently to be afeard: one fell into fits. The whole town in an alarme. Drums beat and trumpets,

[1] Margaret, daughter and heir of Sir Matthew Mennes, K.B., and wife of Sir John Prettyman, Bart., M.P. for Leicester. — B.

[2] There was an actress of this name. She played Clevly, at the King's House, in the Hon. Edward Howard's "Man of Newmarket," 1678. — B.

[3] "Nov. 9th. Between seven and eight at night, there happened a fire in the Horse Guard House, in the Tilt Yard, over against Whitehall, which at first arising, it is supposed, from some snuff of a candle falling amongst the straw, broke out with so sudden a flame, that at once it seized the north-west part of that building; but being so close under His Majesty's own eye, it was, by the timely help His Majesty and His Royal Highness caused to be applied, immediately stopped, and by ten o'clock wholly mastered, with the loss only of that part of the building it had at first seized." — *The London Gazette*, No. 103. — B.

and the guards every where spread, running up and down in the street. And I begun to have mighty apprehensions how things might be at home, and so was in mighty pain to get home, and that that encreased all is that we are in expectation, from common fame, this night, or to-morrow, to have a massacre, by the having so many fires one after another, as that in the City, and at the same time begun in Westminster, by the Palace, but put out; and since in Southwarke, to the burning down some houses; and now this do make all people conclude there is something extraordinary in it; but nobody knows what. By and by comes news that the fire has slackened; so then we were a little cheered up again, and to supper, and pretty merry. But, above all, there comes in the dumb boy that I knew in Oliver's time, who is mightily acquainted here, and with Downing; and he made strange signs of the fire, and how the King was abroad, and many things they understood, but I could not, which I wondering at, and discoursing with Downing about it, "Why," says he, "it is only a little use, and you will understand him, and make him understand you with as much ease as may be." So I prayed him to tell him that I was afeard that my coach would be gone, and that he should go down and steal one of the seats out of the coach and keep it, and that would make the coachman to stay. He did this, so that the dumb boy did go down, and, like a cunning rogue, went into the coach, pretending to sleep; and, by and by, fell to his work, but finds the seats nailed to the coach. So he did all he could, but could not do it; however, stayed there, and stayed the coach till the coachman's patience was quite spent, and beat the dumb boy by force, and so went away. So the dumb boy come up and told him all the story, which they below did see all that passed, and knew it to be true. After supper, another dance or two, and then newes that the fire is as great as ever, which put us all to our wit's-end; and I mightily [anxious] to go home, but the coach being gone, and it being about ten at night, and rainy dirty weather, I knew not what to do; but to walk out with Mr. Batelier, myself resolving to go home on foot, and leave the women there. And so did; but at the Savoy got a coach, and come back and took up the

women; and so, having, by people come from the fire, understood that the fire was overcome, and all well, we merrily parted, and home. Stopped by several guards and constables quite through the town, round the wall, as we went, all being in armes. We got well home. . . . Being come home, we to cards, till two in the morning, and drinking lamb's-wool.[1] So to bed.

10th. Up and to the office, where Sir W. Coventry come to tell us that the Parliament did fall foul of our accounts again yesterday; and we must arme to have them examined, which I am sorry for: it will bring great trouble to me, and shame upon the office. My head full this morning how to carry on Captain Cocke's bargain of hemp, which I think I shall by my dexterity do, and to the King's advantage as well as my own. At noon with my Lord Bruncker and Sir Thomas Harvy, to Cocke's house, and there Mrs. Williams and other company, and an excellent dinner. Mr. Temple's wife,[2] after dinner, fell to play on the harpsicon, till she tired everybody, that I left the house without taking leave, and no creature left standing by her to hear her. Thence I home and to the office, where late doing of business, and then home. Read an hour, to make an end of Potter's Discourse of the Number 666, which I like all along, but his close is most excellent; and, whether it be right or wrong, is mighty ingenious. Then to supper and to bed. This is the fatal day that every body hath discoursed for a long time to be the day that the Papists, or I know not who, had designed to commit a massacre upon;[3] but, however, I trust in God we shall rise to-morrow morning as well as ever. This afternoon Creed comes to me, and by him, as also my Lady Pen, I hear that my Lady Denham is exceeding sick, even to death, and that she says, and every body else discourses, that she is poysoned; and Creed tells me, that it is said that there hath been a design to poison the King. What the meaning of all these

[1] A beverage consisting of ale mixed with sugar, nutmeg, and the pulp of roasted apples. "A cupp of lamb's-wool they dranke unto him then." — *The King and the Miller of Mansfield* (Percy's "Reliques," Series III., book ii., No. 20).

[2] The wife of John Temple, Sir Robert Viner's chief clerk.

[3] See December 13th, 1666, p. 93.

sad signs is, the Lord knows; but every day things look worse and worse. God fit us for the worst!

11th (Lord's day). Up, and to church, myself and wife, where the old dunce Meriton,[1] brother to the known Meriton, of St. Martin's, Westminster, did make a very good sermon, beyond my expectation. Home to dinner, and we carried in Pegg Pen, and there also come to us little Michell and his wife, and dined very pleasantly. Anon to church, my wife and I and Betty Michell, her husband being gone to Westminster. . . . After church home, and I to my chamber, and there did finish the putting time to my song of "It is decreed," and do please myself at last and think it will be thought a good song. By and by little Michell comes and takes away his wife home, and my wife and brother and I to my uncle Wight's, where my aunt is grown so ugly and their entertainment so bad that I am in pain to be there; nor will go thither again a good while, if sent for, for we were sent for to-night, we had not gone else. Wooly's wife, a silly woman, and not very handsome, but no spirit in her at all; and their discourse mean, and the fear of the troubles of the times hath made them not to bring their plate to town, since it was carried out upon the business of the fire, so that they drink in earth and a wooden can, which I do not like. So home, and my people to bed. I late to finish my song, and then to bed also, and the business of the firing of the city, and the fears we have of new troubles and violences, and the fear of fire among ourselves, did keep me awake a good while, considering the sad condition I and my family should be in. So at last to sleep.

12th. Lay long in bed, and then up, and Mr. Carcasse brought me near 500 tickets to sign, which I did, and by discourse find him a cunning, confident, shrewd man, but

[1] The Rev. John Meriton (1636–1704), rector of St. Michael's, Cornhill, from 1663 till his death, who is referred to on July 9th, 1665 (vol. v., p. 9), was appointed Sunday lecturer of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields shortly before the Restoration. Miss Porter, the writer of the life of Meriton in the "Dictionary of National Biography," considers him to be the same person as he who Pepys styles "an old dunce;" but the statement in the text that the latter was brother to the known Meriton seems to throw a doubt on this statement.

one that I do doubt hath by his discourse of the ill will he hath got with my Lord Marquess of Dorchester (with whom he lived), he hath had cunning practices in his time, and would not now spare to use the same to his profit. That done I to the office, whither by and by comes Creed to me, and he and I walked in the garden a little, talking of the present ill condition of things, which is the common subject of all men's discourse and fears now-a-days, and particularly of my Lady Denham,[1] whom everybody says is poisoned, and he tells me she hath said it to the Duke of York; but is upon the mending hand, though the town says she is dead this morning. He and I to the 'Change. There I had several little errands, and going to Sir R. Viner's, I did get such a splash and spots of dirt upon my new vest, that I was out of countenance to be seen in the street. This day I received 450 pieces of gold more of Mr. Stokes, but cost me 22½*d.* change; but I am well contented with it, I having now near £2,800 in gold, and will not rest till I get full £3,000, and then will venture my fortune for the saving that and the rest. Home to dinner, though Sir R. Viner would have staid us to dine with him, he being sheriffe; but, poor man, was so out of countenance that he had no wine ready to drink to us, his butler being out of the way, though we know him to be a very liberal man. And after dinner I took my wife out, intending to have gone and have seen my Lady Jemimah, at White Hall, but so great a stop there was at the New Exchange, that we could not pass in half an houre, and therefore 'light and bought a little matter at the Exchange, and then home, and then at the office awhile, and then home to my chamber, and after my wife and all the mayds abed but Jane, whom I put confidence in — she and I, and my brother, and Tom, and W. Hewer, did bring up all the remainder of my money, and my plate-chest, out of the cellar, and placed the money in my study, with the rest, and the plate in my dressing-room; but indeed I am in great pain to think how to dispose of my money, it being wholly unsafe to keep it all in coin in one place. But now I have it all at my hand, I shall remember it better to think

[1] See January 7th and 8th, 1666–67, pp. 117, 119.

of disposing of it. This done, by one in the morning to bed. This afternoon going towards Westminster, Creed and I did stop, the Duke of York being just going away from seeing of it, at Paul's, and in the Convocation House Yard [1] did there see the body of Robert Braybrooke, Bishop of London, that died 1404. He fell down in his tomb out of the great church into St. Fayth's this late fire, and is here seen his skeleton with the flesh on; but all tough and dry like a spongy dry leather, or touchwood all upon his bones. His head turned aside. A great man in his time, and Lord Chancellor; and [his skeleton] now exposed to be handled and derided by some, though admired for its duration by others. Many flocking to see it.

13th. At the office all the morning, at noon home to dinner, and out to Bishopsgate Street, and there bought some drinking-glasses, a case of knives, and other things, against to-morrow, in expectation of my Lord Hinchingbroke's coming to dine with me. So home, and having set some things in the way of doing, also against to-morrow, I to my office, there to dispatch business, and do here receive notice from my Lord Hinchingbroke that he is not well, and so not in condition to come to dine with me to-morrow, which I am not in much trouble for, because of the disorder my house is in, by the bricklayers coming to mend the chimney in my dining-room for smoking, which they were upon almost till midnight, and have now made it very pretty, and do carry smoke exceeding well. This evening come all the Houblons to me, to invite me to sup with them to-morrow night. I did take them home, and there we sat and talked a good while, and a glass of wine, and then parted till to-morrow night. So at night, well satisfied in the alteration of my chimney, to bed.

14th. Up, and by water to White Hall, and thence to Westminster, where I bought several things, as a hone, ribbon, gloves, books, and then took coach and to Knipp's lodging, whom I find not ready to go home with me. So I away to do a little business, among others to call upon Mr. Osborne for my Tangier warrant for the last quarter,

[1] The old Chapter House of St. Paul's was also styled the Convocation House. See Sparrow Simpson's "Chapters in the History of Old St. Paul's," 1881, p. 274.

and so to the Exchange for some things for my wife, and then to Knipp's again, and there staid reading of Waller's verses, while she finished dressing, her husband being by. I had no other pastime. Her lodging very mean, and the condition she lives in; yet makes a shew without doors, God bless us! I carried him along with us into the City, and set him down in Bishopsgate Street, and then home with her. She tells me how Smith,[1] of the Duke's house, hath killed a man upon a quarrel in play; which makes every body sorry, he being a good actor, and, they say, a good man, however this happens. The ladies of the Court do much bemoan him, she says. Here she and we alone at dinner to some good victuals, that we could not put off, that was intended for the great dinner of my Lord Hinchingbroke's, if he had come. After dinner I to teach her my new recitative of "It is decreed," of which she learnt a good part, and I do well like it and believe shall be well pleased when she hath it all, and that it will be found an agreeable thing. Then carried her home, and my wife and I intended to have seen my Lady Jemimah at White Hall, but the Exchange Streete was so full of coaches, every body, as they say, going thither to make themselves fine against to-morrow night, that, after half an hour's stay, we could not do any [thing], only my wife to see her brother, and I to go speak one word with Sir G. Carteret about office business, and talk of the general complexion of matters, which he looks upon, as I do, with horrour, and gives us all for an undone people. That there is no such thing as a peace in hand, nor possibility of any without our begging it, they being as high, or higher, in their terms than ever, and tells me that, just now, my Lord Hollis had been with him, and wept to think in what a condition we are fallen. He shewed me my Lord Sandwich's letter to him, complaining of the lack of money, which Sir G. Carteret is at a loss how in the world to get the King to supply him with, and wishes him, for that reason, here; for that he fears he will be brought to disgrace there, for want of supplies. He says the House is yet in a bad

[1] William Smith, originally a barrister-at-law of the Society of Gray's Inn. He was a good actor, and highly esteemed by his fellows. He died 1696.

humour; and desiring to know whence it is that the King stirs not, he says he minds it not, nor will be brought to it, and that his servants of the House do, instead of making the Parliament better, rather play the rogue one with another, and will put all in fire. So that, upon the whole, we are in a wretched condition, and I went from him in full apprehensions of it. So took up my wife, her brother being yet very bad, and doubtful whether he will recover or no, and so to St. Ellen's [St. Helen's], and there sent my wife home, and myself to the Pope's Head, where all the Houblons were, and Dr. Croone,[1] and by and by to an exceeding pretty supper, excellent discourse of all sorts, and indeed [they] are a set of the finest gentlemen that ever I met withal in my life. Here Dr. Croone told me, that, at the meeting at Gresham College to-night, which, it seems, they now have every Wednesday again, there was a pretty experiment of the blood of one dogg let out, till he died, into the body of another on one side, while all his own run out on the other side.[2] The first died upon the place, and the other very well, and likely to do well. This did give occasion to many pretty wishes, as of the blood of a Quaker to be let into an Archbishop, and such like; but, as Dr. Croone says, may, if it takes, be of

[1] William Croune, or Croone, of Emanuel College, Cambridge, chosen Rhetoric Professor at Gresham College, 1659, F.R.S. and M.D. Died October 12th, 1684, and was interred at St. Mildred's in the Poultry. He was a prominent Fellow of the Royal Society and first Registrar. In accordance with his wishes his widow (who married Sir Edwin Sadleir, Bart.) left by will one-fifth of the clear rent of the King's Head tavern in or near Old Fish Street, at the corner of Lambeth Hill, to the Royal Society for the support of a lecture and illustrative experiments for the advancement of natural knowledge on local motion. The Croonian lecture is still delivered before the Royal Society.

[2] At the meeting on November 14th, "the experiment of transfusing the blood of one dog into another was made before the Society by Mr. King and Mr. Thomas Coxe upon a little mastiff and a spaniel with very good success, the former bleeding to death, and the latter receiving the blood of the other, and emitting so much of his own, as to make him capable of receiving that of the other." On November 21st the spaniel "was produced and found very well" (Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. ii., pp. 123, 125). The experiment of transfusion of blood, which occupied much of the attention of the Royal Society in its early days, was revived within the last few years.

mighty use to man's health, for the amending of bad blood by borrowing from a better body. After supper, James Houblon and another brother took me aside and to talk of, some businesses of their owne, where I am to serve them and will, and then to talk of publique matters, and I do find that they and all merchants else do give over trade and the nation for lost, nothing being done with care or foresight, no convoys granted, nor any thing done to satisfaction; but do think that the Dutch and French will master us the next yeare, do what we can: and so do I, unless necessity makes the King to mind his business, which might yet save all. Here we sat talking till past one in the morning, and then home, where my people sat up for me, my wife and all, and so to bed.

15th. This [morning] come Mr. Shepley (newly out of the country) to see me; after a little discourse with him, I to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon home, and there dined, Shepley with me, and after dinner I did pay him £70, which he had paid my father for my use in the country. He being gone, I took coach and to Mrs. Pierce's, where I find her as fine as possible, and himself going to the ball at night at Court, it being the Queen's birth-day, and so I carried them in my coach, and having set them into the house, and gotten Mr. Pierce to undertake the carrying in my wife, I to Unthanke's, where she appointed to be, and there told her, and back again about business to White Hall, while Pierce went and fetched her and carried her in. I, after I had met with Sir W. Coventry and given him some account of matters, I also to the ball, and with much ado got up to the loft, where with much trouble I could see very well. Anon the house grew full, and the candles light, and the King and Queen and all the ladies set: and it was, indeed, a glorious sight to see Mrs. Stewart in black and white lace, and her head and shoulders dressed with dyamonds, and the like a great many great ladies more, only the Queen none; and the King in his rich vest of some rich silke and silver trimming, as the Duke of York and all the dancers were, some of cloth of silver, and others of other sorts, exceeding rich. Presently after the King was come in, he took the Queene, and about fourteen more couple there was, and begun the

Bransles.[1] As many of the men as I can remember presently, were, the King, Duke of York, Prince Rupert, Duke of Monmouth, Duke of Buckingham, Lord Douglas,[2] Mr. [George] Hamilton, Colonell Russell,[3] Mr. Griffith, Lord Ossory, Lord Rochester;[4] and of the ladies, the Queene, Duchess of York, Mrs. Stewart, Duchess of Monmouth, Lady Essex Howard,[5] Mrs. Temple,[6] Swedes Embassadress,[7] Lady Arlington,[8] Lord George Barkeley's daughter,[9] and many others I remember not; but all most excellently dressed in rich petticoats and gowns, and dyamonds, and pearls. After the Bransles, then to a Corant, and now and then a French dance; but that so rare that the Corants grew tiresome, that I wished it done. Only Mrs. Stewart danced mighty finely, and many French dances, specially one the King called the New Dance, which was very pretty; but upon the whole matter, the business of the

[1] For notes on the dances: the brawls and coranto, see vol. ii., p. 404.

[2] James, second Marquis of Douglas, nephew to the Duke of Hamilton.

[3] Colonel Russell, brother of William, fifth Earl of Bedford (created Duke of Bedford in 1694), and uncle of the celebrated Lord William Russell.

[4] John Wilmot, second Earl of Rochester, born April 10th, 1648, succeeded his father in 1659. He was at this time a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the king. He died July 26th, 1680.

[5] Only daughter of James Howard, third Earl of Suffolk, by his first wife, Susannah, daughter of Henry Rich, Earl of Holland; afterwards married, March 4th, 1666–67, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Edward Griffin, Lord Griffin of Braybrooke. There is a very fine portrait of her at Audley End, by Lely. — B.

[6] Anne, daughter and co-heir of Thomas Temple, of Frankton, in Warwickshire, by Rebecca, daughter of Sir Nicholas Carew, of Beddington, in Surrey, became the second wife of Sir Charles Lyttelton, who had been Governor of Jamaica, and lived to be eighty-seven. His widow survived him four years, dying in 1718, and had issue by him eight daughters and five sons. From this alliance the Lords Lyttelton descend. — B.

[7] "The Lord George Flemming, the Lord Peter Julius Coyet, ambassadors-extraordinary from the crown of Sweden, made their public entry through the City of London, on the 27th June, 1666." — Pointer's *Chronological History of England*, vol. i., p. 213. The lady was the wife of one of these. — B.

[8] See July 12th (vol. v., p. 339).

[9] George, Lord Berkeley, had six daughters. The one mentioned here was probably the eldest, Lady Elizabeth. — B.

dancing of itself was not extraordinary pleasing. But the clothes and sight of the persons was indeed very pleasing, and worth my coming, being never likely to see more gallantry while I live, if I should come twenty times. About twelve at night it broke up, and I to hire a coach with much difficulty, but Pierce had hired a chair for my wife, and so she being gone to his house, he and I, taking up Barker at Unthanke's, to his house, whither his wife was come home a good while ago and gone to bed. So away home with my wife, between displeased with the dull dancing, and satisfied at the clothes and persons. My Lady Castlemayne, without whom all is nothing, being there, very rich, though not dancing. And so after supper, it being very cold, to bed.

16th. Up again betimes to attend the examination of Mr. Gawden's accounts, where we all met, but I did little but fit myself for the drawing my great letter to the Duke of York of the state of the Navy for want of money. At noon to the 'Change, and thence back to the new taverne come by us, the Three Tuns, where D. Gawden did feast us all with a chine of beef and other good things, and an infinite dish of fowl, but all spoiled in the dressing. This noon I met with Mr. Hooke, and he tells me the dog which was filled with another dog's blood, at the College the other day, is very well, and like to be so as ever, and doubts not its being found of great use to men; and so do Dr. Whistler, who dined with us at the taverne. Thence home in the evening, and I to my preparing my letter, and did go a pretty way in it, staying late upon it, and then home to supper and to bed, the weather being on a sudden set in to be very cold.

17th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and in the afternoon shut myself in my chamber, and there till twelve at night finishing my great letter to the Duke of York, which do lay the ill condition of the Navy so open to him, that it is impossible if the King and he minds any thing of their business, but it will operate upon them to set all matters right, and get money to carry on the war, before it be too late, or else lay out for a peace upon any termes. It was a great convenience to-night that what I had writ foule in short hand,

I could read to W. Hewer, and he take it fair in short hand, so as I can read it to-morrow to Sir W. Coventry, and then come home, and Hewer read it to me while I take it in long-hand to present, which saves me much time. So to bed.

18th (Lord's day). Up by candle-light and on foote to White Hall, where by appointment I met Lord Bruncker at Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and there I read over my great letter, and they approved it: and as I do do our business in defence of the Board, so I think it is as good a letter in the manner, and believe it is the worst in the matter of it, as ever come from any office to a Prince. Back home in my Lord Bruncker's coach, and there W. Hewer and I to write it over fair; dined at noon, and Mercer with us, and mighty merry, and then to finish my letter; and it being three o'clock ere we had done, when I come to Sir W. Batten, he was in a huffe, which I made light of, but he signed the letter, though he would not go, and liked the letter well. Sir W. Pen, it seems, he would not stay for it: so, making slight of Sir W. Pen's putting so much weight upon his hand to Sir W. Batten, I down to the Tower Wharf, and there got a sculler, and to White Hall, and there met Lord Bruncker, and he signed it, and so I delivered it to Mr. Cheving,[1] and he to Sir W. Coventry, in the cabinet, the King and councill being sitting, where I leave it to its fortune, and I by water home again, and to my chamber, to even my Journall; and then comes Captain Cocke to me, and he and I a great deal of melancholy discourse of the times, giving all over for gone, though now the Parliament will soon finish the Bill for money. But we fear, if we had it, as matters are now managed, we shall never make the best of it, but consume it all to no purpose or a bad one. He being gone, I again to my Journall and finished it, and so to supper and to bed.

19th. Lay pretty long in bed talking with pleasure with my wife, and then up and all the morning at my own chamber

[1] William Chiffinch, pimp to Charles II. and receiver of the secret pensions paid by the French Court. He succeeded his brother, Thomas Chiffinch (who died in April, 1666), as Keeper of the King's Private Closet (see note, vol. v., p. 249). He is introduced by Scott into his "Peveril of the Peak."

fitting some Tangier matters against the afternoon for a meeting. This morning also came Mr. Cæsar, and I heard him on the lute very finely, and my boy begins to play well. After dinner I carried and set my wife down at her brother's, and then to Barkeshire-house,[1] where my Lord Chancellor hath been ever since the fire, but he is not come home yet, so I to Westminster Hall, where the Lords newly up and the Commons still sitting. Here I met with Mr. Robinson, who did give me a printed paper wherein he states his pretence to the post office, and intends to petition the Parliament in it. Thence I to the Bull-head tavern, where I have not been since Mr. Chetwind[2] and the time of our club, and here had six bottles of claret filled, and I sent them to Mrs. Martin, whom I had promised some of my owne, and, having none of my owne, sent her this. Thence to my Lord Chancellor's, and there Mr. Creed and Gawden, Cholmley, and Sir G. Carteret walking in the Park over against the house. I walked with Sir G. Carteret, who I find displeased with the letter I have drawn and sent in yesterday, finding fault with the account we give of the ill state of the Navy, but I said little, only will justify the truth of it. Here we walked to and again till one dropped away after another, and so I took coach to White Hall, and there visited my Lady Jemimah, at Sir G. Carteret's lodgings. Here was Sir Thomas Crew, and he told me how hot words grew again to-day in the House of Lords between my Lord Ossory and Ashly, the former saying that something said by the other was said like one of Oliver's Council. Ashly said that he must give him reparation, or he would take it his owne way. The House therefore did bring my Lord Ossory to confess his fault, and ask pardon for it, as he was also to my Lord Buckingham, for saying that something was not truth that my Lord Buckingham had said. This will render my Lord Ossory very little in a little time. By and by away, and calling

[1] Belonging to the Earl of Berkshire; afterwards purchased by Charles II., and presented to the Duchess of Cleveland, whose name is preserved in "Cleveland Row." It was then of great extent, and stood on or near the site of Bridgewater House. — B.

[2] Pepys's "old and most ingenious acquaintance," Mr. Chetwind, died at the end of 1662 (see December 5th, vol. ii., p. 383). ...

my wife went home, and then a little at Sir W. Batten's to hear news, but nothing, and then home to supper, whither Captain Cocke, half foxed, come and sat with us, and so away, and then we to bed.

20th. Called up by Mr. Sheply, who is going into the country to-day to Hinchingbroke, I sent my service to my Lady, and in general for newes: that the world do think well of my Lord, and do wish he were here again, but that the publique matters of the State as to the war are in the worst condition that is possible. By and by Sir W. Warren, and with him half an hour discoursing of several businesses, and some I hope will bring me a little profit. He gone, and Sheply, I to the office a little, and then to church, it being thanksgiving-day for the cessation of the plague; but, Lord! how the towne do say that it is hastened before the plague is quite over, there dying some people still,[1] but only to get ground for plays to be publickly acted, which the Bishops would not suffer till the plague was over; and one would thinke so, by the suddenness of the notice given of the one day, which was last Sunday, and the little ceremony. The sermon being dull of Mr. Minnes, and people with great indifferency come to hear him. After church home, where I met Mr. Gregory, who I did then agree with to come to teach my wife to play on the Viall, and he being an able and sober man, I am mightily glad of it. He had dined, therefore went away, and I to dinner, and after dinner by coach to Barkeshire-house, and there did get a very great meeting; the Duke of York being there, and much business done, though not in proportion to the greatness of the business, and my Lord Chancellor sleeping and snoring the greater part of the time. Among other things I declared the state of our credit as to tallys to raise money by, and there was an order for payment of £5,000 to Mr. Gawden, out of which I hope to get something against Christmas. Here we sat late, and here I did hear that there are some troubles like to be in Scotland, there being a discontented party already risen, that have seized on the Governor of Dumfreeze and

[1] According to the Bills of Mortality seven persons died in London of the plague during the week November 20th to 27th; and for some weeks after deaths continued from this cause.

imprisoned him,[1] but the story is yet very uncertain, and therefore I set no great weight on it. I home by Mr. Gawden in his coach, and so with great pleasure to spend the evening at home upon my Lyra Viail, and then to supper and to bed. With mighty peace of mind and a hearty desire that I had but what I have quietly in the country, but, I fear, I do at this day see the best that either I or the rest of our nation will ever see.

21st. Up, with Sir W. Batten to Charing Cross, and thence I to wait on Sir Philip Howard, whom I find dressing himself in his night-gown and turban like a Turke, but one of the finest persons that ever I saw in my life. He had several gentlemen of his owne waiting on him, and one playing finely on the gittar: he discourses as well as ever I heard man, in few words and handsome. He expressed all kindness to Balty, when I told him how sick he is: he says that, before he comes to be mustered again, he must bring a certificate of his swearing the oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy, and having taken the Sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England. This, I perceive, is imposed on all, and he will be ready to do. I pray God he may have his health again to be able to do it. Being mightily satisfied with his civility, I away to Westminster Hall, and there walked with several people,

[1] William Fielding, writing to Sir Phil. Musgrave from Carlisle on November 15th, says: "Major Baxter, who has arrived from Dumfries, reports that this morning a great number of horse and foot came into that town, with drawn swords and pistols, gallopped up to Sir Jas. Turner's lodgings, seized him in his bed, carried him without clothes to the market-place, threatened to cut him to pieces, and seized and put into the Tolbooth all the foot soldiers that were with him; they also secured the minister of Dumfries. Many of the party were lairds and county people from Galloway — 200 horse well mounted, one minister was with them who had swords and pistols, and 200 or 300 foot, some with clubs, others with scythes." On November 17th Rob. Meine wrote to Williamson: "On the 15th 120 fanatics from the Glenkins, Deray, and neighbouring parishes in Dumfriesshire, none worth £10 except two mad fellows, the lairds of Barscob and Corsuck, came to Dumfries early in the morning, seized Sir Jas. Turner, commander of a company of men in Dumfriesshire, and carried him, without violence to others, to a strong house in Maxwell town, Galloway, declaring they sought only revenge against the tyrant who had been severe with them for not keeping to church, and had laid their families waste" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, pp. 262, 268).

and all the discourse is about some trouble in Scotland I heard of yesterday, but nobody can tell the truth of it. Here was Betty Michell with her mother. I would have carried her home, but her father intends to go with her, so I lost my hopes. And thence I to the Excise Office about some tallies, and then to the Exchange, where I did much business, and so home to dinner, and then to the office, where busy all the afternoon till night, and then home to supper, and after supper an hour reading to my wife and brother something in Chaucer with great pleasure, and so to bed.

22nd. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and my Lord Bruncker did show me Hollar's new print of the City,[1] with a pretty representation of that part which is burnt, very fine indeed; and tells me that he was yesterday sworn the King's servant, and that the King hath commanded him to go on with his great map of the City,[2] which he was upon before the City was burned, like Gombout of Paris,[3] which I am glad of. At noon home to dinner, where my wife and I fell out, I being displeased with her cutting away a lace handkercher sewed about her neck down to her breasts almost, out of a belief, but without reason, that it is the fashion. Here

[1] "A Map or Ground Plott of the Citty of London, with the Suburbes thereof, so far as the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction doeth extend; by which is exactly demonstrated the present condition since the last sad accident by fire; the blanke space signifying the burnt part, and where the houses be, those places yet standing. — W. Hollar, f. 1666. Cum Privilegio Regis." — B.

[2] Hollar engraved, in 1675, "A new Map of the Citties of London, Westminster, and ye Borough of Southwarke, with their Suburbs; shewing the streets, lanes, alleys, courts, &c., with other remarks, as they are now truely and carefully delineated; and the prospect of London, as it was flourishing before the destruction by fire. Sold by Robert Greene at ye Rose and Crown in Budg Row and Robert Morden at ye Atlas in Cornhill." A large sheet, 23½ in. by 17½ in. In the Pepysian Library is a "Prospect of London and Westminster, taken at several stations to the southward thereof, by Robert Morden and Phil. Lea," in eight sheets, 1677. This map was the result of a survey by William Morgan.

[3] Gombout's Plan of Paris, on a very large scale, was engraved in 1642. It is of great rarity. A copy, which was in the possession of the Baron Walckenaer, was purchased for a royal personage, at his sale at Paris, in April, 1853, Lot 3028, for more than 1000 francs. — B.

we did give one another the lie too much, but were presently friends, and then I to my office, where very late and did much business, and then home, and there find Mr. Batelier, and did sup and play at cards awhile. But he tells me the newes how the King of France hath, in defiance to the King of England, caused all his footmen to be put into vests,[1] and that the noblemen of France will do the like; which, if true, is the greatest indignity ever done by one Prince to another, and would incite a stone to be revenged; and I hope our King will, if it be so, as he tells me it is:[2] being told by one that come over from Paris with my Lady Fanshaw, who is come over with the dead body of her husband,[3] and that saw it before he come away. This makes me mighty merry, it being an ingenious kind of affront;

[1] It is possible that some tradition of this proceeding of Louis XIV. may have given to Steele the hint for his story of the rival ladies, Brunetta and Phillis, in the "Spectator," No. 80; a subject which has been well treated by Stothard: as also in a clever picture by Mr. A. Solomon, exhibited at the Royal Academy in the year 1853. — B.

[2] Planché throws some doubt on this story in his "Cyclopædia of Costume" (vol. ii., p. 240), and asks the question, "Was Mr. Batelier hoaxing the inquisitive secretary, or was it the idle gossip of the day, as untrustworthy as such gossip is in general?" But the same statement was made by the author of the "Character of a Trimmer," who wrote from actual knowledge of the Court: "About this time a general humour, in opposition to France, had made us throw off their fashion, and put on vests, that we might look more like a distinct people, and not be under the servility of imitation, which ever pays a greater deference to the original than is consistent with the equality all independent nations should pretend to. France did not like this small beginning of ill humours, at least of emulation; and wisely considering, that it is a natural introduction, first to make the world their apes, that they may be afterwards their slaves. It was thought, that one of the instructions Madame [Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans] brought along with her, was to laugh us out of these vests; which she performed so effectually, that in a moment, like so many footmen who had quitted their master's livery, we all took it again, and returned to our old service; so that the very time of doing it gave a very critical advantage to France, since it looked like an evidence of our returning to her interest, as well as to their fashion." — *The Character of a Trimmer* ("Miscellanies by the Marquis of Halifax," 1704, p. 164). Evelyn reports that when the king expressed his intention never to alter this fashion, "divers courtiers and gentlemen gave his Majesty gold by way of wager that he would not persist in this resolution" ("Diary," October 18th, 1666).

[3] Sir Richard Fanshawe. See note, vol. i., p. 175.

but yet it makes me angry, to see that the King of England is become so little as to have the affront offered him. So I left my people at cards, and so to my chamber to read, and then to bed. Batelier did bring us some oysters to-night, and some bottles of new French wine of this year, mighty good, but I drank but little. This noon Bagwell's wife was with me at the office, and I did what I would, and at night comes Mrs. Burroughs, and appointed to meet upon the next holyday and go abroad together.

23rd. Up, and with Sir J. Minnes to White Hall, where we and the rest attended the Duke of York, where, among other things, we had a complaint of Sir William Jennings[1] against his lieutenant, Le Neve,[2] one that had been long the Duke's page, and for whom the Duke of York hath great kindness. It was a drunken quarrel, where one was as blameable as the other. It was referred to further examination, but the Duke of York declared, that as he would not favour disobedience, so neither drunkenness, and therein he said very well. Thence with Sir W. Coventry to Westminster Hall, and there parted, he having told me how Sir J. Minnes do disagree from the proposition of resigning his place, and that so the whole matter is again at a stand, at which I am sorry for the King's sake, but glad that Sir W. Pen is again defeated, for I would not have him come to be Comptroller if I could help it, he will be so cruel proud. Here I spoke with Sir G. Downing about our prisoners in Holland, and their being released; which he is concerned in, and most of them are. Then, discoursing of matters of the House of Parliament, he tells me that it is not the fault of the House, but the King's own party, that have hindered the passing of the Bill for money, by their popping in of new projects for raising it: which

[1] Captain of the "Lyon." He was a distinguished sea-officer, and brother of Sir Robert Jennings, of Ripon. He attended James II. after his abdication, and served as a captain in the French navy (see Charnock's "Biographia Navalis," vol. i., p. 106).

[2] Richard Le Neve, lieutenant of the "Lyon." He was made captain of the "Phœnix" in 1671, of the "Plymouth" in 1672, and of the "Edgar" in 1673. He was killed in the engagement with the Dutch on August 11th, 1673, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where there is a monument to his memory. He was only twenty-seven years of age at the date of his death.

is a strange thing; and mighty confident he is, that what money is raised, will be raised and put into the same form that the last was, to come into the Exchequer; and, for aught I see, I must confess I think it is the best way. Thence down to the Hall, and there walked awhile, and all the talk is about Scotland, what news thence; but there is nothing come since the first report, and so all is given over for nothing. Thence home, and after dinner to my chamber with Creed, who come and dined with me, and he and I to reckon for his salary, and by and by comes in Colonel Atkins, and I did the like with him, and it was Creed's design to bring him only for his own ends, to seem to do him a courtesy, and it is no great matter. The fellow I hate, and so I think all the world else do. Then to talk of my report I am to make of the state of our wants of money to the Lord Treasurer, but our discourse come to little. However, in the evening, to be rid of him, I took coach and saw him to the Temple and there 'light, and he being gone, with all the haste back again and to my chamber late to enter all this day's matters of account, and to draw up my report to my Lord Treasurer, and so to bed. At the Temple I called at Playford's, and there find that his new impression of his ketches[1] are not yet out, the fire having hindered it, but his man tells me that it will be a very fine piece, many things new being added to it.

24th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon rose and to my closet, and finished my report to my Lord Treasurer of our Tangier wants, and then with Sir J. Minnes by coach to Stepney to the Trinity House,[2] where it is kept again now since the burning of their other house in London. And here a great many met at Sir Thomas Allen's feast, of his being made an Elder Brother; but he is sick, and so could not be there. Here

[1] John Hilton's "Catch that catch can, or a Choice Collection of Catches, Rounds and Canons for 3 or 4 voyces," was first published by Playford in 1651 or 1652. The book was republished "with large additions by John Playford" in 1658. The edition referred to in the text was published in 1667 with a second title of "The Musical Companion." The book was republished in 1672–73.

[2] Sir Thomas Spert, Comptroller of the Navy in the reign of Henry VIII., and founder of the Trinity House, was buried in the parish church of Stepney.

was much good company, and very merry; but the discourse of Scotland, it seems, is confirmed, and that they are 4,000 of them in armes, and do declare for King and Covenant, which is very ill news.[1] I pray God deliver us from the ill consequences we may justly fear from it. Here was a good venison pasty or two and other good victuals; but towards the latter end of the dinner I rose, and without taking leave went away from the table, and got Sir J. Minnes' coach and away home, and thence with my report to my Lord Treasurer's, where I did deliver it to Sir Philip Warwicke for my Lord, who was busy, my report for him to consider against to-morrow's council. Sir Philip Warwicke, I find, is full of trouble in his mind to see how things go, and what our wants are; and so I have no delight to trouble him with discourse, though I honour the man with all my heart, and I think him to be a very able and right-honest man. So away home again, and there to my office to write my letters very late, and then home to supper, and then to read the late printed discourse of witches by a member of Gresham College,[2] and then to bed; the discourse being well writ, in good stile, but methinks not very convincing. This day Mr. Martin is come to tell me his wife is brought to bed of a girle, and I promised to christen it next Sunday.

[1] See p. 67 for note respecting the commencement of the troubles at Dumfries. On November 22nd Ro. Meine wrote from Edinburgh to Williamson: "A proclamation is issued ordering all to submit within twenty-four hours, on promise of pardon, or then to be declared rebels, with all their abettors. An oath is to be tendered to all the county pledging them to aid in quelling this or any other insurrection; 800 are said to be near Glasgow, but they call every 20, 120. . . . They profess to fight for King and Covenant; their leader is James Wallace of Athens, whom they call the good man. Most of their captains are deposed ministers" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 280).

[2] The Rev. Joseph Glanvill (1636–1680) was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society on the 14th December, 1664. He published in 1666 "Philosophical Considerations touching Witches and Witchcraft," and most part of the impression was destroyed in the Great Fire. The book was reissued in 1667, and a fourth edition appeared in 1668 under the title of "A Blow at Modern Sadducism." It was reprinted in 1681 as "Sadducismus Triumphatus." One of the appendixes is an "Account of the famed disturbance by the drummer at the house of Mr. Mompesson."

25th (Lord's day). Up, and with Sir J. Minnes by coach to White Hall, and there coming late, I to rights to the chapel, where in my usual place I heard one of the King's chaplains, one Mr. Floyd, preach. He was out two or three times in his prayer, and as many in his sermon, but yet he made a most excellent good sermon, of our duty to imitate the lives and practice of Christ and the saints departed, and did it very handsomely and excellent stile; but was a little overlarge in magnifying the graces of the nobility and prelates, that we have seen in our memorys in the world, whom God hath taken from us. At the end of the sermon an excellent anthem; but it was a pleasant thing, an idle companion in our pew, a prating, bold counsellor that hath been heretofore at the Navy Office, and noted for a great eater and drinker, not for quantity, but of the best, his name Tom Bales, said, "I know a fitter anthem for this sermon," speaking only of our duty of following the saints, and I know not what. "Cooke should have sung, 'Come, follow, follow me.'"[1] After sermon up into the gallery, and then to Sir G. Carteret's to dinner; where much company. Among others, Mr. Carteret and my Lady Jemimah, and here was also Mr. [John] Ashburnham, the great man, who is a pleasant man, and that hath seen much of the world, and more of the Court. After dinner Sir G. Carteret and I to another room, and he tells me more and more of our want of money and in how ill condition we are likely to be soon in, and that he believes we shall not have a fleete at sea the next year. So do I believe; but he seems to speak it as a thing expected by the King and as if their matters were laid accordingly. Thence into the Court and there delivered copies of my report to my Lord Treasurer, to the Duke of York, Sir W. Coventry, and others, and attended there till the Council met, and then was called in, and I read my letter. My Lord Treasurer declared that the King had nothing to give till the Parliament did give him some money. So the

[1] This is the first line of "The Fairy Queen," a song first printed in a book entitled "A Description of the King and Queen of the Fayries," 1635. It is included in Percy's "Reliques," Series III., book ii., No. 25, and with the air is printed in the "Musical Miscellany," London, 1729, vol. ii., p. 22.

King did of himself bid me to declare to all that would take our tallys for payment, that he should, soon as the Parliament's money do come in, take back their tallys, and give them money: which I giving him occasion to repeat to me, it coming from him against the *gré*,[1] I perceive, of my Lord Treasurer, I was content therewith, and went out, and glad that I have got so much. Here staid till the Council rose, walking in the gallery. All the talke being of Scotland, where the highest report, I perceive, runs but upon three or four hundred in armes; but they believe that it will grow more, and do seem to apprehend it much, as if the King of France had a hand in it. My Lord Lauderdale do make nothing of it, it seems, and people do censure him for it, he from the beginning saying that there was nothing in it, whereas it do appear to be a pure rebellion; but no persons of quality being in it, all do hope that it cannot amount to much. Here I saw Mrs. Stewart this afternoon, methought the beautifullest creature that ever I saw in my life, more than ever I thought her so, often as I have seen her; and I begin to think do exceed my Lady Castlemayne, at least now. This being St. Catherine's day, the Queene was at masse by seven o'clock this morning; and Mr. Ashburnham do say that he never saw any one have so much zeale in his life as she hath: and, the question being asked by my Lady Carteret, much beyond the bigotry that ever the old Queen-mother had, I spoke with Mr. May,[2] who tells me that the design of building the City do go on apace,[3] and by his description it will be mighty handsome, and to the satisfaction of the people; but I pray God it come not out too late. The Council up, after speaking with Sir W. Coventry a little, away home with Captain Cocke in his coach, discourse about the forming of his contract he made with us lately for hempe, and so home, where we parted, and I find my

[1] Apparently a translation of the French *contre le gré*, and presumably an expression in common use. "Against the grain" is generally supposed to have its origin in the use of a plane against the grain of the wood.

[2] Hugh May.

[3] The first brick laid after the fire was in Fleet Street, at the house of a plumber, to cast his lead in, only one room (Rugge's "Diurnal"). — B.

uncle Wight and Mrs. Wight and Woolly, who staid and supped, and mighty merry together and then I to my chamber to even my Journal, and then to bed. I will remember that Mr. Ashburnham to-day at dinner told how the rich fortune Mrs. Mallett reports of her servants;[1] that my Lord Herbert[2] would have had her; my Lord Hinchingbroke was indifferent to have her;[3] my Lord John Butler[4] might not have her; my Lord of Rochester would have forced her;[5] and Sir —— Popham,[6] who nevertheless is likely to have her, would kiss her breach to have her.

26th. Up, and to my chamber to do some business. Then to speak with several people, among others with Mrs. Burroughs, whom I appointed to meet me at the New Exchange in the afternoon. I by water to Westminster,

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of John Malet of Enmore, co. Somerset, and her lovers. She died July, 1681, a year after her husband, Lord Rochester.

[2] William, Lord Herbert, succeeded his father as sixth Earl of Pembroke, 1669. Died, unmarried, 1674. — B.

[3] They had quarrelled (see August 26th, vol. v., p. 387). She, perhaps, was piqued at Lord Hinchingbroke's refusal "to compass the thing without consent of friends" (see February 25th, vol. v., p. 219), whence her expression, "indifferent" to have her. It is worthy of remark that their children intermarried; Lord Hinchingbroke's son married Lady Rochester's daughter. — B.

[4] Seventh son of the Duke of Ormond, created in 1676 Baron of Aghrim, Viscount of Clonmore, and Earl of Gowran. Died 1677, s.p. (see February 4th, *post*). — B.

[5] Of the lady thus sought after, whom Pepys calls "a beauty" as well as a fortune, and who shortly afterwards, about the 4th February, 1667, became the wife of the Earl of Rochester, then not twenty years old, no authentic portrait is known to exist. When Mr. Miller, of Albemarle Street, in 1811, proposed to publish an edition of the "Mémoires de Grammont," he sent an artist to Windsor to copy there the portraits which he could find of those who figure in that work. In the list given to him for this purpose was the name of Lady Rochester. Not finding amongst the "Beauties," or elsewhere, any genuine portrait of her, but seeing that by Hamilton she is absurdly styled "une triste héritière," the artist made a drawing from some unknown portrait at Windsor of a lady of a sorrowful countenance, and palmed it off upon the bookseller. In the edition of "Grammont" it is not actually called Lady Rochester, but "La Triste Héritière." A similar falsification had been practised in Edward's edition of 1793, but a different portrait had been copied. It is needless, almost, to remark how ill applied is Hamilton's epithet. — B.

[6] Probably Sir Francis Popham, K.B. — B.

and there to enquire after my tallies, which I shall get this week. Thence to the Swan, having sent for some burnt claret, and there by and by comes Doll Lane, and she and I sat and drank and talked a great while, among other things about her sister's being brought to bed, and I to be godfather to the girle. I did tumble Doll, and do almost what I would with her, and so parted, and I took coach, and to the New Exchange, buying a neat's tongue by the way, thinking to eat it out of town, but there I find Burroughs in company of an old woman, an aunt of hers, whom she could not leave for half an hour. So after buying a few baubles to while away time, I down to Westminster, and there into the House of Parliament, where, at a great Committee, I did hear, as long as I would, the great case against my Lord Mordaunt,[1] for some arbitrary proceedings of his against one Taylor, whom he imprisoned, and did all the violence to imaginable, only to get him

[1] John Mordaunt, younger son to the first, and brother to the second Earl of Peterborough, having incurred considerable personal risk in endeavouring to promote the king's restoration, was, in 1659, created Baron Mordaunt of Reigate, and Viscount Mordaunt of Avalon. He was brought to trial and acquitted but by one voice just before Cromwell's death ("Quarterly Review," vol. xix., p. 31). He was soon afterwards made K.B., Lord-Lieutenant of Surrey, and Constable of Windsor Castle; which offices he held till his death in 1675. In January, 1666–67, Lord Mordaunt was impeached by the House of Commons for forcibly ejecting William Tayleur and his family from the apartments which they occupied in Windsor Castle, where Tayleur held some appointment, and imprisoning him, for having presumed to offer himself as a candidate for the borough of Windsor. Lord M. was also accused of improper conduct towards Tayleur's daughter. He, however, denied all these charges in his place in the House of Lords, and put in an answer to the articles of impeachment, for hearing which a day was absolutely fixed; but the parliament being shortly afterwards prorogued, the inquiry seems to have been entirely abandoned, notwithstanding the vehemence with which the House of Commons had taken the matter up. Perhaps the king interfered in Lord Mordaunt's behalf; because Andrew Marvell, in his "Instructions to a Painter," after saying

> "Now Mordaunt may within his castle tower
> Imprison parents and the child deflower,"

observes,

> "Each does the other blame, and all distrust,
> But Mordaunt, *new obliged*, would sure be just." — B.

to give way to his abusing his daughter. Here was Mr. Sawyer,[1] my old chamber-fellow, a counsel against my Lord; and I am glad to see him in so good play. Here I met, before the committee sat, with my cozen Roger Pepys, the first time I have spoke with him this parliament. He hath promised to come, and bring Madam Turner with him, who is come to towne to see the City, but hath lost all her goods of all kinds in Salisbury Court, Sir William Turner[2] having not endeavoured, in her absence, to save one penny, to dine with me on Friday next, of which I am glad. Roger bids me to help him to some good rich widow; for he is resolved to go, and retire wholly, into the country; for, he says, he is confident we shall be all ruined very speedily, by what he sees in the State, and I am much in his mind. Having staid as long as I thought fit for meeting of Burroughs, I away and to the 'Change again, but there I do not find her now, I having staid too long at the House, and therefore very hungry, having eat nothing to-day. Home, and there to eat presently, and then to the office a little, and to Sir W. Batten, where Sir J. Minnes and Captain Cocke was; but no newes from the North at all to-day; and the newes-book makes the business nothing, but that they are all dispersed. I pray God it may prove so. So home, and, after a little, to my chamber to bed.

27th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and here I had a letter from Mr. Brisband on another occasion, which, by the by, intimates my Lord Hinchingbroke's intention to come and dine with me to-morrow. This put me into a great surprise, and therefore endeavoured all I could to hasten over our business at the office, and so home at noon and to dinner, and then away by coach, it being a very foul day, to White Hall, and there at Sir G. Carteret's find my Lord Hinchingbroke, who promises to dine with me to-morrow, and bring Mr. Car-

[1] Afterwards Sir Robert Sawyer, Attorney-General from 1681 to 1687. Died 1692. He had been admitted a Pensioner at Magdalene College, Cambridge, June, 1648. He was turned out of office by James II. on account of his refusal to confirm Obadiah Walker in his headship of University College, Oxford, after he had turned Roman Catholic (see Reresby's "Memoirs").

[2] Sir William Turner, Lord Mayor, 1668–69, was father of Serjeant John Turner, Mrs. Turner's husband (see p. 91).

teret along with him. Here I staid a little while talking with him and the ladies, and then away to my Lord Crew's, and then did by the by make a visit to my Lord Crew, and had some good discourse with him, he doubting that all will break in pieces in the kingdom; and that the taxes now coming out, which will tax the same man in three or four several capacities, as for lands, office, profession, and money at interest, will be the hardest that ever come out; and do think that we owe it, and the lateness of its being given, wholly to the unpreparedness of the King's own party, to make their demand and choice; for they have obstructed the giving it by land-tax, which had been done long since. Having ended my visit, I spoke to Sir Thomas Crew, to invite him and his brother John to dinner to-morrow, at my house, to meet Lord Hinchingbroke; and so homewards, calling at the cook's, who is to dress it, to bespeak him, and then home, and there set things in order for a very fine dinner, and then to the office, where late very busy and to good purpose as to dispatch of business, and then home. To bed, my people sitting up to get things in order against to-morrow. This evening was brought me what Griffin had, as he says, taken this evening off of the table in the office, a letter sealed and directed to the Principal Officers and Commissioners of the Navy. It is a serious and just libel against our disorder in paying of our money, making ten times more people wait than we have money for, and complaining by name of Sir W. Batten for paying away great sums to particular people, which is true. I was sorry to see this way of reproach taken against us, but more sorry that there is true ground for it.

28th. Up, and with Sir W. Pen to White Hall (setting his lady and daughter down by the way at a mercer's in the Strand, where they are going to lay out some money), where, though it blows hard and rains hard, yet the Duke of York is gone a-hunting. We therefore lost our labour, and so back again, and by hackney coach to secure places to get things ready against dinner, and then home, and did the like there, and to my great satisfaction: and at noon comes my Lord Hinchingbroke, Sir Thomas Crew, Mr. John Crew, Mr. Carteret, and Brisband. I had six noble dishes for them, dressed by a man-cook, and com-

mended, as indeed they deserved, for exceeding well done. We eat with great pleasure, and I enjoyed myself in it with reflections upon the pleasures which I at best can expect, yet not to exceed this; eating in silver plates, and all things mighty rich and handsome about me. A great deal of fine discourse, sitting almost till dark at dinner, and then broke up with great pleasure, especially to myself; and they away, only Mr. Carteret and I to Gresham College, where they meet now weekly again, and here they had good discourse how this late experiment of the dog, which is in perfect good health, may be improved for good uses to men,[1] and other pretty things, and then broke up. Here was Mr. Henry Howard,[2] that will hereafter be Duke of Norfolke, who is admitted this day into the Society, and being a very proud man, and one that values himself upon his family, writes his name, as he do every where, Henry Howard of Norfolke. Thence home and there comes my Lady Pen, Pegg, and Mrs. Turner, and played at cards and supped with us, and were pretty merry, and Pegg with me in my closet a good while, and did suffer me a la baiser mouche et toucher ses cosas upon her breast, wherein I had great pleasure, and so spent the evening and then broke up, and I to bed, my mind mightily pleased with the day's entertainment.

29th. Up, and to the office, where busy all the morning. At noon home to dinner, where I find Balty come out to see us, but looks like death, and I do fear he is in a con-

[1] See note, p. 60.

[2] Henry Howard of Norfolk (1628–1684), second son of Henry, Earl of Arundel, was a considerable benefactor to the Royal Society, largely through the influence of John Evelyn. At the meeting of the society on November 27th, "It was ordered that Mr. Oldenburg attend Mr. Henry Howard of Norfolk at Arundel House, and acquaint him with the sense, which the Royal Society had of his great civilities and respects to them, which they intended also to acknowledge publicly when he should honour them with a visit at a meeting of the society." On the following day, November 28th, "Mr. Henry Howard of Norfolk was elected and admitted, who also received the public thanks of the society for his respects to them" (Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. ii., p. 128). He was created Baron Howard of Castle Rising in 1669, and advanced to the earldom of Norwich in 1672. He succeeded his brother Thomas as sixth duke of Norfolk in 1677.

sumption; he has not been abroad many weeks before, and hath now a well day, and a fit day of the headake in extraordinary torture. After dinner left him and his wife, they having their mother hard by and my wife, and I a wet afternoon to White Hall to have seen my Lady Carteret and Jemimah, but as God would have it they were abroad, and I was well contented at it. So my wife and I to Westminster Hall, where I left her a little, and to the Exchequer, and then presently home again, calling at our man-cooke's for his help to-morrow, but he could not come. So I home to the office, my people all busy to get a good dinner to-morrow again. I late at the office, and all the newes I hear I put into a letter this night to my Lord Bruncker at Chatham, thus: —

"I doubt not of your lordship's hearing of Sir Thomas Clifford's succeeding Sir H. Pollard[1] in the Comptrollership of the King's house; but perhaps our ill, but confirmed, tidings from the Barbadoes may not [have reached you] yet, it coming but yesterday; viz., that about eleven ships, whereof two of the King's, the Hope and Coventry, going thence with men to attack St. Christopher's, were seized by a violent hurricane, and all sunk — two only of thirteen escaping, and those with loss of masts, &c. My Lord Willoughby[2] himself is involved in the disaster, and I think two ships thrown upon an island of the French, and so all the men, to 500, become their prisoners. 'Tis said, too, that eighteen Dutch men-of-war are passed the Channell, in order to meet with our Smyrna ships; and some, I hear, do fright us with the King of Sweden's seiz-

[1] Sir Hugh Pollard, Bart., M.P. for Devonshire, died November 27th, 1666. The "order for a warrant to the Duke of Ormond, Lord Steward, or in his absence to Lord Fitzharding and the clerks of the Greencloth, to swear in Sir Thomas Clifford as Comptroller of the Household in the room of Sir H. Pollard," is dated November 28th ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 298).

[2] Francis Willoughby, fourth Lord Willoughby of Parham, who was drowned. A letter from D. Grosse to Williamson, dated from Plymouth, November 27th, contains the following information: "A Barbadoes ship reports that Lord Willoughby embarked thence last July with 5,000 men and 11 ships to retake St. Christopher's, but ten ships were cast away in a violent storm; 400 or 500 men got ashore at Santa Tour, and are detained prisoners by the French" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 292).

ing our mast-ships at Gottenburgh. But we have too much ill newes true, to afflict ourselves with what is uncertain. That which I hear from Scotland is, the Duke of York's saying, yesterday, that he is confident the Lieutenant-Generall there hath driven them into a pound, somewhere towards the mountains."

Having writ my letter, I home to supper and to bed, the world being mightily troubled at the ill news from Barbadoes, and the consequence of the Scotch business, as little as we do make of it. And to shew how mad we are at home, here, and unfit for any troubles: my Lord St. John did, a day or two since, openly pull a gentleman in Westminster Hall by the nose, one Sir Andrew Henly,[1] while the Judges were upon their benches, and the other gentleman did give him a rap over the pate with his cane, of which fray the Judges, they say, will make a great matter: men are only sorry the gentleman did proceed to return a blow; for, otherwise, my Lord would have been soundly fined for the affront, and may be yet for his affront to the Judges.

30th. Up, and with Sir W. Batten to White Hall, and there we did attend the Duke of York, and had much business with him; and pretty to see, it being St. Andrew's day, how some few did wear St. Andrew's crosse; but most did make a mockery at it, and the House of Parliament, contrary to practice, did sit also: people having no mind to observe the Scotch saints' days till they hear better newes from Scotland. Thence to Westminster Hall and the Abbey, thinking as I had appointed to have met Mrs. Burroughs there, but not meeting her I home, and just overtook my cozen Roger Pepys, Mrs. Turner, Dicke, and Joyce Norton, coming by invitation to dine with me. These ladies I have not seen since before the plague. Mrs. Turner is come to towne to look after her things in her house, but all is lost. She is quite weary of the country, but cannot get her husband to let her live here any more, which troubles her mightily. She was mighty angry with me, that in all this time I never writ to her, which I do think and take to myself as a fault, and which I have promised to mend. Here I had a noble and costly dinner

[1] Of Hartshill, Hants; and of Henley, Somersetshire. He was created a baronet in June, 1660, and died about 1675.—B.

for them, dressed by a man-cooke, as that the other day was, and pretty merry we were, as I could be with this company and so great a charge. We sat long, and after much talk of the plenty of her country in fish, but in nothing also that is pleasing, we broke up with great kindness, and when it begun to be dark we parted, they in one coach home, and I in another to Westminster Hall, where by appointment Mrs. Burroughs and I were to meet, but did not after I had spent the whole evening there. Only I did go drink at the Swan, and there did meet with Sarah, who is now newly married, and there I did lay the beginnings of a future amour con elle. . . . Thence it being late away; called at Mrs. Burroughs' mother's door, and she come out to me, and I did hazer whatever I would. . . . and then parted, and home, and after some playing at cards with my wife, we to supper and to bed.

December 1st. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning. At home to dinner, and then abroad walking to the Old Swan, and in my way I did see a cellar in Tower Streete in a very fresh fire, the late great winds having blown it up.[1] It seemed to be only of log-wood, that hath kept the fire all this while in it. Going further, I met my late Lord Mayor Bludworth, under whom the City was burned, and went with him by water to White Hall. But, Lord! the silly talk that this fellow had, only how ready he would be to part with all his estate in these difficult times to advance the King's service, and complaining that now, as every body did lately in the fire, every body endeavours to save himself, and let the whole perish: but a very weak man he seems to be. I left him at White Hall, he giving 6*d.* towards the boat, and I to Westminster Hall, where I was again defeated in my expectation of Burroughs. However, I was not much sorry for it, but by coach home, in the evening, calling at Faythorne's, buying three of my Lady Castlemayne's heads, printed this day,[2] which indeed is, as to the head,

[1] The fire continued burning in some cellars of the ruins of the city for four months, though it rained in the month of October ten days without ceasing (Rugge's "Diurnal"). — B.

[2] See November 7th (p. 51). A fine impression of this now very rare print was purchased for the Duke of Buckingham, at Bindley's

I think, a very fine picture, and like her. I did this afternoon get Mrs. Michell to let me only have a sight of a pamphlet lately printed, but suppressed and much called after, called "The Catholique's Apology";[1] lamenting the severity of the Parliament against them, and comparing it with the lenity of other princes to Protestants; giving old and late instances of their loyalty to their princes, whatever is objected against them; and excusing their disquiets in Queen Elizabeth's time, for that it was impossible for them to think her a lawfull Queen, if Queen Mary, who had been owned as such, were so; one being the daughter of the true, and the other of a false wife: and that of the Gunpowder Treason, by saying that it was only the practice of some of us, if not the King, to trepan some of their religion into it, it never being defended by the generality of their Church, nor indeed known by them; and ends with a large Catalogue, in red letters, of the Catholiques which have lost their lives in the quarrel of the late King and this. The thing is very well writ indeed. So home to my letters, and then to my supper and to bed.

2nd (Lord's day). Up, and to church, and after church home to dinner, where I met Betty Michell and her husband, very merry at dinner, and after dinner, having borrowed Sir W. Pen's coach, we to Westminster, they two and my wife and I to Mr. Martin's, where find the company almost all come to the christening of Mrs. Martin's child, a girl. A great deal of good plain company. After sitting long, till the church was done, the Parson comes, and then we to christen the child. I was God-

sale, in 1819, for £79; and resold at the Stowe sale, in 1849, for £33. — B.

[1] "The Catholique Apology" was written by Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemaine. In 1667 Dr. William Lloyd (afterwards successively Dean of Bangor, Bishop of St. Asaph, Lichfield and Coventry, and Worcester) published an answer, entitled, "The late Apology in behalf of the Papists reprinted and answered in behalf of the Royalists;" a fourth edition of which appeared in 1675. Lord Castlemaine and Robert Pugh, a secular priest, wrote "A Reply to the Answer of the Catholique Apology," which was published in 1668. A third edition of the "Catholique Apology with a Reply to the Answer" was published in 1674. Lord Castlemaine's pamphlets were seized by order of the House of Commons.

father, and Mrs. Holder (her husband, a good man, I know well), and a pretty lady, that waits, it seems, on my Lady Bath,[1] at White Hall, her name, Mrs. Noble, were Godmothers. After the christening comes in the wine and the sweetmeats, and then to prate and tattle, and then very good company they were, and I among them. Here was old Mrs. Michell and Howlett, and several married women of the Hall, whom I knew mayds. Here was also Mrs. Burroughs and Mrs. Bales, the young widow, whom I led home, and having staid till the moon was up, I took my pretty gossip[2] to White Hall with us, and I saw her in her lodging, and then my owne company again took coach, and no sooner in the coach but something broke, that we were fain there to stay till a smith could be fetched, which was above an hour, and then it costing me 6*s.* to mend. Away round by the wall and Cow Lane,[3] for fear it should break again, and in pain about the coach all the way. But to ease myself therein Betty Michell did sit at the same end with me. . . . Being very much pleased with this, we at last come home, and so to supper, and then sent them by boat home, and we to bed. When I come home I went to Sir W. Batten's, and there I hear more ill newes still: that all our New England fleete, which went out lately, are put back a third time by foul weather, and dispersed, some to one port and some to another; and their convoys also to Plymouth; and whether any of them be lost or not, we do not know. This, added to all the rest, do lay us flat in our hopes and courages, every body prophesying destruction to the nation.

3rd. Up, and, among a great many people that come to speak with me, one was my Lord Peterborough's gentleman, who comes to me to dun me to get some money advanced for my Lord; and I demanding what newes, he tells me that at Court they begin to fear the business of Scotland more and more, and that the Duke of York

[1] Lady Bath was Rachel, daughter of Francis, Earl of Westmoreland, widow of Henry Bourchier, Earl of Bath. She afterwards married Lionel Cranfield, third Earl of Middlesex. — B.

[2] Mrs. Noble, the godmother.

[3] Cow Lane, West Smithfield (now named King Street), was famous for its coachmakers.

intends to go to the North to raise an army, and that the King would have some of the nobility and others to go and assist; but they were so served the last year, among others his Lord, in raising forces at their own charge, for fear of the French invading us, that they will not be got out now, without money advanced to them by the King, and this is like to be the King's case for certain, if ever he comes to have need of any army. He and others gone, I by water to Westminster, and there to the Exchequer, and put my tallys in the way of doing for the last quarter. But my not following it the last week has occasioned the clerks some trouble, which I am sorry for, and they are mad at. Thence at noon home, and there find Kate Joyce, who dined with me. Her husband and she are weary of their new life of being an Innkeeper, and will leave it, and would fain get some office; but I know none the foole is fit for, but would be glad to help them, if I could, though they have enough to live on, God be thanked! though their loss hath been to the value of £3,000. W. Joyce now has all the trade, she says, the trade being come to that end of the towne. She dined with me, my wife being ill of her months in bed. I left her with my wife, and away myself to Westminster Hall by appointment and there found out Burroughs, and I took her by coach as far as the Lord Treasurer's and called at the cake house by Hales's, and there in the coach eat and drank and then carried her home. . . . So having set her down in the palace I to the Swan, and there did the first time baiser the little sister of Sarah that is come into her place, and so away by coach home, where to my vyall and supper and then to bed, being weary of the following of my pleasure and sorry for my omitting (though with a true salvo to my vowes) the stating my last month's accounts in time, as I should, but resolve to settle, and clear all my business before me this month, that I may begin afresh the next yeare, and enjoy some little pleasures freely at Christmasse. So to bed, and with more cheerfulness than I have done a good while, to hear that for certain the Scott rebells are all routed; they having been so bold as to come within three miles of Edinburgh, and there given two or three repulses to the King's forces, but at last were mastered. Three or four

hundred killed or taken, among which their leader, one Wallis, and seven ministers, they having all taken the Covenant a few days before, and sworn to live and die in it, as they did; and so all is likely to be there quiet again. There is also the very good newes come of four New-England ships come home safe to Falmouth with masts for the King; which is a blessing mighty unexpected, and without which, if for nothing else, we must have failed the next year. But God be praised for thus much good fortune, and send us the continuance of his favour in other things! So to bed.

4th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon dined at home. After dinner presently to my office, and there late and then home to even my Journall and accounts, and then to supper much eased in mind, and last night's good news, which is more and more confirmed with particulars to very good purpose, and so to bed.

5th. Up, and by water to White Hall, where we did much business before the Duke of York, which being done, I away home by water again, and there to my office till noon busy. At noon home, and Goodgroome[1] dined with us, who teaches my wife to sing. After dinner I did give him my song, "Beauty retire," which he has often desired of me, and without flattery I think is a very good song. He gone, I to the office, and there late, very busy doing much business, and then home to supper and talk, and then scold with my wife for not reckoning well the times that her musique master hath been with her, but setting down more than I am sure, and did convince her, they had been with her, and in an ill humour of anger with her to bed.

6th. Up, but very good friends with her before I rose, and so to the office, where we sat all the forenoon, and then home to dinner, where Harman dined with us, and great sport to hear him tell how Will Joyce grows rich by the custom of the City coming to his end of the towne, and how he rants over his brother and sister for their keeping

[1] John Goodgroome, musical composer, was one of the king's twenty-four fiddlers in 1674 (see list in North's "Memoires of Musick," ed. Rimbault, 1846, p. 99, note). He was probably a relation of Theodore Goodgroome, the singing-master referred to at an earlier date (see vol. ii., p. 55).

an Inne, and goes thither and tears like a prince, calling him hosteller and his sister hostess. Then after dinner, my wife and brother, in another habit,[1] go out to see a play; but I am not to take notice that I know of my brother's going. So I to the office, where very busy till late at night, and then home. My wife not pleased with the play, but thinks that is it because she is grown more critical than she used to be, but my brother she says is mighty taken with it. So to supper and to bed. This day, in the Gazette, is the whole story of defeating the Scotch rebells, and of the creation of the Duke of Cambridge, Knight of the Garter.[2]

7th. Up, and by water to the Exchequer, where I got my tallys finished for the last quarter for Tangier, and having paid all my fees I to the Swan, whither I sent for some oysters, and thither comes Mr. Falconbridge and Spicer and many more clerks, and there we eat and drank, and a great deal of their sorry discourse, and so parted, and I by coach home, meeting Balty in the streete about Charing Crosse walking, which I am glad to see and spoke to him about his mustering business, I being now to give an account how the several muster-masters have behaved themselves, and so home to dinner, where finding the cloth laid and much crumpled but clean, I grew angry and flung the trenchers about the room, and in a mighty heat I was: so a clean cloth was laid, and my poor wife very patient, and so to dinner, and in comes Mrs. Barbara Sheldon, now Mrs. Wood, and dined with us, she mighty fine, and lives, I perceive, mighty happily, which I am glad [of] for her sake, but hate her husband for a block-head in his choice. So away after dinner, leaving my wife and her, and by water to the Strand, and so to the King's playhouse, where two acts were almost done when I come in; and there I sat with my cloak about my face, and saw the remainder of "The Mayd's Tragedy;" a

[1] *i.e.* without his canonicals. — B.

[2] James, Earl and Duke of Cambridge, second son of the Duke of York, and one of the five boys who all died infants. He was given the title which his elder brother Charles had previously held. At the time when he was created K.G. he was only three years and five months old. He died seven months afterwards (June 20th, 1667).

good play, and well acted, especially by the younger Marshall, who is become a pretty good actor, and is the first play I have seen in either of the houses since before the great plague, they having acted now about fourteen days publickly. But I was in mighty pain lest I should be seen by any body to be at a play. Soon as done I home, and then to my office awhile, and then home and spent the night evening my Tangier accounts, much to my satisfaction, and then to supper, and mighty good friends with my poor wife, and so to bed.

8th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, and there find Mr. Pierce and his wife and Betty, a pretty girle, who in discourse at table told me the great Proviso passed the House of Parliament yesterday; which makes the King and Court mad, the King having given order to my Lord Chamberlain to send to the playhouses and bawdy houses, to bid all the Parliament-men that were there to go to the Parliament presently. This is true, it seems; but it was carried against the Court by thirty or forty voices. It is a Proviso to the Poll Bill, that there shall be a Committee of nine persons that shall have the inspection upon oath, and power of giving others, of all the accounts of the money given and spent for this warr. This hath a most sad face, and will breed very ill blood. He tells me, brought in by Sir Robert Howard,[1] who is one of the King's servants, at least hath a great office, and hath got, they say, £20,000 since the King come in. Mr. Pierce did also tell me as a great truth, as being told it by Mr. Cowly,[2] who was by, and heard it,

[1] Sixth son of Thomas Howard, first Earl of Berkshire, educated at Magdalene College, Cambridge, born January, 1625–26. During the Civil Wars he adhered to Charles I., and suffered with his family. Knighted at the Restoration, and chosen M.P. for Stockbridge, and afterwards for Castle Rising. He was Auditor of the Exchequer, and considered to be a creature of Charles II., who employed him in cajoling the parliament for money. He was ridiculed by Shadwell as Sir Positive At-All in the "Sullen Lovers." "Four New Plays," by Sir R. Howard, was published in 1665, and "Five New Plays" in 1692. His "Dramatic Works" were published in 1722. He died September 3rd, 1698.

[2] Abraham Cowley, the poet, who died July 28th, 1667, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, August 3rd.

that Tom Killigrew should publiquely tell the King that his matters were coming into a very ill state; but that yet there was a way to help all, which is, says he, "There is a good, honest, able man, that I could name, that if your Majesty would employ, and command to see all things well executed, all things would soon be mended; and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time in employing his lips . . . about the Court, and hath no other employment; but if you would give him this employment, he were the fittest man in the world to perform it." This, he says, is most true; but the King do not profit by any of this, but lays all aside, and remembers nothing, but to his pleasures again; which is a sorrowful consideration. Very good company we were at dinner, and merry, and after dinner, he being gone about business, my wife and I and Mrs. Pierce and Betty and Balty, who come to see us to-day very sick, and went home not well, together out, and our coach broke the wheel off upon Ludgate Hill. So we were fain to part ourselves and get room in other people's coaches, and Mrs. Pierce and I in one, and I carried her home and set her down, and myself to the King's playhouse, which troubles me since, and hath cost me a forfeit of 10*s*., which I have paid, and there did see a good part of "The English Monsieur,"[1] which is a mighty pretty play, very witty and pleasant. And the women do very well; but, above all, little Nelly,[2] that I am mightily pleased with the play, and much with the House, more than ever I expected, the women doing better than ever I expected, and very fine women. Here I was in pain to be seen, and hid myself; but, as God would have it, Sir John Chichly[3] come, and sat just by me. Thence to Mrs. Pierce's, and there took up my wife and away home, and to the office and Sir W. Batten's, of whom I hear that this Proviso in Parliament is mightily ill taken

[1] A comedy by the Hon. James Howard, son of the Earl of Berkshire, printed in 4to., 1674.

[2] Nell Gwyn played Lady Wealthy, a rich widow. Her first appearance on the stage is supposed to have taken place in 1665 in the character of Cydaria, in Dryden's "Indian Emperor."

[3] Captain (afterwards Sir John) Chicheley commanded the "Antelope," of fifty guns, in the Duke of York's squadron in the victory of the 3rd of June, 1665 (Charnock's "Biographia Navalis," vol. i., p. 84).

by all the Court party as a mortal blow, and that, that strikes deep into the King's prerogative, which troubles me mightily. Home, and set some papers right in my chamber, and then to supper and to bed, we being in much fear of ill news of our colliers. A fleete of two hundred sail, and fourteen Dutch men-of-war between them and us: and they coming home with small convoy; and the City in great want, coals being at £3 3*s*. per chaldron, as I am told. I saw smoke in the ruines this very day.

9th (Lord's day). Up, not to church, but to my chamber, and there begun to enter into this book my journall of September, which in the fire-time I could not enter here, but in loose papers. At noon dined, and then to my chamber all the afternoon and night, looking over and tearing and burning all the unnecessary letters, which I have had upon my file for four or five years backward, which I intend to do quite through all my papers, that I may have nothing by me but what is worth keeping, and fit to be seen, if I should miscarry. At this work till midnight, and then to supper and to bed.

10th. Up, and at my office all the morning, and several people with me, Sir W. Warren, who I do every day more and more admire for a miracle of cunning and forecast in his business, and then Captain Cocke, with whom I walked in the garden, and he tells me how angry the Court is at the late Proviso brought in by the House. How still my Lord Chancellor is, not daring to do or say any thing to displease the Parliament; that the Parliament is in a very ill humour, and grows every day more and more so; and that the unskilfulness of the Court, and their difference among one another, is the occasion of all not agreeing in what they would have, and so they give leisure and occasion to the other part to run away with what the Court would not have. Then comes Mr. Gawden, and he and I in my chamber discoursing about his business, and to pay him some Tangier orders which he delayed to receive till I had money instead of tallies, but do promise me consideration for my victualling business for this year, and also as Treasurer for Tangier, which I am glad of, but would have been gladder to have just now received it. He gone, I alone to dinner at home, my wife and her people

being gone down the river to-day for pleasure, though a cold day and dark night to come up. In the afternoon I to the Excise Office[1] to enter my tallies, which I did, and come presently back again, and then to the office and did much business, and then home to supper, my wife and people being come well and hungry home from Erith. Then I to begin the setting of a Base to "It is decreed," and so to bed.

11th. Up, and to the office, where we sat, and at noon home to dinner, a small dinner because of a good supper. After dinner my wife and I by coach to St. Clement's Church, to Mrs. Turner's lodgings, hard by, to take our leaves of her. She is returning into the North to her children, where, I perceive, her husband hath clearly got the mastery of her, and she is likely to spend her days there,[2] which for her sake I am a little sorry for, though for his it is but fit she should live where he hath a mind. Here were several people come to see and take leave of her, she going to-morrow: among others, my Lady Mordant,[3] which was Betty Turner, a most homely widow, but young, and pretty rich, and good natured. Thence, having promised to

[1] After the Great Fire the Excise Office for a time found a site in Southampton Fields, at the back of Southampton House (afterwards Bedford House), on the north side of Bloomsbury Square.

[2] John Turner, here alluded to, was the eldest son and heir of Sir William Turner, Lord Mayor of London in 1669, better known as the munificent founder of Kirkleatham Hospital, in Yorkshire, and whose monument is still to be seen in Kirkleatham Church, and in the hospital a likeness of him in wax-work, with the identical wig and band that he wore. In the east window of the hospital chapel also is a stained glass portrait of him in his mayoralty robes, and one of his eldest son. John Turner was brought up to the bar, and became a serjeant-at-law, and purchased an estate in the district of Cleveland. Besides his daughter Theophila, mentioned so often, he had issue two sons, Charles and William, from the eldest of whom descended the late Sir Charles Turner, of Kirkleatham, the second baronet of the family, and the last heir male of his race. He died in 1810. See an account of the family in "The Genealogist and Topographer," part vi. — B.

[3] Sir George Mordaunt, of Massingham, Norfolk, the fourth baronet of his family, espoused Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Nicholas Johnson, of London, niece to Sir W. Turner above-mentioned, who is the person here alluded to by Pepys. She re-married Francis Godolphin, of Colston, Wilts (Wotton's "Baronetage"). — B.

write every month to her, we home, and I to my office, while my wife to get things together for supper. Dispatching my business at the office. Anon come our guests, old Mr. Batelier, and his son and daughter, Mercer, which was all our company. We had a good venison pasty and other good cheer, and as merry as in so good, innocent, and understanding company I could be. He is much troubled that wines, laden by him in France before the late proclamation was out, cannot now be brought into England, which is so much to his and other merchants' loss. We sat long at supper and then to talk, and so late parted and so to bed. This day the Poll Bill was to be passed, and great endeavours used to take away the Proviso.

12th. Up, and to the office, where some accounts of Mr. Gawden's were examined, but I home most of the morning to even some accounts with Sir H. Cholmly, Mr. Moone, and others one after another. Sir H. Cholmly did with grief tell me how the Parliament hath been told plainly that the King hath been heard to say, that he would dissolve them rather than pass this Bill with the Proviso; but tells me, that the Proviso is removed, and now carried that it shall be done by a Bill by itself. He tells me how the King hath lately paid about £30,000[1] to clear debts of my Lady Castlemayne's; and that she and her husband are parted for ever, upon good terms, never to trouble one another more. He says that he hears £400,000 hath gone into the Privy purse since this warr; and that that hath consumed so much of our money, and makes the King and Court so mad to be brought to discover it. He gone, and after him the rest, I to the office, and at noon to the 'Change, where the very good newes is just come of our four ships from Smyrna, come safe without convoy even into the Downes, without seeing any enemy; which is the best, and indeed only considerable good newes to our Exchange, since the burning of the City; and it is strange to see how it do cheer up men's hearts. Here I saw shops now come to be in this Exchange, and met little Batelier,

[1] Two thousand pounds of this sum went to Alderman Edward Bakewell for two diamond rings, severally charged £1,100 and £900, bought March 14th, 1665–66 (Second addenda to Steinman's "Memoir of the Duchess of Cleveland," privately printed, 1878, p. 4).

who sits here but at £3 per annum, whereas he sat at the other at £100, which he says he believes will prove of as good account to him now as the other did at that rent. From the 'Change to Captain Cocke's, and there, by agreement, dined, and there was Charles Porter,[1] Temple,[2] Fenn,[3] Debasty, whose bad English and pleasant discourses was exceeding good entertainment, Matt. Wren, Major Cooper, and myself, mighty merry and pretty discourse. They talked for certain, that now the King do follow Mrs. Stewart wholly, and my Lady Castlemayne not above once a week; that the Duke of York do not haunt my Lady Denham so much; that she troubles him with matters of State, being of my Lord Bristoll's faction, and that he avoids; that she is ill still. After dinner I away to the office, where we sat late upon Mr. Gawden's accounts, Sir J. Minnes being gone home sick. I late at the office, and then home to supper and to bed, being mightily troubled with a pain in the small of my back, through cold, or (which I think most true) my straining last night to get open my plate chest, in such pain all night I could not turn myself in my bed. Newes this day from Brampton, of Mr. Ensum, my sister's sweetheart, being dead: a clowne.

13th. Up, and to the office, where we sat. At noon to the 'Change and there met Captain Cocke, and had a second time his direction to bespeak £100 of plate, which I did at Sir R. Viner's, being twelve plates more, and something else I have to choose. Thence home to dinner, and there W. Hewer dined with me, and showed me a Gazette,[4] in April last, which I wonder should never be

[1] Charles Porter was brother to Thomas Porter, who killed Sir H. Bellasis in a duel in 1667 (see note, vol. iii., p. 115).

[2] Probably John Temple, Sir R. Viner's chief clerk.

[3] John Fenn, who is frequently referred to in the Diary.

[4] The "Gazette" of April 23rd–26th, 1666, which contains the following remarkable passage: "At the Sessions in the Old Bailey, John Rathbone, an old army colonel, William Saunders, Henry Tucker, Thomas Flint, Thomas Evans, John Myles, Will. Westcot, and John Cole, officers or soldiers in the late Rebellion, were indicted for conspiring the death of his Majesty and the overthrow of the Government. Having laid their plot and contrivance for the surprisal of the Tower, the killing his Grace the Lord General, Sir John Robin-

remembered by any body, which tells how several persons were then tried for their lives, and were found guilty of a design of killing the King and destroying the Government; and as a means to it, to burn the City; and that the day intended for the plot was the 3rd of last September. And the fire did indeed break out on the 2nd of September, which is very strange, methinks, and I shall remember it. At the office all the afternoon late, and then home to even my accounts in my Tangier book, which I did to great content in all respects, and joy to my heart, and so to bed. This afternoon Sir W. Warren and Mr. Moore, one after another, walked with me in the garden, and they both tell me that my Lord Sandwich is called home, and that he do grow more and more in esteem everywhere, and is better spoken of, which I am mighty glad of, though I know well enough his deserving the same before, and did foresee that it will come to it. In mighty great pain in my back still, but I perceive it changes its place, and do not trouble me at all in making of water, and that is my joy, so that I believe it is nothing but a strain, and for these three or four days I perceive my overworking of my eyes by candlelight do hurt them as it did the last winter, that by day I am well and do get them right, but then after candlelight they begin to be sore and run, so that I intend to get some green spectacles.

son, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Sir Richard Brown; and then to have declared for an equal division of lands, &c. *The better to effect this hellish design, the City was to have been fired*, and the portcullis let down to keep out all assistance; and the Horse Guards to have been surprised in the inns where they were quartered, several ostlers having been gained for that purpose. The Tower was accordingly viewed, and its surprise ordered by boats over the moat, and from thence to scale the wall. One Alexander, not yet taken, had likewise distributed money to these conspirators; and, for the carrying on the design more effectually, they were told of a Council of the great ones that sat frequently in London, from whom issued all orders; which Council received their directions from another in Holland, who sat with the States; and that *the third of September* was pitched on for the attempt, as being found by Lilly's Almanack, and a scheme erected for that purpose, to be a lucky day, a planet then ruling which prognosticated the downfall of Monarchy. The evidence against these persons was very full and clear, and they were accordingly found guilty of High Treason." See November 10th, 1666 (p. 55). — B.

14th. Up, and very well again of my pain in my back, it having been nothing but cold. By coach to White Hall, seeing many smokes of the fire by the way yet, and took up into the coach with me a country gentleman, who asked me room to go with me, it being dirty — one come out of the North to see his son, after the burning his house: a merchant. Here endeavoured to wait on the Duke of York, but he would not stay from the Parliament. So I to Westminster Hall, and there met my good friend Mr. Evelyn, and walked with him a good while, lamenting our condition for want of good council, and the King's minding of his business and servants. I out to the Bell Taverne, and thither comes Doll to me . . ., and after an hour's stay, away and staid in Westminster Hall till the rising of the house, having told Mr. Evelyn, and he several others, of my Gazette which I had about me that mentioned in April last a plot for which several were condemned of treason at the Old Bayly for many things, and among others for a design of burning the city on the 3rd of September. The house sat till three o'clock, and then up: and I home with Sir Stephen Fox to his house to dinner, and the Cofferer[1] with us. There I find Sir S. Fox's lady, a fine woman, and seven the prettiest children of their's that ever I knew almost. A very genteel dinner, and in great state and fashion, and excellent discourse; and nothing like an old experienced man and a courtier, and such is the Cofferer Ashburnham. The House have been mighty hot to-day against the Paper Bill, showing all manner of averseness to give the King money; which these courtiers do take mighty notice of, and look upon

[1] William Ashburnham, younger brother of John Ashburnham, and first cousin of the Duke of Buckingham. He was an officer of distinction in the king's army during the Civil War; and, after the Restoration, made Cofferer of the Household to Charles II. Died s.p. 1671. He married the "young, beautiful, and rich widow" of James Ley, Earl of Marlborough, Lord High Treasurer of England, to whom she was third wife. She was daughter of John, Lord Butler, of Bramfield, by Elizabeth Villiers, sister of the first Duke of Buckingham, and therefore nearly related to William Ashburnham. A splendid monument to William Ashburnham, and to the Countess of Marlborough, with whom he lived happily for nearly forty-five years, is in Ashburnham Church. — B.

the others as bad rebells as ever the last were. But the courtiers did carry it against those men upon a division of the House, a great many, that it should be committed; and so it was: which they reckon good news. After dinner we three to the Excise Office, and there had long discourse about our monies, but nothing to satisfaction, that is, to shew any way of shortening the time which our tallies take up before they become payable, which is now full two years, which is 20 per cent. for all the King's money for interest, and the great disservice of his Majesty otherwise. Thence in the evening round by coach home, where I find Foundes his present, of a fair pair of candlesticks, and half a dozen of plates come, which cost him full £50, and is a very good present; and here I met with, sealed up, from Sir H. Cholmly, the lampoone, or the Mocke-Advice to a Paynter,[1] abusing the Duke of York and my Lord

[1] The bibliography of the various "Advices" and "Instructions" to a Painter is somewhat extensive, and can only be shortly alluded to here. The poet Waller commenced the series with his "Instructions to a Painter for the drawing of the posture and progress of His Maties forces at sea under command of his Highness Royal. Together with the battel and victory obtained over the Dutch, June 3, 1665. London, 1666." In the following year appeared "Directions to a Painter for describing our Navall Business in imitation of Waller," "The second Advice to a Painter for drawing the History of our Navall Business, in imitation of Mr. Waller," "The second and third Advice to a Painter for drawing the History of our Navall Actions, in answer to Mr. Waller." These were attributed to Sir John Denham, but it is doubtful whether he had anything to do with them. In "Poems on Affairs of State," vol. i. (1703), where the "Directions" are printed, we find this note in the list of contents, "said to be written by Sir John Denham, but believed to be writ by Mr. Milton." Andrew Marvell's "Last Instructions to a Painter" is dated 1667, and his "Further Instructions to a Painter," 1670. The constant issue of "Instructions" and "Advices" attracted special attention, and "The Answer of Mr. Waller's Painter to his many new Advisers" was published in 1667. Marvell wrote an "Advice to a Painter" on the Popish Plot, and a "Second Advice to a Painter" was written in imitation of Marvell. In a broadside (1680), quoted by Mr. G. T. Drury in his edition of Waller's Poems, 1893, satirical reference is made to the fashionable form of advice to the painters:

> "Each puny brother of the rhyming trade
> At every turn implores the Painter's aid,
> And fondly enamoured of own foul brat
> Cries in an ecstacy, Paint this, draw that."

Sandwich, Pen, and every body, and the King himself, in all the matters of the navy and warr. I am sorry for my Lord Sandwich's having so great a part in it. Then to supper and musique, and to bed.

15th. Up and to the office, where my Lord Bruncker newly come to town, from his being at Chatham and Harwich to spy enormities: and at noon I with him and his lady Williams, to Captain Cocke's, where a good dinner, and very merry. Good news to-day upon the Exchange, that our Hamburgh fleete is got in; and good hopes that we may soon have the like of our Gottenburgh, and then we shall be well for this winter. Very merry at dinner. And by and by comes in Matt. Wren[1] from the Parliament-house; and tells us that he and all his party of the House, which is the Court party, are fools, and have been made so this day by the wise men of the other side; for, after the Court party had carried it yesterday so powerfully for the Paper-Bill,[2] yet now it is laid aside wholly, and to be supplied by a land-tax; which it is true will do well, and will be the sooner finished, which was the great argument for the doing of it. But then it shews them fools, that they would not permit this to have been done six weeks ago, which they might have had. And next, they have parted with the Paper Bill, which, when once begun, might have proved a very good flower in the Crowne, as any there. So do really say that they are truly outwitted by the other side. Thence away to Sir R. Viner's, and there chose some plate besides twelve plates which I purpose to have with Captain Cocke's gift of £100, and so home and there busy late, and then home and to bed.

16th (Lord's day). Lay long talking with my wife in bed, then up with great content and to my chamber to set right a picture or two, Lovett having sent me yesterday

The series was continued, for we find "Advice to a Painter upon the Defeat of the Rebels in the West and the Execution of the late Duke of Monmouth" ("Poems on Affairs of State," vol. ii., p. 148); "Advice to a Painter, being a Satire on the French King," &c., 1692, and "Advice to a Painter," 1697 ("Poems on Affairs of State," vol. ii., p. 428).

[1] See March 7th, 1666 (vol. v., p. 227).

[2] It was called "A Bill for raising part of the supply for his Majesty by an imposition on Sealed Paper and Parchment."— B.

Sancta Clara's head varnished, which is very fine, and now my closet is so full stored, and so fine, as I would never desire to have it better. Dined without any strangers with me, which I do not like on Sundays. Then after dinner by water to Westminster to see Mrs. Martin, whom I found up in her chamber and ready to go abroad. I sat there with her and her husband and others a pretty while, and then away to White Hall, and there walked up and down to the Queen's side, and there saw my dear Lady Castlemayne, who continues admirable, methinks, and I do not hear but that the King is the same to her still as ever. Anon to chapel, by the King's closet, and heard a very good anthemne. Then with Lord Bruncker to Sir W. Coventry's chamber; and there we sat with him and talked. He is weary of anything to do, he says, in the Navy. He tells us this Committee of Accounts will enquire sharply into our office. And, speaking of Sir J. Minnes, he says he will not bear any body's faults but his own. He discoursed as bad of Sir W. Batten almost, and cries out upon the discipline of the fleete, which is lost, and that there is not in any of the fourth rates and under scarce left one Sea Commander, but all young gentlemen; and what troubles him, he hears that the gentlemen give out that in two or three years a Tarpaulin shall not dare to look after being better than a Boatswain. Which he is troubled at, and with good reason, and at this day Sir Robert Holmes is mighty troubled that his brother do not command in chief, but is commanded by Captain Hannum,[1] who, Sir W. Coventry says, he believes to be at least of as good blood, is a longer bred seaman, and elder officer, and an elder commander, but such is Sir R. Holmes's pride as never to be stopt, he being greatly troubled at my Lord Bruncker's late discharging all his men and officers but the standing officers at Chatham, and so are all other Commanders, and a very great cry hath been to the King from them all in my Lord's absence. But Sir W. Coventry do undertake to defend it, and my Lord Bruncker got ground I believe by it, who is angry at Sir W. Batten's and Sir W. Pen's bad words concerning it,

[1] Captain Willoughby Hannam or Hanham (see note, vol. v., p. 354).

and I have made it worse by telling him that they refuse to sign to a paper which he and I signed on Saturday to declare the reason of his actions, which Sir W. Coventry likes and would have it sent him and he will sign it, which pleases me well. So we parted, and I with Lord Bruncker to Sir P. Neale's chamber, and there sat and talked awhile, Sir Edward Walker being there, and telling us how he hath lost many fine rowles of antiquity in heraldry by the late fire, but hath saved the most of his papers. Here was also Dr. Wallis,[1] the famous scholar and mathematician; but he promises little. Left them, and in the dark and cold home by water, and so to supper and to read and so to bed, my eyes being better to-day, and I cannot impute it to anything but by my being much in the dark to-night, for I plainly find that it is only excess of light that makes my eyes sore. This afternoon I walked with Lord Bruncker into the Park and there talked of the times, and he do think that the King sees that he cannot never have much more money or good from this Parliament, and that therefore he may hereafter dissolve them, that as soon as he has the money settled he believes a peace will be clapped up, and that there are overtures of a peace, which if such as the Lord Chancellor can excuse he will take. For it is the Chancellor's interest, he says, to bring peace again, for in peace he can do all and command all, but in war he cannot, because he understands not the nature of the war as to the management thereof. He tells me he do not believe the Duke of York will go to sea again, though there are a great many about the King that would be glad of any occasion to take him out of the world, he standing in their ways; and seemed to mean the Duke of Monmouth, who spends his time the most viciously and idly of any man, nor will be fit for any thing; yet he speaks as

[1] John Wallis, born November 23rd, 1616, at Ashford, educated at Felsted School, Essex, and Emmanuel College, Cambridge, from which he removed to a fellowship in Queen's College. In 1648 he was appointed Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford, where he took the degree of D.D., 1654. He was one of the most distinguished Fellows of the Royal Society, and his "Arithmetic of Infinites" is said to contain the germ of future discoveries. He died at Oxford, October 28th, 1703.

if it were not impossible but the King would own him for his son, and that there was a marriage between his mother and him; which God forbid should be if it be not true, nor will the Duke of York easily be gulled in it.[1] But this put to our other distractions makes things appear very sad, and likely to be the occasion of much confusion in a little time, and my Lord Bruncker seems to say that nothing can help us but the King's making a peace soon as he hath this money; and thereby putting himself out of debt, and so becoming a good husband, and then he will neither need this nor any other Parliament, till he can have one to his mind: for no Parliament can, as he says, be kept long good, but they will spoil one another, and that therefore it hath been the practice of kings to tell Parliaments what he hath for them to do, and give them so long time to do it in, and no longer. Harry Kembe, one of our messengers, is lately dead.

17th. Up, and several people to speak with me, and then comes Mr. Cæsar, and then Goodgroome, and, what with one and the other, nothing but musique with me this morning, to my great content; and the more, to see that God Almighty hath put me into condition to bear the charge of all this. So out to the 'Change, and did a little business, and then home, where they two musicians and Mr. Cooke come to see me, and Mercer to go along with my wife this afternoon to a play. To dinner, and then our company all broke up, and to my chamber to do several things. Among other things, to write a letter to my Lord Sandwich, it being one of the burdens upon my mind that I have not writ to him since he went into Spain, but now I do intend to give him a brief account of our whole year's actions since he went, which will make amends. My wife well home in the evening from the play; which I was glad of, it being cold and dark, and she having her necklace of pearl on, and none but Mercer with her. Spent the evening in fitting my books, to have the number set upon each, in order to my having an alphabet of my whole, which will be of great ease to me. This day Captain Batters come from sea in his fireship and come to see me, poor man, as

[1] See note, vol. iii., p. 116.

his patron, and a poor painful wretch he is as can be. After supper to bed.

18th. Up, and to the office, where I hear the ill news that poor Batters,[1] that had been born and bred a seaman, and brought up his ship from sea but yesterday, was, going down from me to his ship, drowned in the Thames, which is a sad fortune, and do make me afeard, and will do, more than ever I was. At noon dined at home, and then by coach to my Lord Bellasses, but not at home. So to Westminster Hall, where the Lords are sitting still, I to see Mrs. Martin, who is very well, and intends to go abroad to-morrow after her childbed. She do tell me that this child did come la meme jour that it ought to hazer after my avoir eté con elle before her marid did venir home. . . . Thence to the Swan, and there I sent for Sarah, and mighty merry we were. . . . So to Sir Robert Viner's about my plate, and carried home another dozen of plates, which makes my stock of plates up $2\frac{1}{2}$ dozen, and at home find Mr. Thomas Andrews, with whom I staid and talked a little and invited him to dine with me at Christmas, and then I to the office, and there late doing business, and so home and to bed. Sorry for poor Batters.

19th. Up, and by water down to White Hall, and there with the Duke of York did our usual business, but nothing but complaints of want of money with[out] success, and Sir W. Coventry's complaint of the defects of our office (indeed Sir J. Minnes's) without any amendment, and he tells us so plainly of the Committee of Parliament's resolution to enquire home into all our managements that it makes me resolve to be wary, and to do all things betimes to be ready for them. Thence going away met Mr. Hingston[2] the organist (my old acquaintance) in the Court, and I took him to the Dog Taverne and got him to set me a

[1] Captain Christopher Batters, of the "Joseph" fire-ship, was drowned in the Thames, and his body found some time afterwards (see "Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, pp. 505, 506).

[2] John Hingston, composer and organist, pupil of Orlando Gibbons. In the service successively of Charles I., Cromwell, and Charles II. Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, and in 1663 keeper of the organs. He is said by Hawkins to have been Blow's earliest master. He died in 1683, and was buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster, December 17th. His portrait was in the Music School at Oxford.

bass to my "It is decreed," which I think will go well, but he commends the song not knowing the words, but says the ayre is good, and believes the words are plainly expressed. He is of my mind against having of 8ths unnecessarily in composition. This did all please me mightily. Then to talk of the King's family. He says many of the musique are ready to starve, they being five years behindhand for their wages; nay, Evens,[1] the famous man upon the Harp, having not his equal in the world, did the other day die for mere want, and was fain to be buried at the almes of the parish, and carried to his grave in the dark at night without one linke, but that Mr. Hingston met it by chance, and did give 12*d.* to buy two or three links. He says all must come to ruin at this rate, and I believe him. Thence I up to the Lords' House to enquire for Lord Bellasses; and there hear how at a conference this morning between the two Houses about the business of the Canary Company, my Lord Buckingham leaning rudely over my Lord Marquis Dorchester,[2] my Lord Dorchester removed his elbow. Duke of Buckingham asked him whether he was uneasy; Dorchester replied, yes, and that he durst not do this were he any where else: Buckingham replied, yes he would, and that he was a better man than himself; Dorchester answered that he lyed. With this Buckingham struck off his hat, and took him by his periwigg, and pulled it aside, and held him. My Lord Chamberlain and others interposed, and, upon coming into the

[1] The "Warrant to the Treasurer of the Chamber to pay to Henry Brookwell, musician on the lute, in place of Lewis Evans, deceased, £16 2*s.* 6*d.* a year for life for his livery," is dated December 20th, 1666 ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 362).

[2] Henry Pierrepoint, second Earl of Kingston, created Marquis of Dorchester, 1645. Died December 1st, 1680. See an account of this quarrel in Lord Clarendon's "Life," vol. iii., p. 153, edit. 1827. — B.

"The Commons being in the Painted Chamber ready for the Conference appointed concerning the Canary Company, the House was adjourned during Pleasure, and the Lords went to the Conference, which being ended the House was resumed." The Lord Chamberlain acquainted the House, "That there was an ill accident fell out when the Lords were at the Conference this day in the Painted Chamber, by reason of a quarrel between the Duke of Bucks and the Marquis of Dorchester." Explanations were made by both lords, who were sent to the Tower ("Journals of the House of Lords," vol. xii., pp. 52, 53).

House, the Lords did order them both to the Tower, whither they are to go this afternoon. I down into the Hall, and there the Lieutenant of the Tower[1] took me with him, and would have me to the Tower to dinner; where I dined at the head of his table, next his lady,[2] who is comely and seeming sober and stately, but very proud and very cunning, or I am mistaken, and wanton, too. This day's work will bring the Lieutenant of the Tower £350. But a strange, conceited, vain man he is that ever I met withal, in his own praise, as I have heretofore observed of him. Thence home, and upon Tower Hill saw about 3 or 400 seamen get together; and one, standing upon a pile of bricks, made his sign, with his handkercher, upon his stick, and called all the rest to him, and several shouts they gave. This made me afeard; so I got home as fast as I could. And hearing of no present hurt did go to Sir Robert Viner's about my plate again, and coming home do hear of 1,000 seamen said in the streets to be in armes. So in great fear home, expecting to find a tumult about my house, and was doubtful of my riches there. But I thank God I found all well. But by and by Sir W. Batten and Sir R. Ford do tell me, that the seamen have been at some prisons, to release some seamen, and the Duke of Albemarle is in armes, and all the Guards at the other end of the town; and the Duke of Albemarle is gone with some forces to Wapping, to quell the seamen; which is a thing of infinite disgrace to us. I sat long talking with them; and, among other things, Sir R. Ford did make me understand how the House of Commons is a beast not to be understood, it being impossible to know beforehand the success almost of any small plain thing, there being so many to think and speak to any business, and they of so uncertain minds and interests and passions. He did tell me, and so did Sir W. Batten, how Sir Allen Brodericke[3]

[1] Sir John Robinson.

[2] Anne, daughter of Sir George Whitmore.

[3] Sir Alan Broderick died on the 28th November, 1680, and was interred at Wandsworth on the 3rd December, when his funeral sermon was preached by Nathaniel Resbury, D.D., incumbent of the parish. The following extracts from the discourse, which, though printed, is very scarce, may throw some light on the knight's character,

and Sir Allen Apsly did come drunk the other day into the House, and did both speak for half an hour together, and could not be either laughed, or pulled, or bid to sit down and hold their peace, to the great contempt of the King's servants and cause; which I am grieved at with all my heart. We were full in discourse of the sad state of our times, and the horrid shame brought on the King's service by the just clamours of the poor seamen, and that we must be undone in a little time. Home full of trouble on these considerations, and, among other things, I to my chamber, and there to ticket a good part of my books, in order to the numbering of them for my easy finding them to read as I have occasion. So to supper and to bed, with my heart full of trouble.

20th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and here among other things come Captain Cocke, and I did get him to sign me a note for the £100 to pay for the plate he do present me with, which I am very glad of.

and, from their quaintness, are interesting. "In the first place, therefore, I might be very well allow'd to begin with that usual head of panegyrick, where the subject could well bear it, viz., the quality of his birth and extract, and so give you his lineage in a long series of worthy and honourable ancestry, who from time immemorial had liv'd in the Registry of Honour in the Northern parts, till his own father, by the occasion of a noble trust, viz., the Lieutenancy of the Tower of London, came to add warmth to our Southern clime, and bless'd this place not only with his own and his religious Lady's presence and vertues (whose names and memories are still fragrant in those odours of goodness wherein they have been so plentifully scented in life), but with a numerous and valuable progeny, amongst whom was this wonder both of greatness and goodness. . . . I will readily acknowledge (and why, indeed, should I scruple to own what himself with such repeated contrition and brokenness of spirit would to all sober ears so freely and heartily condemn himself for?) that a long scene of his life had been acted off in the sports and follies of sin. If I may use his own words, it was a pagan and abandoned way he had sometime pursu'd, scepticism itself not excepted. . . . He had for many years practis'd in the politicks of this nation, and having so nearly attacht himself to one of the greatest Ministers of State [Lord Chancellor Clarendon] that this kingdom ever knew (whose mistaken wisdom and integrity perhaps hath been since better understood by the want of him), made himself no small figure in the administration." The Lords Middleton are descended from Sir St. John Broderick, a younger brother of Sir Alan. — B.

[1] See July 4th, 1663 (vol. iii., p. 184).

At noon home to dinner, where was Balty come, who is well again, and the most recovered in his countenance that ever I did see. Here dined with me also Mrs. Batters, poor woman! now left a sad widow by the drowning of her husband the other day. I pity her, and will do her what kindness I can; yet I observe something of ill-nature in myself more than should be, that I am colder towards her in my charity than I should be to one so painful as he and she have been and full of kindness to their power to my wife and I. After dinner out with Balty, setting him down at the Maypole in the Strand, and then I to my Lord Bellasses, and there spoke with Mr. Moone about some business, and so away home to my business at the office, and then home to supper and to bed, after having finished the putting of little papers upon my books to be numbered hereafter.

21st. Lay long, and when up find Mrs. Clerk of Greenwich and her daughter Daniel, their business among other things was a request her daughter was to make, so I took her into my chamber, and there it was to help her husband to the command of a little new pleasure boat building, which I promised to assist in. And here I had opportunity para baiser elle, and toucher ses mamailles. . . . Then to the office, and there did a little business, and then to the 'Change and did the like. So home to dinner, and spent all the afternoon in putting some things, pictures especially, in order, and pasting my Lady Castlemayne's print on a frame, which I have made handsome, and is a fine piece. So to the office in the evening to marshall my papers of accounts presented to the Parliament, against any future occasion to recur to them, which I did do to my great content. So home and did some Tangier work, and so to bed.

22nd. At the office all the morning, and there come news from Hogg that our shipp hath brought in a Lubecker to Portsmouth, likely to prove prize, of deals, which joys us. At noon home to dinner, and then Sir W. Pen, Sir R. Ford, and I met at Sir W. Batten's to examine our papers, and have great hopes to prove her prize, and Sir R. Ford I find a mighty yare[1] man in this business, making exceed-

[1] Quick or ready, a naval term frequently used by Shakespeare.

ing good observations from the papers on our behalf. Hereupon concluded what to write to Hogg and Middleton, which I did, and also with Mr. Oviatt (Sir R. Ford's son, who is to be our solicitor), to fee some counsel in the Admiralty, but none in town. So home again, and after writing letters by the post, I with all my clerks and Carcasse and Whitfield[1] to the ticket-office, there to be informed in the method and disorder of the office, which I find infinite great, of infinite concernment to be mended, and did spend till 12 at night to my great satisfaction, it being a point of our office I was wholly unacquainted in. So with great content home and to bed.

23rd (Lord's day). Up and alone to church, and meeting Nan Wright at the gate had opportunity to take two or three baisers, and so to church, where a vain fellow with a periwigg preached, Chaplain, as by his prayer appeared, to the Earl of Carlisle.[2] Home, and there dined with us Betty Michell and her husband. After dinner to White Hall by coach, and took them with me. And in the way I would have taken su main as I did the last time, but she did in a manner withhold it. So set them down at White Hall, and I to the Chapel to find Dr. Gibbons, and from him to the Harp and Ball to transcribe the treble which I would have him to set a bass to. But this took me so much time, and it growing night, I was fearful of missing a coach, and therefore took a coach and to rights to call Michell and his wife at their father Howlett's, and so home, it being cold, and the ground all snow. . . . They gone I to my chamber, and with my brother and wife did number all my books in my closet, and took a list of their names, which pleases me mightily, and is a jobb I wanted much to have done. Then to supper and to bed.

24th. Up, and to the office, where Lord Bruncker, [Sir] J. Minnes, [Sir] W. Pen, and myself met, and there I did use my notes I took on Saturday night about tickets, and did come to a good settlement in the business of that

[1] Nathaniel Whitfield was one of the four clerks of the Ticket Office, and was detailed to attend to Sir William Batten.

[2] Charles Howard, created Earl of Carlisle, 1661, employed on several embassies, and Governor of Jamaica. Died February 24th, 1684–85. — B.

office, if it be kept to, this morning being a meeting on purpose. At noon to prevent my Lord Bruncker's dining here I walked as if upon business with him, it being frost and dry, as far as Paul's, and so back again through the City by Guildhall, observing the ruines thereabouts, till I did truly lose myself, and so home to dinner. I do truly find that I have overwrought my eyes, so that now they are become weak and apt to be tired, and all excess of light makes them sore, so that now to the candlelight I am forced to sit by, adding, the snow upon the ground all day, my eyes are very bad, and will be worse if not helped, so my Lord Bruncker do advise as a certain cure to use greene spectacles, which I will do. So to dinner, where Mercer with us, and very merry. After dinner she goes and fetches a little son of Mr. Backeworth's, the wittiest child and of the most spirit that ever I saw in my life for discourse of all kind, and so ready and to the purpose, not above four years old. Thence to Sir Robert Viner's, and there paid for the plate I have bought to the value of £94, with the £100 Captain Cocke did give me to that purpose, and received the rest in money. I this evening did buy me a pair of green spectacles, to see whether they will help my eyes or no. So to the 'Change, and went to the Upper 'Change, which is almost as good as the old one; only shops are but on one side. Then home to the office, and did business till my eyes began to be bad, and so home to supper. My people busy making mince pies, and so to bed. No newes yet of our Gottenburgh fleete; which makes [us] have some fears, it being of mighty concernment to have our supply of masts safe. I met with Mr. Cade to-night, my stationer; and he tells me that he hears for certain that the Queene-Mother is about and hath near finished a peace with France, which, as a Presbyterian, he do not like, but seems to fear it will be a means to introduce Popery.

25th (Christmas day). Lay pretty long in bed, and then rose, leaving my wife desirous to sleep, having sat up till four this morning seeing her mayds make mince-pies. I to church, where our parson Mills made a good sermon. Then home, and dined well on some good ribbs of beef roasted and mince pies; only my wife, brother, and Bar-

ker, and plenty of good wine of my owne, and my heart full of true joy; and thanks to God Almighty for the goodness of my condition at this day. After dinner, I begun to teach my wife and Barker my song, "It is decreed," which pleases me mightily as now I have Mr. Hinxton's base.[1] Then out and walked alone on foot to the Temple, it being a fine frost, thinking to have seen a play all alone; but there, missing of any bills, concluded there was none, and so back home; and there with my brother reducing the names of all my books to an alphabet, which kept us till 7 or 8 at night, and then to supper, W. Hewer with us, and pretty merry, and then to my chamber to enter this day's journal only, and then to bed. My head a little thoughtfull how to behave myself in the business of the victualling, which I think will be prudence to offer my service in doing something in passing the pursers' accounts, thereby to serve the King, get honour to myself, and confirm me in my place in the victualling, which at present yields not work enough to deserve my wages.

26th. Up, and walked all the way (it being a most fine frost), to White Hall, to Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and thence with him up to the Duke of York, where among other things at our meeting I did offer my assistance to Sir J. Minnes to do the business of his office, relating to the Pursers' accounts, which was well accepted by the Duke of York, and I think I have and shall do myself good in it, if it be taken, for it will confirm me in the business of the victualling office, which I do now very little for. Thence home, carrying a barrel of oysters with me. Anon comes Mr. John Andrews and his wife by invitation from Bow to dine with me, and young Batelier and his wife with her great belly, which has spoiled her looks mightily already. Here was also Mercer and Creed, whom I met coming home, who tells me of a most bitter lampoone now out against the Court and the management of State from head to foot, mighty witty and mighty severe. By and by to dinner, a very good one, and merry. After dinner I put the women into a coach, and they to the Duke's house, to a play which was acted, "The ——." It was indifferently done, but was not pleased with the song, Gosnell not

[1] John Hingston, see note, p. 101.

singing, but a new wench, that sings naughtily. Thence home, all by coach, and there Mr. Andrews to the vyall, who plays most excellently on it, which I did not know before. Then to dance, here being Pembleton come, by my wife's direction, and a fiddler; and we got, also, the elder Batelier to-night, and Nan Wright, and mighty merry we were, and I danced; and so till twelve at night, and to supper, and then to cross purposes, mighty merry, and then to bed, my eyes being sore. Creed lay here in Barker's bed.

27th. Up; and called up by the King's trumpets, which cost me 10*s*. So to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon, by invitation, my wife, who had not been there these 10 months, I think, and I, to meet all our families at Sir W. Batten's at dinner, whither neither a great dinner for so much company nor anything good or handsome. In the middle of dinner I rose, and my wife, and by coach to the King's playhouse, and meeting Creed took him up, and there saw "The Scornfull Lady" well acted; Doll Common[1] doing Abigail most excellently, and Knipp the widow very well, and will be an excellent actor, I think. In other parts the play not so well done as used to be, by the old actors. Anon to White Hall by coach, thinking to have seen a play there to-night, but found it a mistake, so back again, and missed our coach[man], who was gone, thinking to come time enough three hours hence, and we could not blame him. So forced to get another coach, and all three home to my house, and there to Sir W. Batten's, and eat a bit of cold chine of beef, and then staid and talked, and then home and sat and talked a little by the fireside with my wife and Creed, and so to bed, my left eye being very sore. No business publick or private minded all these two days. This day a house or two was blown up with powder in the Minorys, and several people spoiled, and many dug out from under the rubbish.

28th. Up, and Creed and I walked (a very fine walk in the frost) to my Lord Bellasses, but missing him did find him at White Hall, and there spoke with him about some Tangier business. That done, we to Creed's lodgings,

[1] Mrs. Corey. See January 15th, 1668–69. Knipp is not mentioned by Genest as having acted in the play ("English Stage," vol. i., p. 66).

which are very pretty, but he is going from them. So we to Lincoln's Inne Fields, he to Ned Pickering's, who it seems lives there, keeping a good house, and I to my Lord Crew's, where I dined, and hear the newes how my Lord's brother, Mr. Nathaniel Crew, hath an estate of 6 or £700 per annum, left him by the death of an old acquaintance of his, but not akin to him at all. And this man is dead without will, but had, above ten years since, made over his estate to this Mr. Crew, to him and his heirs for ever, and given Mr. Crew the keeping of the deeds in his own hand all this time; by which, if he would, he might have taken present possession of the estate, for he knew what they were. This is as great an act of confident friendship as this latter age, I believe, can shew. From hence to the Duke's house, and there saw "Macbeth" most excellently acted, and a most excellent play for variety. I had sent for my wife to meet me there, who did come, and after the play was done, I out so soon to meet her at the other door that I left my cloake in the playhouse, and while I returned to get it, she was gone out and missed me, and with W. Hewer away home. I not sorry for it much did go to White Hall, and got my Lord Bellasses to get me into the playhouse; and there, after all staying above an hour for the players, the King and all waiting, which was absurd, saw "Henry the Fifth" well done by the Duke's people, and in most excellent habits, all new vests, being put on but this night. But I sat so high and far off, that I missed most of the words, and sat with a wind coming into my back and neck, which did much trouble me. The play continued till twelve at night; and then up, and a most horrid cold night it was, and frosty, and moonshine. But the worst was, I had left my cloak at Sir G. Carteret's, and they being abed I was forced to go home without it. So by chance got a coach and to the Golden Lion Taverne in the Strand, and there drank some mulled sack, and so home, where find my poor wife staying for me, and then to bed mighty cold.

29th. Up, called up with newes from Sir W. Batten that Hogg[1] hath brought in two prizes more: and so I thither,

[1] Captain Hogg wrote to Sir William Penn on December 27th that he had "sailed from Cowes on the 23rd, chased several vessels, and

and hear the particulars, which are good; one of them, if prize, being worth £4,000: for which God be thanked! Then to the office, and have the newes brought us of Captain Robinson's[1] coming with his fleete from Gottenburgh: dispersed, though, by foul weather. But he hath light of five Dutch men-of-war, and taken three, whereof one is sunk; which is very good newes to close up the year with, and most of our merchant-men already heard of to be safely come home, though after long lookings-for, and now to several ports, as they could make them. At noon home to dinner, where Balty is and now well recovered. Then to the office to do business, and at night, it being very cold, home to my chamber, and there late writing, but my left eye still very sore. I write by spectacles all this night, then to supper and to bed. This day's good news making me very lively, only the arrears of much business on my hands and my accounts to be settled for the whole year past do lie as a weight on my mind.

30th (Lord's day). Lay long, however up and to church, where Mills made a good sermon. Here was a collection for the sexton; but it come into my head why we should be more bold in making the collection while the psalm is singing, than in the sermon or prayer. Home, and, without any strangers, to dinner, and then all the afternoon and evening in my chamber preparing all my accounts in good condition against to-morrow, to state them for the whole year past, to which God give me a good issue when I come to close them! So to supper and to bed.

31st. Rising this day with a full design to mind nothing

was chased by twenty sail, consisting of four Holland men-of-war, three merchant ships, &c., but escaped, and took a galliot hoy of their fleet" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 373). On the previous November 25th Commissioner Thomas Middleton reported to Pepys that Captain Hogg had brought into Portsmouth a privateer bound for France, laden with deals (p. 288 of the same).

[1] Captain Robert Robinson was sent in December as commodore of a squadron of six sail (the "Warspight," the "Jersey," the "Diamond," the "St. Patrick," the "Nightingale," and the "Oxford") to convoy the fleet home from Gottenburgh. On the 25th they fell in with a squadron of five Dutch men-of-war, of which three, including the admiral, were after a short action taken. Captain Robinson was knighted on December 12th, 1673 (Charnock's "Biographia Navalis," vol. i., p. 63).

else but to make up my accounts for the year past, I did take money, and walk forth to several places in the towne as far as the New Exchange, to pay all my debts, it being still a very great frost and good walking. I staid at the Fleece Tavern in Covent Garden while my boy Tom went to W. Joyce's to pay what I owed for candles there. Thence to the New Exchange to clear my wife's score, and so going back again I met Doll Lane (Mrs. Martin's sister), with another young woman of the Hall, one Scott, and took them to the Half Moon Taverne and there drank some burnt wine with them, without more pleasure, and so away home by coach, and there to dinner, and then to my accounts, wherein, at last, I find them clear and right; but, to my great discontent, do find that my gettings this year have been £573 less than my last: it being this year in all but £2,986; whereas, the last, I got £3,560. And then again my spendings this year have exceeded my spendings the last by £644: my whole spendings last year being but £509; whereas this year, it appears, I have spent £1,154, which is a sum not fit to be said that ever I should spend in one year, before I am master of a better estate than I am. Yet, blessed be God! and I pray God make me thankful for it, I do find myself worth in money, all good, above £6,200; which is above £1,800 more than I was the last year. This, I trust in God, will make me thankfull for what I have, and carefull to make up by care next year what by my negligence and prodigality I have lost and spent this year. The doing of this, and entering of it fair, with the sorting of all my expenses, to see how and in what points I have exceeded, did make it late work, till my eyes become very sore and ill, and then did give over, and supper, and to bed. Thus ends this year of publick wonder and mischief to this nation, and, therefore, generally wished by all people to have an end. Myself and family well, having four mayds and one clerk, Tom, in my house, and my brother, now with me, to spend time in order to his preferment. Our healths all well, only my eyes with overworking them are sore as candlelight comes to them, and not else; publick matters in a most sad condition; seamen discouraged for want of pay, and are become not to be governed: nor, as matters are now, can any fleete go

out next year. Our enemies, French and Dutch, great, and grow more by our poverty. The Parliament backward in raising, because jealous of the spending of the money; the City less and less likely to be built again, every body settling elsewhere, and nobody encouraged to trade. A sad, vicious, negligent Court, and all sober men there fearful of the ruin of the whole kingdom this next year; from which, good God deliver us! One thing I reckon remarkable in my owne condition is, that I am come to abound in good plate, so as at all entertainments to be served wholly with silver plates, having two dozen and a half.

1666-67.

January 1st. Lay long, being a bitter, cold, frosty day, the frost being now grown old, and the Thames covered with ice. Up, and to the office, where all the morning busy. At noon to the 'Change a little, were Mr. James Houblon and I walked a good while speaking of our ill condition in not being able to set out a fleet (we doubt) this year, and the certain ill effect that must bring, which is lamentable. Home to dinner, where the best powdered goose that ever I eat. Then to the office again, and to Sir W. Batten's to examine the Commission going down to Portsmouth to examine witnesses about our prizes, of which God give a good issue! and then to the office again, where late, and so home, my eyes sore. To supper and to bed.

2nd. Up, I, and walked to White Hall to attend the Duke of York, as usual. My wife up, and with Mrs. Pen to walk in the fields to frost-bite themselves. I find the Court full of great apprehensions of the French, who have certainly shipped landsmen, great numbers, at Brest; and most of our people here guess his design for Ireland. We have orders to send all the ships we can possible to the Downes. God have mercy on us! for we can send forth no ships without men, nor will men go without money, every day bringing us news of new mutinies among the seamen; so that our condition is like to be very miserable. Thence to Westminster Hall, and there met all the Houblons, who do laugh at this discourse of the French, and

say they are verily of opinion it is nothing but to send to their plantation in the West Indys, and that we at Court do blow up a design of invading us, only to make the Parliament make more haste in the money matters, and perhaps it may be so, but I do not believe we have any such plot in our heads. After them, I, with several people, among others Mr. George Montagu, whom I have not seen long, he mighty kind. He tells me all is like to go ill, the King displeasing the House of Commons by evading their Bill for examining Accounts, and putting it into a Commission, though therein he hath left out Coventry and ———,[1] and named all the rest the Parliament named, and all country Lords, not one Courtier: this do not please them. He tells me he finds the enmity almost over for my Lord Sandwich, and that now all is upon the Vice-Chamberlain, who bears up well and stands upon his vindication, which he seems to like well, and the others do construe well also. Thence up to the Painted Chamber, and there heard a conference between the House of Lords and Commons about the Wine Patent; which I was exceeding glad to be at, because of my hearing exceeding good discourses, but especially from the Commons; among others, Mr. Swinfen,[2] and a young man, one Sir Thomas Meres:[3] and do outdo the Lords infinitely. So down to the Hall and to the Rose Taverne, while Doll Lane come to me, and we did biber a good deal de vino, et je did give elle twelve soldis para comprare elle some gans for a new anno's gift. . . . Thence to the Hall again, and with Sir W. Pen by coach to the Temple, and there 'light and eat a bit at an ordinary by, and then alone to the King's House, and there saw "The Custome of the Country,"[4] the second time of its being acted, wherein Knipp

[1] A blank in the MS.

[2] John Swinfen, M.P. for Tamworth.

[3] M.P. for Lincoln, made a Commissioner of the Admiralty, 1679. — B.

[4] This tragi-comedy, which refers to the feudal custom styled the *droit du seigneur*, was acted in 1628, and printed in Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, 1647. Dryden, in the preface to his "Fables," says "there is more indecency in the 'Custom of the Country' than in all our plays together, yet this has been often acted on the stage in my remembrance."

does the Widow well; but, of all the plays that ever I did see, the worst — having neither plot, language, nor anything in the earth that is acceptable; only Knipp sings a little song admirably. But fully the worst play that ever I saw or I believe shall see. So away home, much displeased for the loss of so much time, and disobliging my wife by being there without her. So, by link, walked home, it being mighty cold but dry, yet bad walking because very slippery with the frost and treading. Home and to my chamber to set down my Journal, and then to thinking upon establishing my vows against the next year, and so to supper and to bed.

3rd. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon by invitation to dinner to Sir W. Pen's, where my Lord Bruncker, Sir W. Batten, and his lady, myself, and wife, Sir J. Minnes, and Mr. Turner and his wife. Indifferent merry, to which I contributed the most, but a mean dinner, and in a mean manner. In the evening a little to the office, and then to them, where I found them at cards, myself very ill with a cold (the frost continuing hard), so eat but little at supper, but very merry, and late home to bed, not much pleased with the manner of our entertainment, though to myself more civil than to any. This day, I hear, hath been a conference between the two Houses about the Bill for examining Accounts, wherein the House of Lords their proceedings in petitioning the King for doing it by Commission is, in great heat, voted by the Commons, after the conference, unparliamentary. The issue whereof, God knows.

4th. Up, and seeing things put in order for a dinner at my house to-day, I to the office awhile, and about noon home, and there saw all things in good order. Anon comes our company; my Lord Bruncker, Sir W. Pen, his lady, and Pegg, and her servant, Mr. Lowther,[1] my Lady Batten (Sir W. Batten being forced to dine at Sir R. Ford's, being invited), Mr. Turner and his wife. Here I had good room for ten, and no more would my table have held well, had Sir J. Minnes, who was fallen lame, and his sister, and niece, and Sir W. Batten come, which was a

[1] See January 11th, 1665-66 (vol. v., p. 183).

great content to me to be without them. I did make them all gaze to see themselves served so nobly in plate, and a neat dinner, indeed, though but of seven dishes. Mighty merry I was and made them all, and they mightily pleased. My Lord Bruncker went away after dinner to the ticket-office, the rest staid, only my Lady Batten home, her ague-fit coming on her at table. The rest merry, and to cards, and then to sing and talk, and at night to sup, and then to cards; and, last of all, to have a flaggon of ale and apples, drunk out of a wood cupp,[1] as a Christmas draught, made all merry; and they full of admiration at my plate, particularly my flaggons (which, indeed, are noble), and so late home, all with great mirth and satisfaction to them, as I thought, and to myself to see all I have and do so much outdo for neatness and plenty anything done by any of them. They gone, I to bed, much pleased, and do observe Mr. Lowther to be a pretty gentleman, and, I think, too good for Peg; and, by the way, Peg Pen seems mightily to be kind to me, and I believe by her father's advice, who is also himself so; but I believe not a little troubled to see my plenty, and was much troubled to hear the song I sung, "The New Droll"[2] — it touching him home. So to bed.

5th. At the office all the morning, thinking at noon to have been taken home, and my wife (according to appointment yesterday), by my Lord Bruncker, to dinner and then to a play, but he had forgot it, at which I was glad, being glad of avoyding the occasion of inviting him again, and being forced to invite his doxy, Mrs. Williams. So home, and took a small snap of victuals, and away, with my wife, to the Duke's house, and there saw "Mustapha," a most excellent play for words and design as ever I did see. I

[1] A mazer or drinking-bowl turned out of some kind of wood, by preference of maple, and especially the spotted or speckled variety called "bird's-eye maple" (see W. H. St. John Hope's paper, "On the English Mediæval Drinking-bowls called Mazers," "Archæologia," vol. 50, pp. 129–93).

[2] There is a song called "The New Droll," in a rare volume entitled "The Loyal Garland, or a Choice Collection of Songs highly in request . . . . fifth edition," printed for T. Passinger, at the Three Bibles, on London Bridge, 1686, referred to in Beloe's "Anecdotes of Literature," 1812, vol. vi., p. 90, and Halliwell's "Catalogue of Chap-Books, Garlands, &c.," 1849, p. 106.

had seen it before but forgot it, so it was wholly new to me, which is the pleasure of my not committing these things to my memory. Home, and a little to the office, and then to bed, where I lay with much pain in my head most of the night, and very unquiet, partly by my drinking before I went out too great a draught of sack, and partly my eyes being still very sore.

6th (Lord's day). Up pretty well in the morning, and then to church, where a dull doctor, a stranger, made a dull sermon. Then home, and Betty Michell and her husband come by invitation to dine with us, and she I find the same as ever (which I was afraid of the contrary). . . . Here come also Mr. Howe to dine with me, and we had a good dinner and good merry discourse with much pleasure, I enjoying myself mightily to have friends at my table. After dinner young Michell and I, it being an excellent frosty day to walk, did walk out, he showing me the baker's house in Pudding Lane,[1] where the late great fire begun; and thence all along Thames Street, where I did view several places, and so up by London Wall, by Blackfriars, to Ludgate; and thence to Bridewell, which I find to have been heretofore an extraordinary good house, and a fine coming to it, before the house by the bridge[2] was built; and so to look about St. Bride's church and my father's house, and so walked home, and there supped together, and then Michell and Betty home, and I to my closet, there to read and agree upon my vows for next year, and so to bed and slept mighty well.

7th. Lay long in bed. Then up and to the office, where busy all the morning. At noon (my wife being gone to Westminster) I with my Lord Bruncker by coach as far as the Temple, in the way he telling me that my Lady Denham is at last dead. Some suspect her poisoned, but it will be best known when her body is opened, which will be to-day, she dying yesterday morning. The Duke of York is troubled for her; but hath declared he will never have another public mistress again; which I shall be glad of, and would the King would do the like. He tells me

[1] Belonging to Farryner, the king's baker.

[2] This must be a landing-place, as no actual bridge existed at Blackfriars until 1760–69.

how the Parliament is grown so jealous of the King's being unfayre to them in the business of the Bill for examining Accounts, Irish Bill, and the business of the Papists, that they will not pass the business for money till they see themselves secure that those Bills will pass; which they do observe the Court to keep off till all the Bills come together, that the King may accept what he pleases, and what he pleases to reject, which will undo all our business and the kingdom too. He tells me how Mr. Henry Howard, of Norfolke, hath given our Royal Society all his grandfather's library:[1] which noble gift they value at £1,000; and gives them accommodation to meet in at his house, Arundell House, they being now disturbed at Gresham College. Thence 'lighting at the Temple to the ordinary hard by and eat a bit of meat, and then by coach to fetch my wife from her brother's, and thence to the Duke's house, and saw "Macbeth," which, though I saw it lately, yet appears a most excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement, though it be a deep tragedy; which is a strange perfection in a tragedy, it being most proper here, and suitable. So home, it being the last play now I am to see till a fortnight hence, I being from the last night entered into my vowes for the year coming on. Here I met with the good newes of Hogg's bringing in two prizes more to Plymouth, which if they prove but any part of them, I hope, at least, we shall be no losers by them. So home from the office, to write over fair my vowes for this year, and then to supper, and to bed. In great peace of mind having now done it, and brought myself into order again

[1] Thomas, Earl of Arundel. The library was presented to the Royal Society on the advice of John Evelyn. Mr. Howard gave the Society all the printed books, of which a catalogue was printed; but the MSS. he divided between the Society and the College of Arms. Of the latter portion a catalogue has been privately printed by Sir Charles George Young, Garter King of Arms. In the year 1831 an arrangement was made between the Trustees of the British Museum and the Royal Society, the consent of the then Duke of Norfolk having been obtained, by which the Society's portion of the MSS. was transferred to the Museum, where they are now preserved for public use, and known as the Arundel MSS. A very full catalogue of them has been published by the Trustees. About twenty years ago the Society sold the principal portion of the Arundel Library.

and a resolution of keeping it, and having entered my journall to this night, so to bed, my eyes failing me with writing.

8th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon home to dinner, where my uncle Thomas with me to receive his quarterage. He tells me his son Thomas is set up in Smithfield, where he hath a shop — I suppose, a booth. Presently after dinner to the office, and there set close to my business and did a great deal before night, and am resolved to stand to it, having been a truant too long. At night to Sir W. Batten's to consider some things about our prizes, and then to other talk, and among other things he tells me that he hears for certain that Sir W. Coventry hath resigned to the King his place of Commissioner of the Navy,[1] the thing he hath often told me that he had a mind to do, but I am surprised to think that he hath done it, and am full of thoughts all this evening after I heard it what may be the consequences of it to me. So home and to supper, and then saw the catalogue of my books, which my brother had wrote out, now perfectly alphabeticall, and so to bed. Sir Richard Ford did this evening at Sir W. Batten's tell us that upon opening the body of my Lady Denham[2] it is said that they found a vessel about her matrix which had never been broke by her husband, that caused all pains in her body. Which if true is excellent invention to clear both the Duchesse from poison or the Duke from lying with her.

9th. Up, and with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen in a hackney-coach to White Hall, the way being most horribly bad upon the breaking up of the frost so as not to be passed almost. There did our usual [business] with the Duke of York, and here I do hear, by my Lord Bruncker, that for

[1] His salary was paid to March 25th, 1667.

[2] H. Muddiman, writing to George Powell on November 15th, 1666, says: "Lady Denham is recovering; some have raised strange discourse about the cause of her sickness, but the physicians affirm it to have been *iliaco passio*" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, pp. 262, 263). The popular idea that she was poisoned is alluded to in the "Grammont Memoirs," chap. ix. Lord Orrery, writing to the Duke of Ormond, January 25th, 1666–67, says: "My Lady Denham's body, at her own desire, was opened, but no sign of poison was found" ("Orrery State Papers," 1742, p. 219).

certain Sir W. Coventry hath resigned his place of Commissioner; which I believe he hath done upon good grounds of security to himself, from all the blame which must attend our office this next year; but I fear the King will suffer by it. Thence to Westminster Hall, and there to the conference of the Houses about the word "Nuisance,"[1] which the Commons would have, and the Lords will not, in the Irish Bill. The Commons do it professedly to prevent the King's dispensing with it; which Sir Robert Howard and others did expressly repeat often: viz., "the King nor any King ever could do any thing which was hurtful to their people." Now the Lords did argue, that it was an ill precedent, and that which will ever hereafter be used as a way of preventing the King's dispensation with acts; and therefore rather advise to pass the Bill without that word, and let it go, accompanied with a petition, to the King, that he will not dispense with it; this being a more civil way to the King. They answered well, that this do imply that the King should pass their Bill, and yet with design to dispense with it; which is to suppose the King guilty of abusing them. And more, they produce precedents for it; namely, that against new buildings and about leather, wherein the word "Nuisance" is used to the purpose: and further, that they do not rob the King of any right he ever had, for he never had a power to do hurt to his people, nor would exercise it; and therefore there is no danger, in the passing this Bill, of imposing on his prerogative; and concluded, that they think they ought to do this, so as the people may really have the benefit of it when it is passed, for never any people could expect so reasonably to be indulged something from a King, they having already given him so much money, and are likely to give more. Thus they broke up, both adhering to their opinions; but the Commons seemed much more full of judgment and reason than the Lords. Then the Commons made their Report to the Lords of their vote, that their

[1] In the "Bill against importing Cattle from Ireland and other parts beyond the Seas," the Lords proposed to insert "Detriment and Mischief" in place of "Nuisance," but the Commons stood to their word, and gained their way. The Lords finally consented that "Nuisance" should stand in the Bill.

Lordships' proceedings in the Bill for examining Accounts were unparliamentary; they having, while a Bill was sent up to them from the Commons about the business, petitioned his Majesty that he would do the same thing by his Commission. They did give their reasons: viz., that it had no precedent; that the King ought not to be informed of anything passing in the Houses till it comes to a Bill; that it will wholly break off all correspondence between the two Houses, and in the issue wholly infringe the very use and being of Parliaments. Having left their arguments with the Lords they all broke up, and I by coach to the ordinary by the Temple, and there dined alone on a rabbit, and read a book I brought home from Mrs. Michell's, of the proceedings of the Parliament in the 3rd and 4th year of the late King, a very good book for speeches and for arguments of law.[1] Thence to Faythorne, and bought a head or two; one of them my Lord of Ormond's, the best I ever saw, and then to Arundell House, where first the Royall Society meet,[2] by the favour of Mr. Harry Howard, who was there, and has given us his grandfather's library, a noble gift, and a noble favour and undertaking it is for him to make his house the seat for this college. Here was an experiment shown about improving the use of powder for creating of force in winding up of springs and other uses of great worth. And here was a great meeting of worthy noble persons; but my Lord Bruncker, who pre-

[1] Professor Samuel R. Gardiner has kindly enabled the editor to identify this book. A copy of "Ephemeris Parliamentaria, or a faithful Register of the Transactions in Parliament in the third and fourth years of the reign of our late sovereign lord King Charles. London, Printed for John Williams and Francis Eglesfield, 1654," is in the British Museum, and in the catalogue it is said to be edited by Thomas Fuller. A MS. note on the inside of the cover says that it was republished in 1657 under the title of "The Sovereign's Prerogative and the Subject's Privilege."

[2] "Jan. 9. The Society meeting the first time in Arundel House, the president took notice again of the great favour, which Mr. Henry Howard of Norfolk had shewn to the Society, not only in accommodating them with convenient room for their meetings, but also in presenting them with the library of the said house. The experiments appointed for the next meeting were (1) That of applying the strength of [gun]powder to the bending of springs" (Birch's "History of the Royal Society," vol. ii., pp. 138, 139).

tended to make a congratulatory speech upon their coming hither, and in thanks to Mr. Howard, do it in the worst manner in the world, being the worst speaker, so as I do wonder at his parts and the unhappiness of his speaking. Thence home by coach and to the office, and then home to supper, Mercer and her sister there, and to cards, and then to bed. Mr. Cowling did this day in the House-lobby tell me of the many complaints among people against Mr. Townsend in the Wardrobe, and advises me to think of my Lord Sandwich's concernment there under his care. He did also tell me upon my demanding it, that he do believe there are some things on foot for a peace between France and us, but that we shall be foiled in it.

10th. Up, and at the office all the morning. At noon home and, there being business to do in the afternoon, took my Lord Bruncker home with me, who dined with me. His discourse and mind about the bad performances of the Controller's and Surveyor's places by the hands they are now in, and the shame to the service and loss the King suffers by it. Then after dinner to the office, where we and some of the chief of the Trinity House met to examine the occasion of the loss of The Prince Royall,[1] the master and mates being examined, which I took and keep, and so broke up, and I to my letters by the post, and so home and to supper with my mind at pretty good ease, being entered upon minding my business, and so to bed. This noon Mrs. Burroughs come to me about business, whom I did baiser. . . .

11th. Up, being troubled at my being found abed adays by all sorts of people, I having got a trick of sitting up later than I need, never supping, or very seldom, before 12 at night. Then to the office, there busy all the morn-

[1] The "Prince Royal," which bore the flag of Sir George Ayscu, Admiral of the White, grounded on the Galloper. "Examination of George Purvis, master, and four other officers named, touching the surrender of their ship, the 'Prince,' to the Dutch, on June 3, 1666; tending to prove that she was steering in according to orders when she ran aground; that Tromp brought a fire-boat on each side to compel her to surrender, but that the flag was struck without the knowledge of the captain, Sir G[eorge] A[yscu], though one witness affirmed that he consented to its being struck. Jan. 10, 1667" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 445).

ing, and among other things comes Sir W. Warren and walked with me awhile, whose discourse I love, he being a very wise man and full of good counsel, and his own practices for wisdom much to be observed, and among other things he tells me how he is fallen in with my Lord Bruncker, who has promised him most particular inward friendship and yet not to appear at the board to do so, and he tells me how my Lord Bruncker should take notice of the two flaggons[1] he saw at my house at dinner, at my late feast, and merrily, yet I know enviously, said, I could not come honestly by them. This I am glad to hear, though vexed to see his ignoble soul, but I shall beware of him, and yet it is fit he should see I am no mean fellow, but can live in the world, and have something. At noon home to dinner, and then to the office with my people and very busy, and did dispatch to my great satisfaction abundance of business, and do resolve, by the grace of God, to stick to it till I have cleared my heart of most things wherein I am in arrear in public and private matters. At night, home to supper and to bed. This day ill news of my father's being very ill of his old grief the rupture, which troubles me.

12th. Up, still lying long in bed; then to the office, where sat very long. Then home to dinner, and so to the office again, mighty busy, and did to the joy of my soul dispatch much business, which do make my heart light, and will enable me to recover all the ground I have lost (if I have by my late minding my pleasures lost any) and assert myself. So home to supper, and then to read a little in Moore's "Antidote against Atheisme,"[2] a pretty book, and so to bed.

13th (Lord's day). Up, and to church, where young Lowther[3] come to church with Sir W. Pen and his Lady and daughter, and my wife tells me that either they are

[1] Presented by Mr. Gauden; see July 28th, 1664 (vol. iv., p. 189).

[2] The work of Henry More the Platonist, entitled, "An Antidote against Atheisme, or an appeal to the natural faculties of the mind of man, whether there be not a God. London, 1653." Second edition, 1655.

[3] Anthony Lowther did not marry Margaret Penn until February (see 15th, p. 178). The marriage license is dated February 12th.

married or the match is quite perfected, which I am apt to believe, because all the peoples' eyes in the church were much fixed upon them. At noon sent for Mercer, who dined with us, and very merry, and so I, after dinner, walked to the Old Swan, thinking to have got a boat to White Hall, but could not, nor was there anybody at home at Michell's, where I thought to have sat with her. . . . So home, to church, a dull sermon, and then home at my chamber all the evening. So to supper and to bed.

14th. Up, and to the office, where busy getting before hand with my business as fast as I can. At noon home to dinner, and presently afterward at my office again. I understand my father is pretty well again, blessed be God! and would have my Br[other] John come down to him for a little while. Busy till night, pleasing myself mightily to see what a deal of business goes off of a man's hands when he stays by it, and then, at night, before it was late (yet much business done) home to supper, discourse with my wife, and to bed. Sir W. Batten tells me the Lords do agree at last with the Commons about the word "Nuisance" in the Irish Bill,[1] and do desire a good correspondence between the two Houses; and that the King do intend to prorogue them the last of this month.

15th. Up, and to the office, where busy all the morning. Here my Lord Bruncker would have made me promise to go with him to a play this afternoon, where Knipp acts Mrs. Weaver's great part in "The Indian Emperour,"[2] and he says is coming on to be a great actor. But I am so fell to my business, that I, though against my inclination, will not go. At noon, dined with my wife and were pleasant, and then to the office, where I got Mrs. Burroughs sola cum ego, and did toucher ses mamailles. . . . She gone, I to my business and did much, and among other things to-night we were all mightily troubled how to prevent the sale of a great deal of hemp, and timber-deals, and other good goods to-morrow at the candle by the Prize

[1] See note, January 9th (p. 120).

[2] "The Indian Emperor, or the Conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards," by J. Dryden, intended as a sequel to "The Indian Queen." It was entered at Stationer's Hall on May 26th, 1665, but not published until 1667.

Office, where it will be sold for little, and we shall be found to want the same goods and buy at extraordinary prices, and perhaps the very same goods now sold, which is a most horrid evil and a shame. At night home to supper and to bed with my mind mighty light to see the fruits of my diligence in having my business go off my hand so merrily.

16th. Up, and by coach to White Hall, and there to the Duke of York as usual. Here Sir W. Coventry come to me aside in the Duke's chamber, to tell that he had not answered part of a late letter of mine, because *littera scripta manet*. About his leaving the office, he tells me, [it is] because he finds that his business at Court will not permit him to attend it; and then he confesses that he seldom of late could come from it with satisfaction, and therefore would not take the King's money for nothing. I professed my sorrow for it, and prayed the continuance of his favour; which he promised. I do believe he hath [done] like a very wise man in reference to himself; but I doubt it will prove ill for the King, and for the office. Prince Rupert, I hear to-day, is very ill; yesterday given over, but better to-day. This day, before the Duke of York, the business of the Muster-Masters was reported, and Balty found the best of the whole number, so as the Duke enquired who he was, and whether he was a stranger by his two names, both strange, and offered that he and one more, who hath done next best, should have not only their owne, but part of the others' salary, but that I having said he was my brother-in-law, he did stop, but they two are ordered their pay, which I am glad of, and some of the rest will lose their pay, and others be laid by the heels. I was very glad of this being ended so well. I did also, this morning, move in a business wherein Mr. Hater hath concerned me, about getting a ship, laden with salt from France, permitted to unload, coming in after the King's declaration was out, which I have hopes by some dexterity to get done. Then with the Duke of York to the King, to receive his commands for stopping the sale this day of some prize-goods at the Prize-Office, goods fit for the Navy; and received the King's commands, and carried them to the Lords' House, to my Lord Ashly, who was angry much

thereat, and I am sorry it fell to me to carry the order, but I cannot help it. So, against his will, he signed a note I writ to the Commissioners of Prizes, which I carried and delivered to Kingdone,[1] at their new office in Aldersgate Streete. Thence a little to the Exchange, where it was hot that the Prince was dead, but I did rectify it. So home to dinner, and found Balty, told him the good news, and then after dinner away, I presently to White Hall, and did give the Duke of York a memorial of the salt business, against the Council, and did wait all the Council for answer, walking a good while with Sir Stephen Fox, who, among other things, told me his whole mystery in the business of the interest he pays as Treasurer for the Army. They give him 12*d.* per pound quite through the Army, with condition to be paid weekly. This he undertakes upon his own private credit, and to be paid by the King at the end of every four months. If the King pay him not at the end of the four months, then, for all the time he stays longer, my Lord Treasurer, by agreement, allows him eight per cent. per annum for the forbearance. So that, in fine, he hath about twelve per cent. from the King and the Army, for fifteen or sixteen months' interest; out of which he gains soundly, his expense being about £130,000 per annum; and hath no trouble in it, compared, as I told him, to the trouble I must have to bring in an account of interest. I was, however, glad of being thus enlightened, and so away to the other council door, and there got in and hear a piece of a cause, heard before the King, about a ship deserted by her fellows (who were bound mutually to defend each other), in their way to Virginy, and taken by the enemy, but it was but meanly pleaded. Then all withdrew, and by and by the Council rose, and I spoke with the Duke of York, and he told me my business was done, which I found accordingly in Sir Edward Walker's books. And so away, mightily satisfied, to Arundell House, and there heard a little good discourse, and so home, and there to Sir W. Batten, where I heard the examinations in two of our prizes, which do make but little for us, so that

[1] Captain Richard Kingdon (or Kingdom), Commissioner of Prizes and Governor of Excise.

I do begin to doubt their proving prize, which troubled me. So home to supper with my wife, and after supper my wife told me how she had moved to W. Hewer the business of my sister for a wife to him, which he received with mighty acknowledgements, as she says, above anything; but says he hath no intention to alter his condition: so that I am in some measure sorry she ever moved it; but I hope he will think it only come from her. So after supper a little to the office, to enter my journall, and then home to bed. Talk there is of a letter to come from Holland, desiring a place of treaty; but I do doubt it. This day I observe still, in many places, the smoking remains of the late fire: the ways mighty bad and dirty. This night Sir R. Ford told me how this day, at Christ Church Hospital, they have given a living over £200 per annum to Mr. Sanchy, my old acquaintance, which I wonder at, he commending him mightily; but am glad of it. He tells me, too, how the famous Stillingfleete [1] was a Bluecoat boy. The children at this day are provided for in the country by the House,[2] which I am glad also to hear.

17th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning sitting. At noon home to dinner, and then to the office busy also till very late, my heart joyed with the effects of my following my business, by easing my head of cares, and so home to supper and to bed.

18th. Up, and most of the morning finishing my entry of my journall during the late fire out of loose papers into this book, which did please me mightily when done, I writing till my eyes were almost blind therewith to make an end of it. Then all the rest of the morning, and, after a mouthful of dinner, all the afternoon in my closet till night, sorting all my papers, which have lain unsorted for all the time we were at Greenwich during the plague, which did please me also, I drawing on to put my office into a good posture, though much is behind. This morning come Captain Cocke to me, and tells me that the King comes to

[1] Dr. Edward Stillingfleet, Prebendary of St. Paul's, 1672; Dean of St. Paul's, 1678; and Bishop of Worcester, 1689. He died March 27th, 1699. His biographer sets down Cranborne, in Dorsetshire, and Ringwood, in Hampshire, as the sites of his schools.

[2] The preparatory school at Hertford was not founded until 1683.

the House this day to pass the Poll Bill and the Irish Bill; he tells me too that, though the Faction is very froward in the House, yet all will end well there. But he says that one had got a Bill ready to present in the House against Sir W. Coventry, for selling of places, and says he is certain of it, and how he was withheld from doing it. He says, that the Vice-chamberlaine is now one of the greatest men in England again, and was he that did prevail with the King to let the Irish Bill go with the word "Nuisance." He told me, that Sir G. Carteret's declaration of giving double to any man that will prove that any of his people have demanded or taken any thing for forwarding the payment of the wages of any man (of which he sent us a copy yesterday, which we approved of) is set up, among other places, upon the House of Lords' door. I do not know how wisely this is done. This morning, also, there come to the office a letter from the Duke of York, commanding our payment of no wages to any of the muster-masters of the fleete the last year, but only two, my brother Balty, taking notice that he had taken pains therein, and one Ward, who, though he had not taken so much as the other, yet had done more than the rest. This I was exceeding glad of for my own sake and his. At night I, by appointment, home, where W. Batelier and his sister Mary, and the two Mercers, to play at cards and sup, and did cut our great cake lately given us by Russell: a very good one. Here very merry late. Sir W. Pen told me this night how the King did make them a very sharp speech in the House of Lords to-day, saying that he did expect to have had more Bills;[1] that he purposes to prorogue them on Monday come se'nnight; that whereas they have unjustly conceived some jealousys of his making a peace, he declares he knows of no such thing or treaty: and so left them. But with so little effect, that as soon as he come into the

[1] On this day "An Act for raising Money by a Poll and otherwise towards the maintenance of the present War," and "An Act prohibiting the Importation of Cattle from Ireland and other parts beyond the Sea, and Fish taken by Foreigners," were passed. The king complained of the insufficient supply, and said, "'Tis high time for you to make good your promises, and 'tis high time for you to be in the country" ("Journals of the House of Lords," vol. xii., p. 81).

House, Sir W. Coventry moved, that now the King hath declared his intention of proroguing them, it would be loss of time to go on with the thing they were upon, when they were called to the King, which was the calling over the defaults of Members appearing in the House; for that, before any person could now come or be brought to town, the House would be up. Yet the Faction did desire to delay time, and contend so as to come to a division of the House; where, however, it was carried, by a few voices, that the debate should be laid by. But this shews that they are not pleased, or that they have not any awe over them from the King's displeasure. The company being gone, to bed.

19th. Up, and at the office all the morning. Sir W. Batten tells me to my wonder that at his coming to my Lord Ashly, yesterday morning, to tell him what prize-goods he would have saved for the Navy, and not sold, according to the King's order on the 17th, he fell quite out with him in high terms; and he says, too, that they did go on to the sale yesterday, even of the very hempe, and other things, at which I am astonished, and will never wonder at the ruine of the King's affairs, if this be suffered. At noon dined, and Mr. Pierce come to see me, he newly come from keeping his Christmas in the country. So to the office, where very busy, but with great pleasure till late at night, and then home to supper and to bed.

20th (Lord's day). Up betimes and down to the Old Swan, there called on Michell and his wife, which in her night linen appeared as pretty almost as ever to my thinking I saw woman. Here I drank some burnt brandy. They shewed me their house, which, poor people, they have built, and is very pretty. I invited them to dine with me, and so away to White Hall to Sir W. Coventry, with whom I have not been alone a good while, and very kind he is, and tells me how the business is now ordered by order of council for my Lord Bruncker to assist Sir J. Minnes in all matters of accounts relating to the Treasurer, and Sir W. Pen in all matters relating to the victuallers' and pursers' accounts, which I am very glad of, and the more for that I think it will not do me any hurt at all. Other discourse, much especially about the heat the House

was in yesterday about the ill management of the Navy, which I was sorry to hear; though I think they were well answered, both by Sir G. Carteret and [Sir] W. Coventry, as he informs me the substance of their speeches. Having done with him, I home mightily satisfied with my being with him, and coming home I to church, and there, beyond expectation, find our seat, and all the church crammed, by twice as many people as used to be: and to my great joy find Mr. Frampton[1] in the pulpit; so to my great joy I hear him preach, and I think the best sermon, for goodness and oratory, without affectation or study, that ever I heard in my life. The truth is, he preaches the most like an apostle that ever I heard man; and it was much the best time that ever I spent in my life at church. His text, Ecclesiastes xi., verse 8th — the words, "But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many. All that cometh is vanity." He done, I home, and there Michell and his wife, and we dined and mighty merry, I mightily taken more and more with her. After dinner I with my brother away by water to White Hall, and there walked in the Parke, and a little to my Lord Chancellor's, where the King and Cabinet met, and there met Mr. Brisband, with whom good discourse, to White Hall towards night, and there he did lend me "The Third Advice to a Paynter," a bitter satyre upon the service of the Duke of Albemarle the last year.[2] I took it home with me, and will copy it, having the former, being also mightily pleased with it. So after reading it, I to Sir W. Pen to discourse a little with him about the business of our prizes, and so home to supper and to bed.

21st. Up betimes, and with Sir W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen, [Sir] R. Ford, by coach to the Swede's Resident's[3] in the Piatza, to discourse with him about two of our prizes, wherein he puts in his concernment as for his coun-

[1] See October 10th, 1666 (p. 13).

[2] See note, December 14th (p. 96).

[3] Sir James Barkman Leyenberg, many years the Swedish Resident in this country. He is the person mentioned in the note to November 18th, 1660, as having in 1671 married the widow of Sir W. Batten (see vol. i., p. 266). — B.

trymen. We had no satisfaction, nor did give him any, but I find him a cunning fellow. He lives in one of the great houses there, but ill-furnished; and come to us out of bed in his furred mittens and furred cap. Thence to Exeter House to the Doctors Commons, and there with our Proctors to Dr. Walker, who was not very well, but, however, did hear our matters, and after a dull seeming hearing of them read, did discourse most understandingly of them, as well as ever I heard man, telling us all our grounds of pretence to the prize would do no good, and made it appear but thus, and thus, it may be, but yet did give us but little reason to expect it would prove, which troubled us, but I was mightily taken to hear his manner of discourse. Thence with them to Westminster Hall, they setting me down at White Hall, where I missed of finding Sir G. Carteret, up to the Lords' House, and there come mighty seasonably to hear the Solicitor about my Lord Buckingham's pretence to the title of Lord Rosse.[1] Mr. Atturny Montagu[2] is also a good man, and so is old Sir P. Ball;[3] but the Solicitor[4] and Scroggs[5] after him are

[1] The ancient barony of De Ros, created by writ in 1264, was carried, with Belvoir Castle and other great possessions, into the family of Manners, by the marriage of Eleanor, sister and heir of Edmund, Lord De Ros (who died in 1508), to Sir Robert Manners. Katharine, only daughter and heir of Francis, sixth Earl of Rutland, married, first, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and, secondly, Randal Macdonnal, Marquis of Antrim. On her death her son, the second Duke of Buckingham, became eighteenth Baron De Ros. He died without issue in 1687, and the barony remained in abeyance until the year 1806, when it was determined by the Crown in favour of Charlotte Boyle (Lady Henry Fitzgerald), who became third Baroness De Ros. The present Lord De Ros is the twenty-fourth baron.

[2] Sir William Montagu, second son of Edward, first Baron Montagu of Boughton, born about 1619, Attorney-General to the Queen, 1662 to 1676, when he was appointed Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. Removed by James II. in 1686, and died August 20th, 1706. The Duke of Buckingham's claim to the title of Lord Rosse was opposed by the Earl of Rutland. On January 31st "Mr. Montagu made a long argument to maintain the claim of the Earl of Rutland, and Mr. Solicitor made an answer on behalf of the claim of the Duke of Bucks" ("Journals of the House of Lords," vol. xii., p. 97).

[3] Sir Peter Ball was Queen's Attorney-General in 1662.

[4] Sir Heneage Finch, Solicitor-General, 1660–70.

[5] Sir William Scroggs, King's Serjeant, 1669; Chief Justice of the King's Bench, 1678–81. He died October 25th, 1683.

excellent men. Here spoke with my Lord Bellasses about getting some money for Tangier, which he doubts we shall not be able to do out of the Poll Bill, it being so strictly tied for the Navy. He tells me the Lords have passed the Bill for the accounts with some little amendments. So down to the Hall, and thence with our company to Exeter House, and then did the business I have said before, we doing nothing the first time of going, it being too early. At home find Lovett, to whom I did give my Lady Castlemayne's head to do. He is talking of going into Spayne to get money by his art, but I doubt he will do no good, he being a man of an unsettled head. Thence by water down to Deptford, the first time I have been by water a great while, and there did some little business and walked home, and there come into my company three drunken seamen, but one especially, who told me such stories, calling me Captain, as made me mighty merry, and they would leap and skip, and kiss what mayds they met all the way. I did at first give them money to drink, lest they should know who I was, and so become troublesome to me. Parted a Redriffe, and there home and to the office, where did much business, and then to Sir W. Batten's, where [Sir] W. Pen, [Sir] R. Ford, and I to hear a proposition [Sir] R. Ford was to acquaint us with from the Swedes Embassador, in manner of saying, that for money he might be got to our side and relinquish the trouble he may give us. Sir W. Pen did make a long simple declaration of his resolution to give nothing to deceivē any poor man of what was his right by law, but ended in doing whatever any body else would, and we did commission Sir R. Ford to give promise of not beyond £350 to him and his Secretary, in case they did not oppose us in the Phœnix (the net profits of which, as [Sir] R. Ford cast up before us, the Admiral's tenths, and ship's thirds, and other charges all cleared, will amount to £3,000) and that we did gain her. [Sir] R. Ford did pray for a curse upon his family, if he was privy to anything more than he told us (which I believe he is a knave in), yet we all concluded him the most fit man for it and very honest, and so left it wholly to him to manage as he pleased. Thence to the office a little while longer, and

so home, where W. Hewer's mother was, and Mrs. Turner, our neighbour, and supped with us. His mother a well-favoured old little woman, and a good woman, I believe. After we had supped, and merry, we parted late, Mrs. Turner having staid behind to talk a little about her lodgings, which now my Lord Bruncker upon Sir W. Coventry's surrendering do claim, but I cannot think he will come to live in them so as to need to put them out. She gone, we to bed all. This night, at supper, comes from Sir W. Coventry the Order of Councill[1] for my Lord Bruncker to do all the Comptroller's part relating to the Treasurer's accounts, and Sir W. Pen, all relating to the Victualler's, and Sir J. Minnes to do the rest. This, I hope, will do much better for the King than now, and, I think, will give neither of them ground to over-top me, as I feared they would; which pleases me mightily. This evening, Mr. Wren and Captain Cocke called upon me at the office, and there told me how the House was in better temper to-day, and hath passed the Bill for the remainder of the money, but not to be passed finally till they have done some other things which they will have passed with it; wherein they are very open, what their meaning is, which was but doubted before, for they do in all respects doubt the King's pleasing them.

22nd. Up, and there come to me Darnell the fiddler, one of the Duke's house, and brought me a set of lessons,

[1] The order in council is dated January 16, 1666-67, and commences as follows: "Whereas it is found by experience that the office of Comptroller of his Majesty's Navy, which being of ancient institution and exercised by a single person in times of less business, and when his Majesty's Navy was much less, hath in these times of action so much business depending upon it, and many times in places far distant the one from the other, that it is not possible for one person to manage it as it ought to be for the good of his Majesty's service; in consideration whereof, his Majesty hath pleased to direct that two assistants be added to Sir John Minnes, Knt., the present Comptroller of his Majesty's Navy, and that the work and employment of that office be so divided as that each may manage a distinct part thereof, and be able to render an exact account of his performance, that so it may appear where the default is, in case his Majesty's service suffer detriment through the undue execution of that office." The order is printed in "Memoires relating to the Conduct of the Navy," 1729, p. 59, and in Penn's "Memorials of Sir Wm. Penn," vol. ii., p. 435.

all three parts, I heard them play to the Duke of York after Christmas at his lodgings, and bid him get me them. I did give him a crowne for them, and did enquire after the musique of the "Siege of Rhodes," which, he tells me, he can get me, which I am mighty glad of. So to the office, where among other things I read the Councill's order about my Lord Bruncker and Sir W. Pen to be assistants to the Comptroller, which quietly went down with Sir J. Minnes, poor man, seeming a little as if he would be thought to have desired it, but yet apparently to his discontent; and, I fear, as the order runs, it will hardly do much good. At noon to dinner, and there comes a letter from Mrs. Pierce, telling me she will come and dine with us on Thursday next, with some of the players, Knipp, &c., which I was glad of, but my wife vexed, which vexed me; but I seemed merry, but know not how to order the matter, whether they shall come or no. After dinner to the office, and there late doing much business, and so home to supper, and to bed.

23rd. Up, and with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen to White Hall, and there to the Duke of York, and did our usual business. Having done there, I to St. James's, to see the organ Mrs. Turner told me of the other night, of my late Lord Aubigney's; and I took my Lord Bruncker with me, he being acquainted with my present Lord Almoner, Mr. Howard,[1] brother to the Duke of Norfolke; so he and I thither and did see the organ, but I do not like it, it being but a bauble, with a virginall joining to it: so I shall not meddle with it. Here we sat and talked with him a good while, and he seems a good-natured gentleman: here I observed the deske which he hath, [made] to remove, and is fastened to one of the armes of his chayre. I do also observe the counterfeit windows there was, in the form of doors with looking-glasses instead of windows, which makes the room seem both bigger and lighter, I think; and I have some thoughts to have the like in one of my rooms. He discoursed much of the goodness of the

[1] Philip Howard, Lord Almoner to Queen Catherine, and third son of Henry Howard, Earl of Arundel, who died in 1652. He was made a cardinal by Clement X. in 1675, and died at Rome in 1694. He was generally styled the Cardinal of Norfolk. — B.

musique in Rome, but could not tell me how long musique had been in any perfection in that church, which I would be glad to know. He speaks much of the great buildings that this Pope,[1] whom, in mirth to us, he calls Antichrist, hath done in his time. Having done with the discourse, we away, and my Lord and I walking into the Park back again, I did observe the new buildings: and my Lord, seeing I had a desire to see them, they being the place for the priests and fryers, he took me back to my Lord Almoner; and he took us quite through the whole house and chapel, and the new monastery, showing me most excellent pieces in waxworke: a crucifix given by a Pope to Mary Queen of Scotts, where a piece of the Cross is;[2] two bits set in the manner of a cross in the foot of the crucifix: several fine

[1] Fabio Chigi, of Siena, succeeded Innocent X. in 1655 as Alexander VII. He died May, 1667, and was succeeded by Clement IX.

[2] Pieces of "the Cross" were formerly held in such veneration, and were so common, that it has been often said enough existed to build a ship. Most readers will remember the distinction which Sir W. Scott represents Louis XI. (with great appreciation of that monarch's character), as drawing between an oath taken on a false piece and one taken on a piece of the *true* cross. Sir Thomas More, a very devout believer in relics, says ("Works," p. 119), that "Luther wished, in a sermon of his, that he had in his hand all the pieces of the Holy Cross; and said that if he so had, he would throw them there as never sun should shine on them: — and for what worshipful reason would the wretch do such villainy to the cross of Christ? Because, as he saith, that there is so much gold now bestowed about the garnishing of the pieces of the Cross, that there is none left for poore folke. Is not this a high reason? As though all the gold that is now bestowed about the pieces of the Holy Cross would not have failed to have been given to poor men, if they had not been bestowed about the garnishing of the Cross! and as though there were nothing lost, but what is bestowed about Christ's Cross!" Wolsey, says Cavendish, on his fall, gave to Norris, who brought him a ring of gold, as a token of good will from Henry, "a little chaine of gold, made like a bottle chain, with a cross of gold, wherein was a piece of the Holy Cross, which he continually wore about his neck, next his body; and said, furthermore, 'Master Norris, I assure you, when I was in prosperity, although it seem but small in value, yet I would not gladly have departed with the same for a thousand pounds.'" — *Life*, ed. 1852, p. 167. Evelyn mentions, "Diary," November 17th, 1664, that he saw in one of the chapels in St. Peter's a crucifix with a piece of the true cross in it. Amongst the jewels of Mary Queen of Scots was a cross of gold, which had been pledged to Hume of Blackadder for £1,000 (Chalmers's "Life," vol. i., p. 31). — B.

pictures, but especially very good prints of holy pictures. I saw the dortoire[1] and the cells of the priests, and we went into one; a very pretty little room, very clean, hung with pictures, set with books. The Priest was in his cell, with his hair clothes to his skin, bare-legged, with a sandall only on, and his little bed without sheets, and no feather bed; but yet, I thought, soft enough. His cord about his middle; but in so good company, living with ease, I thought it a very good life. A pretty library they have. And I was in the refectoire, where every man his napkin, knife, cup of earth, and basin of the same; and a place for one to sit and read while the rest are at meals. And into the kitchen I went, where a good neck of mutton at the fire, and other victuals boiling. I do not think they fared very hard. Their windows all looking into a fine garden and the Park; and mighty pretty rooms all. I wished myself one of the Capuchins. Having seen what we could here, and all with mighty pleasure, so away with the Almoner in his coach, talking merrily about the difference in our religions, to White Hall, and there we left him. I in my Lord Bruncker's coach, he carried me to the Savoy, and there we parted. I to the Castle Tavern, where was and did come all our company, Sir W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen, [Sir] R. Ford, and our Counsel Sir Ellis Layton, Walt Walker,[2] Dr. Budd, Mr. Holder, and several others, and here we had a bad dinner of our preparing, and did discourse something of our business of our prizes, which was the work of the day. I staid till dinner was over, and there being no use of me I away after dinner without taking leave, and to the New Exchange, there to take up my wife and Mercer, and to Temple Bar to the Ordinary, and had a dish of meat for them, they having not dined, and thence to the King's house, and there saw "The Humerous Lieutenant:" a silly

[1] Dormitory. The French word was commonly used, and it was also anglicized as *dorter* and *dortour*. The latter word was used by Spenser ("Faerie Queene," VI., xii., 24). "This is a very fine convent with a very fine dortoire." — M. Leister, *Journey to Paris*, 1699, p. 131.

[2] Sir Walter Walker is referred to in the "Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 463.

play, I think; only the Spirit in it that grows very tall, and then sinks again to nothing, having two heads breeding upon one, and then Knipp's singing, did please us. Here, in a box above, we spied Mrs. Pierce; and, going out, they called us, and so we staid for them; and Knipp took us all in, and brought to us Nelly,[1] a most pretty woman, who acted the great part of Cœlia to-day very fine, and did it pretty well: I kissed her, and so did my wife; and a mighty pretty soul she is. We also saw Mrs. Hall,[2] which is my little Roman-nose black girl, that is mighty pretty: she is usually called Betty. Knipp made us stay in a box and see the dancing preparatory to to-morrow for "The Goblins," a play of Suckling's,[3] not acted these twenty-five years; which was pretty; and so away thence, pleased with this sight also, and specially kissing of Nell. We away, Mr. Pierce and I, on foot to his house, the women by coach. In our way we find the Guards of horse in the street, and hear the occasion to be news that the seamen are in a mutiny, which put me into a great fright; so away with my wife and Mercer home preparing against to-morrow night to have Mrs. Pierce and Knipp and a great deal more company to dance; and, when I come home, hear of no disturbance there of the seamen, but that one of them, being arrested to-day, others do go and rescue him. So to the office a little, and then home to supper, and to my chamber awhile, and then to bed.

24th. Up, and to the office, full of thoughts how to order the business of our merry meeting to-night. So to the office, where busy all the morning. [While we were sitting in the morning at the office, we were frightened with news of fire at Sir W. Batten's by a chimney taking fire, and it put me into much fear and trouble, but with a great many hands and pains it was soon stopped.][4] At noon home to dinner, and presently to the office to despatch my business, and also we sat all the afternoon to examine the

[1] Nell Gwynn.

[2] Betty Hall. She was Sir Philip Howard's mistress. Compare March 30th, 1667, and December 19th, 1668.—B.

[3] Sir John Suckling's play was first published in 1646, having been acted at the Blackfriars.

[4] The passage between brackets is written in the margin of the MS.

loss of The Bredagh,[1] which was done by as plain negligence as ever ship was. We being rose, I entering my letters and getting the office swept and a good fire made and abundance of candles lighted, I home, where most of my company come of this end of the town — Mercer and her sister, Mr. Batelier and Pembleton (my Lady Pen, and Pegg, and Mr. Lowther, but did not stay long, and I believe it was by Sir W. Pen's order; for they had a great mind to have staid), and also Captain Rolt. And, anon, at about seven or eight o'clock, comes Mr. Harris,[2] of the Duke's playhouse, and brings Mrs. Pierce with him, and also one dressed like a country-mayde with a straw hat on; which, at first, I could not tell who it was, though I expected Knipp: but it was she coming off the stage just as she acted this day in "The Goblins;" a merry jade. Now my house is full, and four fiddlers that play well. Harris I first took to my closet; and I find him a very curious and understanding person in all pictures and other things, and a man of fine conversation; and so is Rolt. So away with all my company down to the office, and there fell to dancing, and continued at it an hour or two, there coming Mrs. Anne Jones, a merchant's daughter hard by, who dances well, and all in mighty good humour, and danced with great pleasure; and then sung and then danced, and then sung many things of three voices — both Harris and Rolt singing their parts excellently. Among other things, Harris sung his Irish song — the strangest in itself, and the prettiest sung by him, that ever I heard. Then to supper in the office, a cold, good supper, and wondrous merry. Here was Mrs. Turner also, but the poor woman sad about her lodgings, and Mrs. Markham: after supper to dancing again and singing, and so continued till almost three in the morning, and then, with extraordinary pleasure, broke up — only towards morning, Knipp fell a little ill, and so my wife home with her to put her to bed,

[1] The report of "Examinations on oath of Capt. Page, commander, Barth. Peartree, master, Nich. Churchwood, chief mate, and two other officers named, as to the loss of their ship the Breda, by striking on the shoals off the Texel," dated January 24th, 1667, is preserved among the State Papers ("Calendar," 1666–67, p. 469).

[2] Henry Harris; see note, vol. iii., p. 203.

and we continued dancing and singing; and, among other things, our Mercer unexpectedly did happen to sing an Italian song I know not, of which they two sung the other two parts to, that did almost ravish me, and made me in love with her more than ever with her singing. As late as it was, yet Rolt and Harris would go home to-night, and walked it, though I had a bed for them; and it proved dark, and a misly night, and very windy. The company being all gone to their homes, I up with Mrs. Pierce to Knipp, who was in bed; and we waked her, and there I handled her breasts and did baiser la, and sing a song, lying by her on the bed, and then left my wife to see Mrs. Pierce in bed to her, in our best chamber, and so to bed myself, my mind mightily satisfied with all this evening's work, and thinking it to be one of the merriest enjoyment I must look for in the world, and did content myself therefore with the thoughts of it, and so to bed; only the musique did not please me, they not being contented with less than 30*s*.

25th. Lay pretty long, then to the office, where Lord Bruncker and Sir J. Minnes and I did meet, and sat private all the morning about dividing the Controller's work according to the late order of Council, between them two and Sir W. Pen, and it troubled me to see the poor honest man, Sir J. Minnes, troubled at it, and yet the King's work cannot be done without it. It was at last friendlily ended, and so up and home to dinner with my wife. This afternoon I saw the Poll Bill, now printed; wherein I do fear I shall be very deeply concerned, being to be taxed for all my offices, and then for my money that I have, and my title, as well as my head. It is a very great tax; but yet I do think it is so perplexed, it will hardly ever be collected duly. The late invention of Sir G. Downing's is continued of bringing all the money into the Exchequer; and Sir G. Carteret's three pence is turned for all the money of this act into but a penny per pound, which I am sorry for. After dinner to the office again, where Lord Bruncker, [Sir] W. Batten, and [Sir] W. Pen and I met to talk again about the Controller's office, and there [Sir] W. Pen would have a piece of the great office cut out to make an office for him, which I opposed to the making him very

angry, but I think I shall carry it against him, and then I care not. So a little troubled at this fray, I away by coach with my wife, and left her at the New Exchange, and I to my Lord Chancellor's, and then back, taking up my wife to my Lord Bellasses, and there spoke with Mr. Moone, who tells me that the peace between us and Spayne is, as he hears, concluded on, which I should be glad of, and so home, and after a little at my office, home to finish my journall for yesterday and to-day, and then a little supper and to bed. This day the House hath passed the Bill for the Assessment, which I am glad of; and also our little Bill, for giving any one of us in the office the power of justice of peace, is done as I would have it.

26th. Up, and at the office. Sat all the morning, where among other things I did the first unkind [thing] that ever I did design to Sir W. Warren, but I did it now to some purpose, to make him sensible how little any man's friendship shall avail him if he wants money. I perceive he do nowadays court much my Lord Bruncker's favour, who never did any man much courtesy at the board, nor ever will be able, at least so much as myself. Besides, my Lord would do him a kindness in concurrence with me, but he would have the danger of the thing to be done lie upon me, if there be any danger in it (in drawing up a letter to Sir W. Warren's advantage), which I do not like, nor will endure. I was, I confess, very angry, and will venture the loss of Sir W. Warren's kindnesses rather than he shall have any man's friendship in greater esteem than mine. At noon home to dinner, and after dinner to the office again, and there all the afternoon, and at night poor Mrs. Turner come and walked in the garden for my advice about her husband and her relating to my Lord Bruncker's late proceedings with them. I do give her the best I can but yet can lay aside some ends of my own in what advice I do give her. So she being gone I to make an end of my letters, and so home to supper and to bed, Balty lodging here with my brother, he being newly returned from mustering in the river.

27th (Lord's day). Up betimes, and leaving my wife to go by coach to hear Mr. Frampton preach, which I had a mighty desire she should, I down to the Old Swan, and

there to Michell and staid while he and she dressed themselves, and here had a baiser or two of her, whom I love mightily; and then took them in a sculler (being by some means or other disappointed of my own boat) to White Hall, and so with them to Westminster, Sir W. Coventry, Bruncker and I all the morning together discoursing of the office business, and glad of the Controller's business being likely to be put into better order than formerly, and did discourse of many good things, but especially of having something done to bring the Surveyor's matters into order also. Thence I up to the King's closet, and there heard a good Anthem, and discourse with several people here about business, among others with Lord Bellasses, and so from one to another after sermon till the King had almost dined, and then home with Sir G. Carteret and dined with him, being mightily ashamed of my not having seen my Lady Jemimah so long, and my wife not at all yet since she come, but she shall soon do it. I thence to Sir Philip Warwicke, by appointment, to meet Lord Bellasses, and up to his chamber, but find him unwilling to discourse of business on Sundays; so did not enlarge, but took leave, and went down and sat in a low room, reading Erasmus "de scribendis epistolis,"[1] a very good book, specially one letter of advice to a courtier most true and good, which made me once resolve to tear out the two leaves that it was writ in, but I forebore it. By and by comes Lord Bellasses, and then he and I up again to Sir P. Warwicke and had much discourse of our Tangier business, but no hopes of getting any money. Thence I through the garden into the Park, and there met with Roger Pepys, and he and I to walk in the Pell Mell. I find by him that the House of Parliament continues full of ill humours, and he seems to dislike those that are troublesome more than needs, and do say how, in their late Poll Bill, which cost so much time, the yeomanry, and indeed two-thirds of the nation, are left out to be taxed, that there is not effectual provision enough made for collecting of the money; and then, that after a man his goods are

[1] The essay of Erasmus "de Conscribendis Epistolis" is printed in the first volume of his collected works, published at Leyden in 1703.

distrained and sold, and the over-plus returned, I am to have ten days to make my complaints of being over-rated if there be cause, when my goods are sold, and that is too late. These things they are resolved to look into again, and mend them before they rise, which they expect at furthest on Thursday next. Here we met with Mr. May,[1] and he and we to talk of several things, of building, and such like matters; and so walked to White Hall, and there I shewed my cozen Roger the Duchesse of York sitting in state, while her own mother stands by her; he had a desire, and I shewed him my Lady Castlemayne, whom he approves to be very handsome, and wonders that she cannot be as good within as she is fair without. Her little black boy came by him; and a dog being in his way, the little boy called to the dog: "Pox of this dog!" "Now," says he, blessing himself, "would I whip this child till the blood come, if it were my child!" and I believe he would. But he do by no means like the liberty of the Court, and did come with expectation of finding them playing at cards to-night, though Sunday; for such stories he is told, but how true I know not.[2] After walking up and down the Court with him, it being now dark and past six at night, I walked to the Swan in the Palace yard and there with much ado did get a waterman, and so I sent for the Michells, and they come, and their father Howlett and his wife with them, and there we drank, and so into the boat, poor Betty's head aching. We home by water, a fine moonshine and warm night, it having been also a very summer's day for warmth. I did get her hand to me under my cloak. . . . So there we parted at their house, and

[1] Hugh May.

[2] There is little reason to doubt that it was such as Evelyn describes it at a later time. "I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and prophaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day se'nnight I was witness of; the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, Mazarin, &c. A French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them; upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after was all in the dust." — *Diary*, February, 1685. — B.

he walked almost home with me, and then I home and to supper, and to read a little and to bed. My wife tells me Mr. Frampton[1] is gone to sea, and so she lost her labour to-day in thinking to hear him preach, which I am sorry for.

28th. Up, and down to the Old Swan, and there drank at Michell's and saw Betty, and so took boat and to the Temple, and thence to my tailor's and other places about business in my way to Westminster, where I spent the morning at the Lords' House door, to hear the conference beween the two Houses about my Lord Mordaunt, of which there was great expectation, many hundreds of people coming to hear it. But, when they come, the Lords did insist upon my Lord Mordaunt's having leave to sit upon a stool uncovered within their barr, and that he should have counsel, which the Commons would not suffer, but desired leave to report their Lordships' resolution to the House of Commons; and so parted for this day, which troubled me, I having by this means lost the whole day. Here I hear from Mr. Hayes that Prince Rupert is very bad still, and so bad, that he do now yield to be trepanned. It seems, as Dr. Clerke also tells me, it is a clap of the pox which he got about twelve years ago, and hath eaten to his head and come through his scull, so his scull must be opened, and there is great fear of him. Much work I find there is to do in the two Houses in a little time, and much difference there is between the two Houses in many things to be reconciled; as in the Bill for examining our accounts; Lord Mordaunt's; Bill for building the city, and several others. A little before noon I went to the Swan and eat a bit of meat, thinking I should have had occasion to have stayed long at the house, but I did not, but so home by coach, calling at Broad Street and taking the goldsmith home with me, and paid him £15 15*s.* for my silver standish. He tells me gold holds up its price still, and did desire me to let him have what old 20*s.* pieces I have, and he would give me 3*s.* 2*d.* change for each. He gone, I to the office, where business all the afternoon, and at night comes Mr. Gawden at my desire to me, and to-

[1] See note, October 10th, 1666 (p. 13).

morrow I shall pay him some money, and shall see what present he will make me, the hopes of which do make me to part with my money out of my chest, which I should not otherwise do, but lest this alteration in the Controller's office should occasion my losing my concernment in the Victualling, and so he have no more need of me. He gone, I to the office again, having come thence home with him to talk, and so after a little more business I to supper. I then sent for Mercer, and began to teach her "It is decreed," which will please me well, and so after supper and reading a little, and my wife's cutting off my hair short, which is grown too long upon my crown of my head, I to bed. I met this day in Westminster Hall Sir W. Batten and [Sir] W. Pen, and the latter since our falling out the other day do look mighty reservedly upon me, and still he shall do so for me, for I will be hanged before I seek to him, unless I see I need it.

29th. Up to the office all the morning, where Sir W. Pen and I look much askewe one upon another, though afterward business made us speak friendly enough, but yet we hate one another. At noon home to dinner, and then to the office, where all the afternoon expecting Mr. Gawden to come for some money I am to pay him, but he comes not, which makes me think he is considering whether it be necessary to make the present he hath promised, it being possible this alteration in the Controller's duty may make my place in the Victualling unnecessary, so that I am a little troubled at it. Busy till late at night at the office, and Sir W. Batten come to me, and tells me that there is newes upon the Exchange to-day, that my Lord Sandwich's coach and the French Embassador's at Madrid, meeting and contending for the way, they shot my Lord's postilion and another man dead;[1] and that we have killed 25 of theirs, and that my Lord is well. How true this is I cannot tell, there being no newes of it at all at Court, as I am told late by one come thence, so that I hope it is not so. By and by comes Mrs. Turner to me, to make her complaint of her sad usage she receives from my Lord Bruncker, that he thinks much she hath not already got

[1] Intended as retaliation, perhaps, for the humiliation experienced by D'Estrades in London. See October 4th, 1661 (vol. ii., p. 108). — B.

another house, though he himself hath employed her night and day ever since his first mention of the matter, to make part of her house ready for him, as he ordered, and promised she should stay till she had fitted herself; by which and what discourse I do remember he had of the business before Sir W. Coventry on Sunday last I perceive he is a rotten-hearted, false man as any else I know, even as Sir W. Pen himself, and, therefore, I must beware of him accordingly, and I hope I shall. I did pity the woman with all my heart, and gave her the best council I could; and so, falling to other discourse, I made her laugh and merry, as sad as she came to me; so that I perceive no passion in a woman can be lasting long;[1] and so parted and I home, and there teaching my girle Barker part of my song "It is decreed," which she will sing prettily, and so after supper to bed.

30th. Fast-day for the King's death. I all the morning at my chamber making up my month's accounts, which I did before dinner to my thorough content, and find myself but a small gainer this month, having no manner of profits, but just my salary, but, blessed be God! that I am able to save out of that, living as I do. So to dinner, then to my chamber all the afternoon, and in the evening my wife and I and Mercer and Barker to little Michell's, walked, with some neats' tongues and cake and wine, and there sat with the little couple with great pleasure, and talked and eat and drank, and saw their little house, which is very pretty; and I much pleased therewith, and so walked home, about eight at night, it being a little moonshine and fair weather, and so into the garden, and, with Mercer, sang till my wife put me in mind of its being a fast day; and so I was sorry for it, and stopped, and home to cards awhile, and had opportunity para baiser Mercer several times, and so to bed.

31st. Up, and to the office, where we met and sat all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and by and by Mr. Osborne[2] comes from Mr. Gawden, and takes money and notes for £4,000, and leaves me acknowledgment for

[1] Pepys might be thinking of Francis I.'s

"Souvent femme varie,
Bien fol est qui s'y fie."—B.

[2] Nicholas Osborne.

£4,800 and odd; implying as if D. Gawden would give the £800 between Povy and myself, but how he will divide it I know not, till I speak with him, so that my content is not yet full in the business. In the evening stept out to Sir Robert Viner's to get the money ready upon my notes to D. Gawden, and there hear that Mr. Temple is very ill. I met on the 'Change with Captain Cocke, who tells me that he hears new certainty of the business of Madrid, how our Embassador and the French met, and says that two or three of my Lord's men, and twenty-one of the French men are killed, but nothing at Court of it. He fears the next year's service through the badness of our counsels at White Hall, but that if they were wise, and the King would mind his business, he might do what he would yet. The Parliament is not yet up, being finishing some bills. So home and to the office, and late home to supper, and to talk with my wife, with pleasure, and to bed. I met this evening at Sir R. Viner's our Mr. Turner, who I find in a melancholy condition about his being removed out of his house, but I find him so silly and so false that I dare not tell how to trust any advice to him, and therefore did speak only generally to him, but I doubt his condition is very miserable, and do pity his family. Thus the month ends: myself in very good health and content of mind in my family. All our heads full in the office at this dividing of the Comptroller's duty, so that I am in some doubt how it may prove to intrench upon my benefits, but it cannot be much. The Parliament, upon breaking up, having given the King money with much ado, and great heats, and neither side pleased, neither King nor them. The imperfection of the Poll Bill, which must be mended before they rise, there being several horrible oversights to the prejudice of the King, is a certain sign of the care anybody hath of the King's business. Prince Rupert very ill, and to be trepanned on Saturday next. Nobody knows who commands the fleete next year, or, indeed, whether we shall have a fleete or no. Great preparations in Holland and France, and the French have lately taken Antego[1] from us, which

[1] Antigua, one of the West India Islands (Leeward Islands), discovered by Columbus in 1493, who is said to have named it after a church at Seville called Santa Maria la Antigua. It was first settled by

vexes us. I am in a little care through my at last putting a great deal of money out of my hands again into the King's upon tallies for Tangier, but the interest which I wholly lost while in my trunk is a temptation while things look safe, as they do in some measure for six months, I think, and I would venture but little longer.

February 1st. Up, and to the office, where I was all the morning doing business, at noon home to dinner, and after dinner down by water, though it was a thick misty and rainy day, and walked to Deptford from Redriffe, and there to Bagwell's by appointment, where the mulier etoit within expecting me venir. . . . By and by su marido come in, and there without any notice taken by him we discoursed of our business of getting him the new ship building by Mr. Deane, which I shall do for him. Thence by and by after a little talk I to the yard, and spoke with some of the officers, but staid but little, and the new clerk of the 'Chequer, Fownes, did walk to Redriffe back with me. I perceive he is a very child, and is led by the nose by Cowly and his kinsman that was his clerk, but I did make him understand his duty, and put both understanding and spirit into him, so that I hope he will do well. [Much surprised to hear this day at Deptford that Mrs. Batters is going already to be married to him, that is now the Captain of her husband's ship. She seemed the most passionate mourner in the world. But I believe it cannot be true.][1] Thence by water to Billingsgate; thence to the Old Swan, and there took boat, it being now night, to Westminster Hall, there to the Hall, and find Doll Lane, and con elle I went to the Bell Taverne, and ibi je did do what I would con elle as well as I could, she sedendo sobre thus far and making some little resistance. But all with much content, and je tenai much pleasure cum ista. There parted, and I by coach home, and to the office, where pretty late doing business, and then home, and merry with

a few English families in 1632, and in 1663 another settlement was made under Lord Willoughby, to whom the entire island was granted by Charles II. In 1666 it was invaded by a French force, which laid waste all the settlement. It was reconquered by the English, and formally restored to them by the treaty of Breda.

[1] The passage between brackets is written in the margin of the MS.

my wife, and to supper. My brother and I did play with the base, and I upon my viallin, which I have not seen out of the case now I think these three years, or more, having lost the key, and now forced to find an expedient to open it. Then to bed.

2nd. Up, and to the office. This day I hear that Prince Rupert is to be trepanned. God give good issue to it. Sir W. Pen looks upon me, and I on him, and speak about business together at the table well enough, but no friendship or intimacy since our late difference about his closet, nor do I desire to have any. At noon dined well, and my brother and I to write over once more with my own hand my catalogue of books, while he reads to me. After something of that done, and dined, I to the office, where all the afternoon till night busy. At night, having done all my office matters, I home, and my brother and I to go on with my catalogue, and so to supper. Mrs. Turner come to me this night again to condole her condition and the ill usage she receives from my Lord Bruncker, which I could never have expected from him, and shall be a good caution to me while I live. She gone, I to supper, and then to read a little, and to bed. This night comes home my new silver snuffe-dish, which I do give myself for my closet, which is all I purpose to bestow in plate of myself, or shall need, many a day, if I can keep what I have. So to bed. I am very well pleased this night with reading a poem I brought home with me last night from Westminster Hall, of Dryden's[1] upon the present war; a very good poem.

3rd (Lord's day). Up, and with Sir W. Batten and [Sir] W. Pen to White Hall, and there to Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and there staid till he was ready, talking, and among other things of the Prince's being trepanned, which was in doing just as we passed through the Stone Gallery, we asking at the door of his lodgings, and were told so. We are all full of wishes for the good success; though I dare say but few do really concern ourselves for him in our hearts. Up to the Duke of York, and with him did our business we come about, and among other things resolve

[1] "Annus Mirabilis; the Year of Wonders, 1666, an historical Poem."

upon a meeting at the office to-morrow morning, Sir W. Coventry to be there to determine of all things necessary for the setting of Sir W. Pen to work in his Victualling business. This did awake in me some thoughts of what might in discourse fall out touching my imployment, and did give me some apprehension of trouble. Having done here, and after our laying our necessities for money open to the Duke of York, but nothing obtained concerning it, we parted, and I with others into the House, and there hear that the work is done to the Prince [1] in a few minutes without any pain at all to him, he not knowing when it was done. It was performed by Moulins.[2] Having cut the outward table, as they call it, they find the inner all corrupted, so as it come out without any force; and their fear is, that the whole inside of his head is corrupted [3] like that, which do yet make them afeard of him; but no ill accident appeared in the doing of the thing, but all with all imaginable success, as Sir Alexander Frazier did tell me himself, I asking him, who is very kind to me. I to the Chapel a little, but hearing nothing did take a turn into the Park, and then back to Chapel and heard a very good Anthem to my heart's delight, and then to Sir G. Carteret's to dinner, and before dinner did walk with him alone a good while, and from him hear our case likely for all these acts to be bad for money, which troubles me, the year speeding so fast, and he tells me that he believes the Duke of York will go to sea with the fleete, which I am sorry for in respect to his person, but yet there is no person in condition to com-

[1] Rupert.

[2] James Molines, Moleyns, or Mullins, one of a family of distinguished surgeons, born 1628. He was elected November 8th, 1665, in compliance with a recommendation from Charles II., surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital as to ordinary avocations, and joint-surgeon with Mr. Hollyer for the cutting of the stone. He was afterwards appointed Surgeon in Ordinary to Charles II. and James II., and received the degree of M.D. from the University of Oxford, September 28th, 1681. He died February 8th, 1686, and was buried in St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, where his monumental tablet still exists. This information is obtained from a valuable article by Dr. J. F. Payne on the various surgeons bearing the name of Molines in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

[3] See January 15th, 1664–65, vol. iv., p. 311.

mand the fleete, now the Captains are grown so great, but him, it being impossible for anybody else but him to command any order or discipline among them. He tells me there is nothing at all in the late discourse about my Lord Sandwich and the French Embassador meeting and contending for the way, which I wonder at, to see the confidence of report without any ground. By and by to dinner, where very good company. Among other discourse, we talked much of Nostradamus[1] his prophecy of these times, and the burning of the City of London,[2] some of whose verses are put into Booker's[3] Almanack this year; and Sir

[1] Michael Nostradamus, a physician and astrologer, born in the diocese of Avignon, 1503. Amongst other predictions, one was interpreted as foreshowing the singular death of Hen. II. of France, by which his reputation was increased. In the 49th quatrain of his ninth century, the lines

> "Gand et Bruxelles marcheront contre Anvers,
> *Sénat de Londres mettront à mort leur roi*,"

may well be applied to the death of Charles I. Some coincidences in modern times are also curious. He speaks of the "renovation de siècle," in 1792, in which year, in fact, the French revolutionary kalendar took its rise. The landing of Bonaparte from Elba, at Fréjus, was supposed to be predicted in cent. x., quatrain xxiii.:

> "Au peuple ingrat faites les remonstrances,
> Par lors l'armée se saisera d'Antibe,
> Dans l'arc Monech feront les doléances,
> Et à Frejus l'un l'autre prendra ribe."

Jodelle's clever distich on Nostradamus is worthy of a place:

> "Nostra damus, cum falsa damus, nam fallere nostrum est,
> Et cum falsa damus, nil nisi nostra damus."

As well as the reply by Nostradamus's followers:

> "Nostra damus, cum verba damus, quæ Nostradamus dat,
> Nam quæcumque dedit, nil nisi vera dedit."

He succeeded too in rendering assistance to the inhabitants of Aix, during the plague, by a powder of his own invention. He died at Salon, July, 1566. — B.

[2] Roger L'Estrange, whose office it was to license the Almanacks, told Sir Edward Walker, "that most of them did foretel the fire of London last year, but hee caused itt to bee put out." — Ward's *Diary*, p. 94. — B.

[3] John Booker, an eminent astrologer and writing-master at Hadley. The words quoted by him from Nostradamus are (cent. ii., quatrain li.):

G. Carteret did tell a story, how at his death he did make the town swear that he should never be dug up, or his tomb opened, after he was buried; but they did after sixty years do it, and upon his breast they found a plate of brasse, saying what a wicked and unfaithful people the people of that place were, who after so many vows should disturb and open him such a day and year and hour; which, if true, is very strange. Then we fell to talking of the burning of the City; and my Lady Carteret herself did tell us how abundance of pieces of burnt paper were cast by the wind as far as Cranborne;[1] and among others she took up one, or had one brought her to see, which was a little bit of paper that had been printed, whereon there remained no more nor less than these words: "Time is, it is done."[2] After dinner I went and took a turn into the Park, and then took boat and away home, and there to my chamber and to read, but did receive some letters from Sir W. Coventry, touching the want of victuals to Kempthornes'[3] fleete going to the Streights and now in the Downes: which did trouble me, he saying that this disappointment might prove fatal; and the more, because Sir W. Coventry do intend to come to the office upon business to-morrow morning, and I shall not know what answer to give him. This did mightily trouble my mind; however, I fell to read a little in Hakewill's Apology,[4] and did satisfy myself mighty fair in the truth of the saying that the world do not grow old at all, but is in as good condition in all respects as ever it was as

> "Le sang du juste à Londres fera faute,
> *Bruslez par foudre de vingt trois les six*,
> La dame antique cherra de place haute,
> De mesme secte plusieurs seront occis." — B.

[1] In Windsor Forest.

[2] Sir C. Wren, it is well known, took up a stone from the ruins of St. Paul's having the word "Resurgam" inscribed, which he adopted. — B.

[3] Rear-Admiral John Kempthorne, a distinguished and gallant officer. His squadron was still in port on February 12th ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 509). He was knighted in 1670, and in 1675 made Commissioner at Portsmouth, which place he represented in parliament. Died 1679.

[4] "An Apology or Declaration of the Power and Providence of God in the Government of the World." By George Hakewill, a learned divine. Oxford, 1627. The work was frequently reprinted. — B.

to nature. I continued reading this book with great pleasure till supper, and then to bed sooner than ordinary, for rising betimes in the morning to-morrow. So after reading my usual vows to bed, my mind full of trouble against to-morrow, and did not sleep any good time of the night for thoughts of to-morrow morning's trouble.

4th. I up, with my head troubled to think of the issue of this morning, so made ready and to the office, where Mr. Gawden comes, and he and I discoursed the business well, and thinks I shall get off well enough; but I do by Sir W. Coventry's silence conclude that he is not satisfied in my management of my place and the charge it puts the King to, which I confess I am not in present condition through my late laziness to give any good answer to. But here do D. Gawden give me a good cordiall this morning, by telling me that he do give me five of the eight hundred pounds on his account remaining in my hands to myself, for the service I do him in my victualling business, and £100 for my particular share of the profits of my Tangier imployment as Treasurer. This do begin to make my heart glad, and I did dissemble it the better, so when Sir W. Coventry did come, and the rest met, I did appear unconcerned, and did give him answer pretty satisfactory what he asked me; so that I did get off this meeting without any ground lost, but rather a great deal gained by interposing that which did belong to my duty to do, and neither [Sir] W. Coventry nor [Sir] W. Pen did oppose anything thereunto, which did make my heart very glad. All the morning at this work, Sir W. Pen making a great deal of do for the fitting him in his setting out in his employment, and I do yield to any trouble that he gives me without any contradiction. Sir W. Coventry being gone, we at noon to dinner to Sir W. Pen's, he inviting me and my wife, and there a pretty good dinner, intended indeed for Sir W. Coventry, but he would not stay. So here I was mighty merry and all our differences seemingly blown over, though he knows, if he be not a fool, that I love him not, and I do the like that he hates me. Soon as dined, my wife and I out to the Duke's playhouse, and there saw "Heraclius,"[1] an excel-

[1] See note to March 8th, 1664 (vol. iv., p. 64).

lent play, to my extraordinary content; and the more from the house being very full, and great company; among others, Mrs. Steward, very fine, with her locks done up with puffs, as my wife calls them: and several other great ladies had their hair so, though I do not like it; but my wife do mightily — but it is only because she sees it is the fashion. Here I saw my Lord Rochester and his lady, Mrs. Mallet, who hath after all this ado married him; and, as I hear some say in the pit, it is a great act of charity, for he hath no estate. But it was pleasant to see how every body rose up when my Lord John Butler, the Duke of Ormond's son,[1] come into the pit towards the end of the play, who was a servant to Mrs. Mallet,[2] and now smiled upon her, and she on him. I had sitting next to me a woman, the likest my Lady Castlemayne that ever I saw anybody like another; but she is a whore, I believe, for she is acquainted with every fine fellow, and called them by their name, Jacke, and Tom, and before the end of the play frisked to another place. Mightily pleased with the play, we home by coach, and there a little to the office, and then to my chamber, and there finished my Catalogue of my books with my own hand, and so to supper and to bed, and had a good night's rest, the last night's being troublesome, but now my heart light and full of resolution of standing close to my business.

5th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning doing business, and then home to dinner. Heard this morning that the Prince is much better, and hath good rest. All the talk is that my Lord Sandwich hath perfected the peace with Spayne, which is very good, if true. Sir H. Cholmly was with me this morning, and told me of my Lord Bellasses's base dealings with him by getting him to give him great gratuities to near £2,000 for his friendship in the business of the Mole, and hath been lately underhand endeavouring to bring another man into his place as Governor, so as to receive his money of Sir H. Cholmly for

[1] Lord John Butler was born in 1643, and in January, 1676, married Anne, only daughter of Arthur Chichester, Earl of Donegal. In April, 1676, he was created Earl of Gowran. Died s. p., 1677 (see November 25th, p. 75). — B.

[2] See November 25th (p. 75).

nothing. Dined at home, and after dinner come Mrs. Daniel and her sister and staid and talked a little, and then I to the office, and after setting my things in order at the office I abroad with my wife and little Betty Michell, and took them against my vowes, but I will make good my forfeit, to the King's house, to show them a play, "The Chances."[1] A good play I find it, and the actors most good in it; and pretty to hear Knipp sing in the play very properly, "All night I weepe;"[2] and sung it admirably. The whole play pleases me well: and most of all, the sight of many fine ladies — among others, my Lady Castlemayne and Mrs. Middleton: the latter of the two hath also a very excellent face and body, I think. Thence by coach to the New Exchange, and there laid out money, and I did give Betty Michell two pair of gloves and a dressing-box; and so home in the dark, over the ruins with a link. I was troubled with my pain, having got a bruise on my right testicle, I know not how. But this I did make good use of to make my wife shift sides with me, and I did come to sit avec Betty Michell, and there had her main, which elle did give me very frankly now, and did hazer whatever I voudrais avec la, which did plaisir me grandement, and so set her at home with my mind mighty glad of what I have prevailed for so far; and so home, and to the office, and did my business there, and then home to supper, and after to set some things right in my chamber, and so to bed. This morning, before I went to the office, there come to me Mr. Young and Whistler, flagg-makers, and with mighty earnestness did present me with, and press me to take a box, wherein I could not guess there was less than £100 in gold: but I do wholly refuse it, and did not at last take it. The truth is, not thinking them safe men to receive such a gratuity from, nor knowing any considerable courtesy that ever I did do them, but desirous to keep myself free from their reports, and to have it in my power to say I had refused their offer.

[1] A comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, of which an alteration was produced by the Duke of Buckingham. The play which Pepys saw was probably the duke's revised version, although it was not published until 1682.

[2] This song is not in Beaumont and Fletcher, as printed, nor in the alteration of the play by the duke. — B.

6th. Up, lying a little long in bed, and by water to White Hall, and there find the Duke of York gone out, he being in haste to go to the Parliament, and so all my Brethren were gone to the office too. So I to Sir Ph. Warwicke's about my Tangier business, and then to Westminster Hall, and walked up and down, and hear that the Prince do still rest well by day and night, and out of pain; so as great hopes are conceived of him: though I did meet Dr. Clerke and Mr. Pierce, and they do say they believe he will not recover it, they supposing that his whole head within is eaten by this corruption, which appeared in this piece of the inner table. Up to the Parliament door, and there discoursed with Roger Pepys, who goes out of town this week, the Parliament rising this week also. So down to the Hall and there spied Betty Michell, and so I sent for burnt wine to Mrs. Michell's, and there did drink with the two mothers, and by that means with Betty, poor girle, whom I love with all my heart. And God forgive me, it did make me stay longer and hover all the morning up and down the Hall to busquer occasions para ambulare con elle. But ego ne pouvoir. So home by water and to dinner, and then to the office, where we sat upon Denis Gawden's accounts, and before night I rose and by water to White Hall, to attend the Council; but they sat not to-day. So to Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and find him within, and with a letter from the Downes in his hands, telling the loss of the St. Patricke coming from Harwich in her way to Portsmouth; and would needs chase two ships (she having the Malago fire-ship in company) which from English colours put up Dutch, and he would clap on board the Vice-Admirall; and after long dispute the admirall comes on the other side of him, and both together took him. Our fire-ship (Seely)[1] not coming in to fire all three, but come away, leaving her in their possession, and carried away by them: a ship[2] built at Bristoll the last

[1] "Captain Seely, captain of the fire-ship that deserted the Patrick, was this day (March 7th) shot to death on board his own vessel." — Pointer's *Chronological Hist. of Engl.*, vol. i., p. 216. — B.

[2] February 7th, "Hugh Salesbury to Williamson. A fire-ship which left Harwich with the St. Patrick, reports that she met off North Foreland two Dutch privateers; the commander of the St. Patrick indis-

year, of fifty guns and upwards, and a most excellent good ship. This made him very melancholy. I to talk of our wants of money, but I do find that he is not pleased with that discourse, but grieves to hear it, and do seem to think that Sir G. Carteret do not mind the getting of money with the same good cheer that he did heretofore, nor do I think he hath the same reason. Thence to Westminster Hall, thinking to see Betty Michell, she staying there all night, and had hopes to get her out alone, but missed, and so away by coach home, and to Sir W. Batten's, to tell him my bad news, and then to the office, and home to supper, where Mrs. Hewer was, and after supper and she gone, W. Hewer talking with me very late of the ill manner of Sir G. Carteret's accounts being kept, and in what a sad condition he would be if either Fenn or Wayth should break or die, and am resolved to take some time to tell Sir G. Carteret or my Lady of it, I do love them so well and their family. So to bed, my pain pretty well gone.

7th. Lay long with pleasure with my wife, and then up and to the office, where all the morning, and then home to dinner, and before dinner I went into my green dining room, and there talking with my brother upon matters relating to his journey to Brampton to-morrow, and giving him good counsel about spending the time when he shall stay in the country with my father, I looking another way heard him fall down, and turned my head, and he was fallen down all along upon the ground dead, which did put me into a great fright; and, to see my brotherly love! I did presently lift him up from the ground, he being as pale as death; and, being upon his legs, he did presently come to himself, and said he had something come into his stomach very hot. He knew not what it was, nor ever had such a fit before. I never was so frighted but once, when my wife was ill at Ware upon the road, and I did continue trembling a good while and ready to weepe to see him, he continuing mighty pale all dinner and melancholy, that I was loth to let him take his journey to-morrow; but he

creetly boarded one of them, the other boarded the St. Patrick, and both grappled him so that he yielded, and was carried to Holland. The fire-ship, instead of boarding one of them, only looked on" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 499).

began to be pretty well, and after dinner my wife and Barker fell to singing, which pleased me pretty well, my wife taking mighty pains and proud that she shall come to trill and indeed I think she will. So to the office, and there all the afternoon late doing business, and then home, and find my brother pretty well. So to write a letter to my Lady Sandwich for him to carry, I having not writ to her a great while. Then to supper and so to bed. I did this night give him 20*s.* for books, and as much for his pocket, and 15*s.* to carry him down, and so to bed. Poor fellow! he is so melancholy, and withal, my wife says, harmless, that I begin to love him, and would be loth he should not do well.

8th. This morning my brother John come up to my bedside, and took his leave of us, going this day to Brampton. My wife loves him mightily as one that is pretty harmless, and I do begin to fancy him from yesterday's accident, it troubling me to think I should be left without a brother or sister, which is the first time that ever I had thoughts of that kind in my life. He gone, I up, and to the office, where we sat upon the Victuallers' accounts all the morning. A noon Lord Bruncker, Sir W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen, and myself to the Swan in Leadenhall Street to dinner, where an exceedingly good dinner and good discourse. Sir W. Batten come this morning from the House, where the King hath prorogued this Parliament to October next. I am glad they are up. The Bill for Accounts was not offered, the party being willing to let it fall; but the King did tell them he expected it. They are parted with great heart-burnings, one party against the other. Pray God bring them hereafter together in better temper! It is said that the King do intend himself in this interval to take away Lord Mordaunt's government,[1] so as to do something to appease the House against they come together, and let them see he will do that of his own accord which is fit, without their forcing him; and that he will have his Commission for Accounts go on: which will be good things. At dinner we talked much of Cromwell; all saying he was

[1] As constable of Windsor Castle. See note, November 26, 1666 (p. 76).

a brave fellow, and did owe his crowne he got to himself as much as any man that ever got one. Thence to the office, and there begun the account which Sir W. Pen by his late employment hath examined, but begun to examine it in the old manner, a clerk to read the Petty warrants, my Lord Bruncker upon very good ground did except against it, and would not suffer him to go on. This being Sir W. Pen's clerk he took it in snuff, and so hot they grew upon it that my Lord Bruncker left the office. He gone [Sir] W. Pen ranted like a devil, saying that nothing but ignorance could do this. I was pleased at heart all this while. At last moved to have Lord Bruncker desired to return, which he did, and I read the petty warrants all the day till late at night, that I was very weary, and troubled to have my private business of my office stopped to attend this, but mightily pleased at this falling out, and the truth is [Sir] W. Pen do make so much noise in this business of his, and do it so little and so ill, that I think the King will be little the better by changing the hand. So up and to my office a little, but being at it all day I could not do much there. So home and to supper, to teach Barker to sing another piece of my song, and then to bed.

9th. To the office, where we sat all the morning busy. At noon home to dinner, and then to my office again, where also busy, very busy late, and then went home and read a piece of a play, "Every Man in his Humour,"[1] wherein is the greatest propriety of speech that ever I read in my life: and so to bed. This noon come my wife's watchmaker, and received £12 of me for her watch; but Captain Rolt coming to speak with me about a little business, he did judge of the work to be very good work, and so I am well contented, and he hath made very good, that I knew, to Sir W. Pen and Lady Batten.

10th (Lord's day). Up and with my wife to church, where Mr. Mills made an unnecessary sermon upon Original Sin, neither understood by himself nor the people. Home, where Michell and his wife, and also there come Mr. Carter,[2] my old acquaintance of Magdalene College,

[1] Ben Jonson's well-known play.

[2] Charles Carter, who had a cure in Huntingdonshire. See February 8th, 1659–60, and December 23rd, 1660 (vol. i., pp. 45, 288).

who hath not been here of many years. He hath spent his time in the North with the Bishop of Carlisle[1] much. He is grown a very comely person, and of good discourse, and one that I like very much. We had much talk of our old acquaintance of the College, concerning their various fortunes; wherein, to my joy I met not with any that have sped better than myself. After dinner he went away, and awhile after them Michell and his wife, whom I love mightily, and then I to my chamber there to my Tangier accounts, which I had let run a little behind hand, but did settle them very well to my satisfaction, but it cost me sitting up till two in the morning, and the longer by reason that our neighbour, Mrs. Turner, poor woman, did come to take her leave of us, she being to quit her house to-morrow to my Lord Bruncker, who hath used her very unhandsomely. She is going to lodgings, and do tell me very odde stories how Mrs. Williams[2] do receive the applications of people, and hath presents, and she is the hand that receives all, while my Lord Bruncker do the business, which will shortly come to be loud talk if she continues here, I do foresee, and bring my Lord no great credit. So having done all my business, to bed.

11th. Up, and by water to the Temple, and thence to Sir Ph. Warwicke's about my Tangier warrant for tallies, and there met my Lord Bellasses and Creed, and discoursed about our business of money, but we are defeated as to any hopes of getting [any] thing upon the Poll Bill, which I seem but not much troubled at, it not concerning me much. Thence with Creed to Westminster Hall, and there up and down, and heard that Prince Rupert is still better and better; and that he did tell Dr. Troutbecke[3] expressly that my Lord Sandwich is ordered home. I hear, too, that Prince Rupert hath begged the having of all the stolen prize-goods which he can find, and that he is looking out anew after them, which at first troubled me;

[1] Edward Rainbow, S.T.P., Bishop of Carlisle, 1664–84. He died March 26th, 1684, aged seventy-six years.

[2] Granger ("Biog. Hist. of Engl.," vol. iv., p. 190) describes an engraved portrait by Cooper, after Lely, of the Lady (Mrs.) Williams; but he describes her as the mistress of the Duke of York.

[3] John Troutbecke. See March 21st, 1665–66 (vol. v., p. 237).

but I do see it cannot come to anything, but is done by Hayes, or some of his little people about him. Here, among other newes, I bought the King's speech at proroguing the House the other day, wherein are some words which cannot but import some prospect of a peace, which God send us! After walking a good while in the Hall, it being Term time, I home by water, calling at Michell's and giving him a fair occasion to send his wife to the New Exchange to meet my wife and me this afternoon. So home to dinner, and after dinner by coach to Lord Bellasses', and with him to Povy's house, whom we find with Auditor Beale and Vernatty about their accounts still, which is never likely to have end. Our business was to speak with Vernatty, who is certainly a most cunning knave as ever was born. Having done what we had to do there, my Lord carried me and set me down at the New Exchange, where I staid at Pottle's shop till Betty Michell come, which she did about five o'clock, and was surprised not to trouver my muger[1] there; but I did make an excuse good enough, and so I took elle down, and over the water to the cabinet-maker's, and there bought a dressing-box for her for 20*s*., but would require an hour's time to make fit. This I was glad of, thinking to have got elle to enter to a casa de biber, but elle would not, so I did not much press it, but suffered elle to enter à la casa de uno de sus hermanos, and so I past my time walking up and down, and among other places, to one Drumbleby, a maker of flageolets, the best in towne. He not within, my design to bespeak a pair of flageolets of the same tune, ordered him to come to me in a day or two, and so I back to the cabinet-maker's and there staid; and by and by Betty comes, and here we staid in the shop and above seeing the workman work, which was pretty, and some exceeding good work, and very pleasant to see them do it, till it was late quite dark, and the mistresse of the shop took us into the kitchen and there talked and used us very prettily, and took her for my wife, which I owned and her big belly, and there very merry, till my thing done, and then took coach and home. . . . But now comes our trouble, I did begin to fear that su marido might go to my

[1] Muger = wife in Spanish.

house to enquire pour elle, and there, trouvant my muger at home, would not only think himself, but give my femme occasion to think strange things. This did trouble me mightily, so though elle would not seem to have me trouble myself about it, yet did agree to the stopping the coach at the streete's end, and je allois con elle home, and there presently hear by him that he had newly sent su mayde to my house to see for her mistresse. This do much perplex me, and I did go presently home (Betty whispering me behind the tergo de her mari, that if I would say that we did come home by water, elle could make up la cose well satis), and there in a sweat did walk in the entry ante my door, thinking what I should say à my femme, and as God would have it, while I was in this case (the worst in reference à my femme that ever I was in in my life), a little woman comes stumbling to the entry steps in the dark; whom asking who she was, she enquired for my house. So knowing her voice, and telling her su donna is come home she went away. But, Lord! in what a trouble was I, when she was gone, to recollect whether this was not the second time of her coming, but at last concluding that she had not been here before, I did bless myself in my good fortune in getting home before her, and do verily believe she had loitered some time by the way, which was my great good fortune, and so I in a-doors and there find all well. So my heart full of joy, I to the office awhile, and then home, and after supper and doing a little business in my chamber I to bed, after teaching Barker a little of my song.

12th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning, with several things (among others) discoursed relating to our two new assistant controllers, but especially Sir W. Pen, who is mighty troublesome in it. At noon home to dinner, and then to the office again, and there did much business, and by and by comes Mr. Moore, who in discourse did almost convince me that it is necessary for my Lord Sandwich to come home and take his command at sea this year, for that a peace is like to be. Many considerations he did give me hereupon, which were very good both in reference to the publick and his private condition. By and by with Lord Bruncker by coach to his house, there to hear some Italian musique: and here we met Tom Killi-

grew, Sir Robert Murray, and the Italian Signor Baptista,[1] who hath composed a play in Italian for the Opera, which T. Killigrew do intend to have up; and here he did sing one of the acts. He himself is the poet as well as the musician; which is very much, and did sing the whole from the words without any musique prickt, and played all along upon a harpsicon most admirably, and the composition most excellent. The words I did not understand, and so know not how they are fitted, but believe very well, and all in the recitativo very fine. But I perceive there is a proper accent in every country's discourse, and that do reach in their setting of notes to words, which, therefore, cannot be natural to any body else but them; so that I am not so much smitten with it as, it may be, I should be, if I were acquainted with their accent. But the whole composition is certainly most excellent; and the poetry, T. Killigrew and Sir R. Murray, who understood the words, did say was excellent. I confess I was mightily pleased with the musique. He pretends not to voice, though it be good, but not excellent. This done, T. Killigrew and I to talk: and he tells me how the audience at his house is not above half so much as it used to be before the late fire. That Knipp is like to make the best actor that ever come upon the stage, she understanding so well: that they are going to give her £30 a-year more. That the stage is now by his pains a thousand times better and more glorious than ever heretofore. Now, wax-candles, and many of them; then, not above 3 lbs. of tallow: now, all things civil, no rudeness anywhere; then, as in a bear-garden: then, two or three fiddlers; now, nine or ten of the best: then, nothing but rushes upon the ground, and every thing else mean; and now, all otherwise: then, the Queen seldom and the King never would come; now, not the King only for state, but all civil people do think they may come as well as any. He tells me that he hath gone several times, eight or ten times, he tells me, hence to Rome to hear good musique; so much he loves it, though he never did sing or play a

[1] Giovanni Baptista Draghi, an Italian musician in the service of Queen Catherine, and a composer of merit. He joined with Matthew Lock in composing the music to Shadwell's opera of "Psyche," produced in 1673.

note. That he hath ever endeavoured in the late King's time, and in this, to introduce good musique, but he never could do it, there never having been any musique here better than ballads. Nay, says, "Hermitt poore" and "Chevy Chese"[1] was all the musique we had; and yet no ordinary fiddlers get so much money as ours do here, which speaks our rudenesse still. That he hath gathered our Italians from several Courts in Christendome, to come to make a concert for the King, which he do give £200 a-year a-piece to: but badly paid, and do come in the room of keeping four ridiculous gundilows,[2] he having got the King to put them away, and lay out money this way; and indeed I do commend him for it, for I think it is a very noble undertaking. He do intend to have some times of the year these operas to be performed at the two present theatres, since he is defeated in what he intended in Moorefields on purpose for it; and he tells me plainly that the City audience was as good as the Court, but now they are most gone. Baptista tells me that Giacomo Charissimi[3] is still alive at Rome, who was master to Vinnecotio, who is one of the Italians that the King hath here, and the chief composer of them. My great wonder is, how this man do to keep in memory so perfectly the musique of the whole act, both for the voice and the instrument too. I confess I do admire it: but in recitativo the sense much helps him, for there is but one proper way of discoursing and giving the accents. Having done our discourse, we

[1] "Like hermit poor in pensive place obscure" is found in "The Phœnix Nest," 1593, and in Harl. MS. No. 6910, written soon after 1596. It was set to music by Alfonso Ferrabosco, and published in his "Ayres," 1609. The song was a favourite with Izaak Walton, and is alluded to in "Hudibras" (Part I., canto ii., line 1169). See Rimbault's "Little Book of Songs and Ballads," 1851, p. 98. Both versions of the famous ballad of "Chevy Chase" are printed in Percy's "Reliques."

[2] The gondolas mentioned before, as sent by the Doge of Venice. See September 12th, 1661 (vol. ii., p. 95). — B.

[3] "The name which is foremost in one's mind, if one speaks of Italian music in the second half of the seventeenth century, is Carissimi, the last great representative of the Roman school, and himself the precursor and model of a number of great musicians in his own country, of Lulli in France, and through him of Humphreys and Purcell in England." — F. Hueffer, *Italian and other Studies*, 1883, p. 296.

all took coaches, my Lord's and T. Killigrew's, and to Mrs. Knipp's chamber, where this Italian is to teach her to sing her part. And so we all thither, and there she did sing an Italian song or two very fine, while he played the bass upon a harpsicon there; and exceedingly taken I am with her singing, and believe that she will do miracles at that and acting. Her little girl is mighty pretty and witty. After being there an hour, and I mightily pleased with this evening's work, we all parted, and I took coach and home, where late at my office, and then home to enter my last three days' Journall; and so to supper and to bed, troubled at nothing, but that these pleasures do hinder me in my business, and the more by reason of our being to dine abroad to-morrow, and then Saturday next is appointed to meet again at my Lord Bruncker's lodgings, and there to have the whole quire of Italians; but then I do consider that this is all the pleasure I live for in the world, and the greatest I can ever expect in the best of my life, and one thing more, that by hearing this man to-night, and I think Captain Cooke to-morrow, and the quire of Italians on Saturday, I shall be truly able to distinguish which of them pleases me truly best, which I do much desire to know and have good reason and fresh occasion of judging.

13th. Up, and by water to White Hall, where to the Duke of York, and there did our usual business; but troubled to see that, at this time, after our declaring a debt to the Parliament of £900,000, and nothing paid since, but the debt increased, and now the fleete to set out; to hear that the King hath ordered but £35,000 for the setting out of the fleete, out of the Poll Bill, to buy all provisions, when five times as much had been little enough to have done any thing to purpose. They have, indeed, ordered more for paying off of seamen and the Yards to some time, but not enough for that neither. Another thing is, the acquainting the Duke of York with the case of Mr. Lanyon,[1] our agent at Plymouth, who has trusted us to £8,000 out of purse; we are not in condition, after so many promises, to obtain him a farthing, nor though a message was carried by Sir G.

[1] There are several letters from John Lanyon to the Navy Commissioners among the State Papers, in some of which he asks for money ("Calendar," 1666–67).

Carteret and Sir W. Coventry to the Commissioners for Prizes, that he might have £3,000 out of £20,000 worth of prizes to be shortly sold there, that he might buy at the candle and pay for the goods out of bills, and all would [not] do any thing, but that money must go all another way, while the King's service is undone, and those that trust him perish. These things grieve me to the heart. The Prince, I hear, is every day better and better. So away by water home, stopping at Michell's, where Mrs. Martin was, and I there drank with them and whispered with Betty, who tells me all is well, but was prevented in something she would have said, her marido venant just then, a news which did trouble me, and so drank and parted and home, and there took up my wife by coach, and to Mrs. Pierce's, there to take her up, and with them to Dr. Clerke's, by invitation, where we have not been a great while, nor had any mind to go now, but that the Dr., whom I love, would have us choose a day. Here was his wife, painted, and her sister Worshipp, a widow now and mighty pretty in her mourning. Here was also Mr. Pierce and Mr. Floyd,[1] Secretary to the Lords Commissioners of Prizes, and Captain Cooke, to dinner, an ill and little mean one, with foul cloth and dishes, and everything poor. Discoursed most about plays and the Opera, where, among other vanities, Captain Cooke had the arrogance to say that he was fain to direct Sir W. Davenant in the breaking of his verses into such and such lengths, according as would be fit for musick, and how he used to swear at Davenant, and command him that way, when W. Davenant would be angry, and find fault with this or that note — but a vain coxcomb I perceive he is, though he sings and composes so well. But what I wondered at, Dr. Clerke did say that Sir W. Davenant is no good judge of a dramatick poem, finding fault with his choice of Henry the 5th,[2] and others, for the stage, when I do think, and he confesses, "The Siege of Rhodes" as good as ever was writ. After dinner Captain Cooke and two of his boys to sing, but it was indeed both in performance and composition most plainly

[1] Thomas Lloyd or Floyd.

[2] This must refer to Lord Orrery's play of "Henry V.," acted at the Duke's House on August 13th, 1664 (see vol. iv., p. 202).

below what I heard last night, which I could not have believed. Besides overlooking the words which he sung, I find them not at all humoured as they ought to be, and as I believed he had done all he had sett. Though he himself do indeed sing in a manner as to voice and manner the best I ever heard yet, and a strange mastery he hath in making of extraordinary surprising closes, that are mighty pretty, but his bragging that he do understand tones and sounds as well as any man in the world, and better than Sir W. Davenant or any body else, I do not like by no means, but was sick of it and of him for it. He gone, Dr. Clerke fell to reading a new play, newly writ, of a friend's of his; but, by his discourse and confession afterwards, it was his own. Some things, but very few, moderately good; but infinitely far from the conceit, wit, design, and language of very many plays that I know; so that, but for compliment, I was quite tired with hearing it. It being done, and commending the play, but against my judgment, only the prologue magnifying the happiness of our former poets when such sorry things did please the world as was then acted, was very good. So set Mrs. Pierce at home, and away ourselves home, and there to my office, and then my chamber till my eyes were sore at writing and making ready my letter and accounts for the Commissioners of Tangier to-morrow, which being done, to bed, hearing that there was a very great disorder this day at the Ticket Office, to the beating and bruising of the face of Carcasse very much. A foul evening this was to-night, and I mightily troubled to get a coach home; and, which is now my common practice, going over the ruins in the night, I rid with my sword drawn in the coach.

14th. Up and to the office, where Carcasse comes with his plaistered face, and called himself Sir W. Batten's martyr, which made W. Batten mad almost, and mighty quarrelling there was. We spent the morning almost wholly upon considering some way of keeping the peace at the Ticket Office; but it is plain that the care of that office is nobody's work, and that is it that makes it stand in the ill condition it do. At noon home to dinner, and after dinner by coach to my Lord Chancellor's, and there a meeting: the Duke of York, Duke of Albemarle, and several other

Lords of the Commission of Tangier. And there I did present a state of my accounts, and managed them well; and my Lord Chancellor did say, though he was, in other things, in an ill humour, that no man in England was of more method, nor made himself better understood than myself. But going, after the business of money was over, to other businesses, of settling the garrison, he did fling out, and so did the Duke of York, two or three severe words touching my Lord Bellasses: that he would have no Governor come away from thence in less than three years; no, though his lady were with child. "And," says the Duke of York, "there should be no Governor continue so, longer than three years." "Nor," says Lord Arlington, "when our rules are once set, and upon good judgment declared, no Governor should offer to alter them." "We must correct the many things that are amiss there; for," says the Lord Chancellor, "you must think we do hear of more things amisse than we are willing to speak before our friends' faces." My Lord Bellasses would not take notice of their reflecting on him, and did wisely, but there were also many reflections on him. Thence away by coach to Sir H. Cholmly and Fitzgerald and Creed, setting down the two latter at the New Exchange. And Sir H. Cholmly and I to the Temple, and there walked in the dark in the walks talking of newes; and he surprises me with the certain newes that the King did last night in Council declare his being in treaty with the Dutch: that they had sent him a very civil letter, declaring that, if nobody but themselves were concerned, they would not dispute the place of treaty, but leave it to his choice; but that, being obliged to satisfy therein a Prince of equal quality with himself, they must except any place in England or Spayne. And so the King hath chosen the Hague, and thither hath chose my Lord Hollis and Harry Coventry[1] to go Embassadors to treat;

[1] Henry, third son of Thomas, first Lord Coventry, Lord Keeper; after the Restoration he was made a Groom of the Bedchamber, and elected M.P. for Droitwich in 1661. In 1664 he was sent Envoy Extraordinary to Sweden, where he remained two years, and was again employed on an embassy to the same court in 1671. He also succeeded (with Lord Holles) in negotiating the peace at Breda here alluded to, and in 1672 became Secretary of State, which office he

which is so mean a thing, as all the world will believe, that we do go to beg a peace of them, whatever we pretend. And it seems all our Court are mightily for a peace, taking this to be the time to make one, while the King hath money, that he may save something of what the Parliament hath given him to put him out of debt, so as he may need the help of no more Parliaments, as to the point of money: but our debt is so great, and expence daily so encreased, that I believe little of the money will be saved between this and the making of the peace up. But that which troubles me most is, that we have chosen a son of Secretary Morris,[1] a boy never used to any business, to go Embassador [Secretary] to the Embassy, which shows how little we are sensible of the weight of the business upon us. God therefore give a good end to it, for I doubt it, and yet do much more doubt the issue of our continuing the war, for we are in no wise fit for it, and yet it troubles me to think what Sir H. Cholmly says, that he believes they will not give us any reparation for what we have suffered by the war, nor put us into any better condition than what we were in before the war, for that will be shamefull for us. Thence parted with him and home through the dark over the ruins by coach, with my sword drawn, to the office, where dispatched some business; and so home to my chamber and to supper and to bed. This morning come up to my wife's bedside, I being up dressing myself, little Will Mercer to be her Valentine: and brought her name writ upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty; and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's Valentine, and it will cost me £5; but that I must have laid out if we had not been Valentines. So to bed.

15th. Up and with Sir W. Batten and [Sir] J. Minnes by coach to White Hall, where we attended upon the Duke of York to complain of the disorders the other day among the seamen at the Pay at the Ticket Office, and that it arises from lack of money, and that we desire, unless better provided for with money, to have nothing more to do with

resigned in 1679, on account of ill-health. He died unmarried, December 7th, 1686. — B.

[1] Sir William Morris had several sons.

the payment of tickets, it being not our duty; and the Duke of York and [Sir] W. Coventry did agree to it, so that I hope we shall be rid of that trouble. This done, I moved for allowance for a house for Mr. Turner, and got it granted. Then away to Westminster Hall, and there to the Exchequer about my tallies, and so back to White Hall, and so with Lord Bellasses to the Excise Office, where met by Sir H. Cholmly to consider about our business of money there, and that done, home and to dinner, where I hear Pegg Pen is married[1] this day privately; no friends, but two or three relations on his side and hers. Borrowed many things of my kitchen for dressing their dinner. So after dinner to the office, and there busy and did much business, and late at it. Mrs. Turner come to me to hear how matters went; I told her of our getting rent for a house for her. She did give me account of this wedding to-day, its being private being imputed to its being just before Lent, and so in vain to make new clothes till Easter, that they might see the fashions as they are like to be this summer; which is reason good enough. Mrs. Turner tells me she hears [Sir W. Pen] gives £4,500 or £4,000 with her. They are gone to bed, so I wish them much sport, and home to supper and to bed. They own the treaty for a peace publickly at Court, and the Commissioners providing themselves to go over as soon as a passe comes for them.

16th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. Among other things great heat we were all in on one side or other in the examining witnesses against Mr. Carcasse about his buying of tickets, and a cunning knave I do believe he is, and will appear, though I have thought otherwise heretofore. At noon home to dinner, and there find Mr. Andrews, and Pierce and Hollyard, and they dined with us and merry, but we did rise soon for saving of my wife's seeing a new play this afternoon, and so away by coach, and left her at Mrs. Pierce's, myself to the Excise Office about business, and thence to the Temple to

[1] The marriage licence of Anthony Lowther, of Marske, co. York, bachelor, 24, and Margaret Pen, spinster, 15, is dated February 12th, 1666–67 (Chester's "London Marriage Licences," ed. Foster, 1887, col. 865).

walk a little only, and then to Westminster to pass away time till anon, and here I went to Mrs. Martin's to thank her for her oysters. . . . Thence away to my Lord Bruncker's, and there was Sir Robert Murray, whom I never understood so well as now by this opportunity of discourse with him, a most excellent man of reason and learning, and understands the doctrine of musique, and everything else I could discourse of, very finely. Here come Mr. Hooke, Sir George Ent, Dr. Wren, and many others; and by and by the musique, that is to say, Signor Vincentio,[1] who is the master-composer, and six more, whereof two eunuches, so tall, that Sir T. Harvey said well that he believes they do grow large by being gelt as our oxen do, and one woman very well dressed and handsome enough, but would not be kissed, as Mr. Killigrew, who brought the company in, did acquaint us. They sent two harpsicons before; and by and by, after tuning them, they begun; and, I confess, very good musique they made; that is, the composition exceeding good, but yet not at all more pleasing to me than what I have heard in English by Mrs. Knipp, Captain Cooke, and others. Nor do I dote on the eunuches; they sing, indeed, pretty high, and have a mellow kind of sound, but yet I have been as well satisfied with several women's voices and men also, as Crispe of the Wardrobe. The women sung well, but that which distinguishes all is this, that in singing, the words are to be considered, and how they are fitted with notes, and then the common accent of the country is to be known and understood by the hearer, or he will never be a good judge of the vocal musique of another country. So that I was not taken with this at all, neither understanding the first, nor by practice reconciled to the latter, so that their motions, and risings and fallings, though it may be pleasing to an Italian, or one that understands the tongue, yet to me it did not, but do from my heart believe that I could set words in English, and make musique of them more agreeable to any Englishman's eare (the most judicious) than any Italian musique set for the voice, and performed

[1] Perhaps the person called Vinnecotio, February 12th, 1666–67 (p. 163). There was a German organist and composer named Gasparus Vincentius, who lived about this time.

before the same man, unless he be acquainted with the Italian accent of speech. The composition as to the musique part was exceeding good, and their justness in keeping time by practice much before any that we have, unless it be a good band of practised fiddlers. So away, here being Captain Cocke, who is stole away, leaving them at it, in his coach, and to Mrs. Pierce's, where I took up my wife, and there I find Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my Valentine, she having drawn me; which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I must have given to others. But here I do first observe the fashion of drawing of mottos as well as names; so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was I have forgot; but my wife's was, "Most virtuous and most fair;" which, as it may be used, or an anagram made upon each name, might be very pretty. Thence with Cocke and my wife, set him at home, and then we home. To the office, and there did a little business, troubled that I have so much been hindered by matters of pleasure from my business, but I shall recover it I hope in a little time. So home and to supper, not at all smitten with the musique to-night, which I did expect should have been so extraordinary, Tom Killigrew crying it up, and so all the world, above all things in the world, and so to bed. One wonder I observed to-day, that there was no musique in the morning to call up our new-married people, which is very mean, methinks, and is as if they had married like dog and bitch.

17th (Lord's day). Up, and called at Michell's, and took him and his wife and carried them to Westminster, I landing at White Hall, and having no pleasure in the way con elle; and so to the Duke's, where we all met and had a hot encounter before the Duke of York about the business of our payments at the Ticket Office, where we urged that we had nothing to do to be troubled with the pay, having examined the tickets. Besides, we are neglected, having not money sent us in time, but to see the baseness of my brethren, not a man almost put in a word but Sir W. Coventry, though at the office like very devils in this point. But I did plainly declare that, without money, no fleete

could be expected, and desired the Duke of York to take notice of it, and notice was taken of it, but I doubt will do no good. But I desire to remember it as a most prodigious thing that to this day my Lord Treasurer hath not consulted counsel, which Sir W. Coventry and I and others do think is necessary, about the late Poll act, enough to put the same into such order as that any body dare lend money upon it, though we have from this office under our hands related the necessity thereof to the Duke of York, nor is like to be determined in, for ought I see, a good while had not Sir W. Coventry plainly said that he did believe it would be a better work for the King than going to church this morning, to send for the Atturney Generall to meet at the Lord Treasurer's this afternoon and to bring the thing to an issue, saying that himself, were he going to the Sacrament, would not think he should offend God to leave it and go to the ending this work, so much it is of moment to the King and Kingdom. Hereupon the Duke of York said he would presently speak to the King, and cause it to be done this afternoon. Having done here we broke up, having done nothing almost though for all this, and by and by I met Sir G. Carteret, and he is stark mad at what has passed this morning, and I believe is heartily vexed with me. I said little, but I am sure the King will suffer if some better care be not taken than he takes to look after this business of money. So parted, and I by water home and to dinner, W. Hewer with us, a good dinner and very merry, my wife and I, and after dinner to my chamber, to fit some things against the Council anon, and that being done away to White Hall by water, and thence to my Lord Chancellor's, where I met with, and had much pretty discourse with, one of the Progers's that knows me; and it was pretty to hear him tell me, of his own accord, as a matter of no shame, that in Spayne he had a pretty woman, his mistress, whom, when money grew scarce with him, he was forced to leave, and afterwards heard how she and her husband lived well, she being kept by an old fryer who used her as his whore; but this, says he, is better than as our ministers do, who have wives that lay up their estates, and do no good nor relieve any poor — no, not our greatest prelates, and I think he is in

the right for my part. Staid till the Council was up, and attended the King and Duke of York round the Park, and was asked several questions by both; but I was in pain, lest they should ask me what I could not answer; as the Duke of York did the value of the hull of the St. Patrick[1] lately lost, which I told him I could not presently answer; though I might have easily furnished myself to answer all those questions. They stood a good while to see the ganders and geese tread one another in the water, the goose being all the while kept for a great while quite under water, which was new to me, but they did make mighty sport of it, saying (as the King did often) "Now you shall see a marriage between this and that," which did not please me. They gone, by coach to my Lord Treasurer's, as the Duke of York told me, to settle the business of money for the navy, I walked into the Court to and again till night, and there met Colonell Reames, and he and I walked together a great while complaining of the ill-management of things, whereof he is as full as I am. We ran over many persons and things, and see nothing done like men like to do well while the King minds his pleasures so much. We did bemoan it that nobody would or had authority enough with the King to tell him how all things go to rack and will be lost. Then he and I parted, and I to Westminster to the Swan, and there staid till Michell and his wife come. Old Michell and his wife come to see me, and there we drank and laughed a little, and then the young ones and I took boat, it being fine moonshine. I did to my trouble see all the way that elle did get as close a su marido as elle could, and turn her mains away quand je did endeavour to take one. . . . So that I had no pleasure at all con elle ce night. When we landed I did take occasion to send him back à the bateau while I did get a baiser or two, and would have taken la by la hand, but elle did turn away, and quand I said shall I not toucher te answered ego no love touching, in a slight mood. I seemed not to take notice of it, but parted kindly; su marido did aller with me almost a my case, and there we parted, and so I home troubled at this, but I

[1] See note, February 6th (p. 155).

think I shall make good use of it and mind my business more. At home, by appointment, comes Captain Cocke to me, to talk of State matters, and about the peace; who told me that the whole business is managed between Kevet, Burgomaster of Amsterdam, and my Lord Arlington, who hath, by the interest of his wife [1] there, some interest. We have proposed the Hague, but know not yet whether the Dutch will like it; or, if they do, whether the French will. We think we shall have the help of the information of their affairs and state, and the helps of the Prince of Orange his faction; but above all, that De Witt, who hath all this while said he cannot get peace, his mouth will now be stopped, so that he will be forced to offer fit terms for fear of the people; and, lastly, if France or Spayne do not please us, we are in a way presently to clap up a peace with the Dutch, and secure them. But we are also in treaty with France, as he says: but it must be to the excluding our alliance with the King of Spayne or House of Austria; which we do not know presently what will be determined in. He tells me the Vice-Chamberlaine is so great with the King, that, let the Duke of York, and Sir W. Coventry, and this office, do or say what they will, while the King lives, Sir G. Carteret will do what he will; and advises me to be often with him, and eat and drink with him; and tells me that he doubts he is jealous of me, and was mighty mad to-day at our discourse to him before the Duke of York. But I did give him my reasons that the office is concerned to declare that, without money, the King's work cannot go on. From that discourse we ran to others, and among the others he assures me that Henry Bruncker is one of the shrewdest fellows for parts in England, and a dangerous man; that if ever the Parliament comes again Sir W. Coventry cannot stand, but in this I believe him not; that, while we want money so much in the Navy, the Officers of the Ordnance have at this day £300,000 good in tallys, which they can command money upon, got by their over-estimating their charge in getting it reckoned as a fifth part of the expense of the Navy; that Harry Coventry, who is to go upon this treaty with

[1] See July 12th, 1666 (vol. v., p. 339).

Lord Hollis (who he confesses to be a very wise man) into Holland, is a mighty quick, ready man, but not so weighty as he should be, he knowing him so well in his drink as he do; that, unless the King do do something against my Lord Mordaunt and the Patent for the Canary Company, before the Parliament next meets, he do believe there will be a civil war before there will be any more money given, unless it may be at their perfect disposal; and that all things are now ordered to the provoking of the Parliament against they come next, and the spending the King's money, so as to put him into a necessity of having it at the time it is prorogued for, or sooner. Having discoursed all this and much more, he away, and I to supper and to read my vows, and to bed. My mind troubled about Betty Michell, pour sa carriage this night envers moy, but do hope it will put me upon doing my business. This evening, going to the Queen's side[1] to see the ladies, I did find the Queene, the Duchesse of York, and another or two, at cards, with the room full of great ladies and men; which I was amazed at to see on a Sunday, having not believed it; but, contrarily, flatly denied the same a little while since to my cozen Roger Pepys.[2] I did this day, going by water, read the answer to "The Apology for Papists,"[3] which did like me mightily, it being a thing as well writ as I think most things that ever I read in my life, and glad I am that I read it.

18th. Up, and to my bookbinder's, and there mightily pleased to see some papers of the account we did give the Parliament of the expense of the Navy sewed together, which I could not have conceived before how prettily it was done. Then by coach to the Exchequer about some tallies, and thence back again home, by the way meeting Mr. Weaver,[4] of Huntingdon, and did discourse our business of law together, which did ease my mind, for I was afeard I have omitted doing what I in prudence ought to have done. So home and to dinner, and after dinner to the office, where je had Mrs. Burrows all sola à my closet, and did there baiser and toucher ses mamelles. . . .

[1] Her Majesty's apartments, at Whitehall Palace.
[2] See January 27th (p. 142). [3] See December 1st, 1666 (p. 83).
[4] Pepys records Mr. Weaver's death on April 10th, 1667.

Thence away, and with my wife by coach to the Duke of York's play-house, expecting a new play, and so stayed not no more than other people, but to the King's house, to "The Mayd's Tragedy;" but vexed all the while with two talking ladies and Sir Charles Sedley; yet pleased to hear their discourse, he being a stranger. And one of the ladies would, and did sit with her mask on, all the play, and, being exceeding witty as ever I heard woman, did talk most pleasantly with him; but was, I believe, a virtuous woman, and of quality. He would fain know who she was, but she would not tell; yet did give him many pleasant hints of her knowledge of him, by that means setting his brains at work to find out who she was, and did give him leave to use all means to find out who she was, but pulling off her mask. He was mighty witty, and she also making sport with him very inoffensively, that a more pleasant rencontre I never heard. But by that means lost the pleasure of the play wholly, to which now and then Sir Charles Sedley's exceptions against both words and pronouncing were very pretty. So home and to the office, did much business, then home, to supper, and to bed.

19th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning doing little business, our want of money being so infinite great. At noon home, and there find old Mr. Michell and Howlett come to desire mine and my wife's company to dinner to their son's, and so away by coach with them, it being Betty's wedding-day a year, as also Shrove Tuesday. Here I made myself mighty merry, the two old women being there also, and a mighty pretty dinner we had in this little house, to my exceeding great content, and my wife's, and my heart pleased to see Betty. But I have not been so merry a very great while as with them, every thing pleasing me there as much as among so mean company I could be pleased. After dinner I fell to read the Acts about the building of the City[1] again; and indeed the laws seem to be very good, and I pray God I may live to see it built in

[1] Burnet wrote ("History of his Own Time," book ii.): "An act passed in this session for rebuilding the city of London, which gave Lord Chief Justice Hale a great reputation, for it was drawn with so true a judgment, and so great foresight, that the whole city was raised out of its ashes without any suits of law."

that manner! Anon with much content home, walking with my wife and her woman, and there to my office, where late doing much business, and then home to supper and to bed. This morning I hear that our discourse of peace is all in the dirt; for the Dutch will not like of the place, or at least the French will not agree to it; so that I do wonder what we shall do, for carry on the war we cannot. I long to hear the truth of it to-morrow at Court.

20th. Up, with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen by coach to White Hall, by the way observing Sir W. Pen's carrying a favour to Sir W. Coventry, for his daughter's wedding, and saying that there was others for us, when we will fetch them, which vexed me, and I am resolved not to wear it when he orders me one. His wedding hath been so poorly kept, that I am ashamed of it; for a fellow that makes such a flutter as he do. When we come to the Duke of York here, I heard discourse how Harris of his play-house is sick, and everybody commends him, and, above all things, for acting the Cardinall. Here they talk also how the King's viallin, Bannister,[1] is mad that the King hath a Frenchman[2] come to be chief of some part of the King's musique, at which the Duke of York made great mirth. Then withdrew to his closett, all our business, lack of

[1] John Banister, who had been bred up, under his father, one of the waits in St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, was sent by Charles II. to France for improvement; but soon after his return he was dismissed the king's service for saying that the English violins were better than the French. He afterwards kept a music school in Whitefriars, and died in 1679 (Hawkins's "History of Music"). There were many complaints against Banister. Among the State Papers is a "Remonstrance (dated March 29th, 1667) of the king's band of violins under M. Grabu, master of his music, against the fraudulent conduct of John Banister, who receives £600 a year for extraordinary services of the violins, and keeps most of it himself, compelling them to submit by threats of having them turned out of their places; several have been turned out without orders from the king or Lord Chamberlain" ("Calendar," 1666–67, p. 593).

[2] Louis Grabut or Grebus, Master of the King's Music. The "Warrant to Edward, Earl of Manchester, to swear in — Grabu as Master of the English Chamber Music," is dated November 12th, 1666 ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 256). On the death of Charles II. Dryden brought out a piece entitled "Albion and Albanius," with machinery and decorations by Betterton, and music by Grebus. Mr. Lowe found a dramatic cutting at the Guildhall Library, consisting of verses, each stanza ending with the name of Grabu. Here is one:

money and prospect of the effects of it, such as made Sir W. Coventry say publickly before us all, that he do heartily wish that his Royal Highness had nothing to do in the Navy, whatever become of him; so much dishonour, he says, is likely to fall under the management of it. The Duke of York was angry, as much as he could be, or ever I saw him, with Sir G. Carteret, for not paying the masters of some ships on Monday last, according to his promise, and I do think Sir G. Carteret will make himself unhappy by not taking some course either to borrow more money or wholly lay aside his pretence to the charge of raising money, when he hath nothing to do to trouble himself with. Thence to the Exchequer, and there find the people in readiness to dispatch my tallies to-day, though Ash Wednesday. So I back by coach to London to Sir Robt. Viner's and there got £100, and come away with it and pay my fees round, and so away with the 'Chequer men to the Leg in King Street, and there had wine for them; and here was one in company with them, that was the man that got the vessel to carry over the King from Bredhemson,[1] who hath a pension of £200 per annum,[2] but ill paid, and the man is looking after getting of a prize-ship

"Each actor on the stage his luck bewailing,
Finds that his loss is infallibly true;
Smith, Nokes, and Leigh in a fever with railing
Curse poet, painter, and Monsieur Grabu."

(Lowe's "Life of Betterton," p. 135.) See also North's "Memoirs of Musick," by Rimbault, p. 110.

[1] Brighthelmstone, or Brighton.

[2] This was Francis Mansell of Ovingdean, and not Nicholas Tettersell, as stated in former editions of the Diary. The former was appointed "Customer Inward" in the port of Southampton, from which he received £60 a year. He petitioned the king about 1661 for relief, stating that he "was forced to fly for life, being one of the instruments of his Majesty's happy escape, and has spent more in solicitation than the £60 per annum he receives from his small office." After this he was granted a pension of £200, but this was allowed to fall into arrear. Mr. F. E. Sawyer, in his paper on "Captain Nicholas Tettersell and the Escape of Charles II." ("Sussex Archæological Collections," vol. xxxii.), says, "As Mansell's pension was £200 a year, whilst Tettersell's was only £100, it would appear that the services of the former were considered by the king of more value than those of the latter." See also Diary, May 23rd, 1660, and note, vol. i., p. 158.

to live by; but the trouble is, that this poor man, who hath received no part of his money these four years, and is ready to starve almost, must yet pay to the Poll Bill for this pension. He told me several particulars of the King's coming thither, which was mighty pleasant, and shews how mean a thing a king is, how subject to fall, and how like other men he is in his afflictions. Thence with my tallies home, and a little dinner, and then with my wife by coach to Lincoln's Inn Fields, sent her to her brother's, and I with Lord Bellasses to the Lord Chancellor's. Lord Bellasses tells me how the King of France hath caused the stop to be made to our proposition of treating in The Hague; that he being greater than they, we may better come and treat at Paris: so that God knows what will become of the peace! He tells me, too, as a grand secret, that he do believe the peace offensive and defensive between Spayne and us is quite finished, but must not be known, to prevent the King of France's present falling upon Flanders. He do believe the Duke of York will be made General of the Spanish armies there, and Governor of Flanders, if the French should come against it, and we assist the Spaniard: that we have done the Spaniard abundance of mischief in the West Indys, by our privateers at Jamaica, which they lament mightily, and I am sorry for it to have it done at this time. By and by, come to my Lord Chancellor, who heard mighty quietly my complaints for lack of money, and spoke mighty kind to me, but little hopes of help therein, only his good word. He do prettily cry upon Povy's account with sometimes seeming friendship and pity, and this day quite the contrary. He do confess our streights here and every where else arise from our outspending our revenue. I mean that the King do do so. Thence away, took up my wife, who tells me her brother hath laid out much money upon himself and wife for clothes, which I am sorry to hear, it requiring great expense. So home and to the office a while, and then home to supper, where Mrs. Turner come to us, and sat and talked. Poor woman, I pity her, but she is very cunning. She concurs with me in the falseness of Sir W. Pen's friendship, and she tells pretty stories of my Lord Bruncker since he come to our end of the town, of peo-

ple's applications to Mrs. Williams. So, she gone, I back to my accounts of Tangier, which I am settling, having my new tallies from the Exchequer this day, and having set all right as I could wish, then to bed.

21st. Up, and to the Office, where sat all the morning, and there a most furious conflict between Sir W. Pen and I, in few words, and on a sudden occasion, of no great moment, but very bitter, and stared on one another, and so broke off, and to our business, my heart as full of spite as it could hold, for which God forgive me and him! At the end of the day come witnesses on behalf of Mr. Carcasse; but, instead of clearing him, I find they were brought to recriminate Sir W. Batten, and did it by oath very highly, that made the old man mad, and, I confess, me ashamed, so that I caused all but ourselves to withdraw, being sorry to have such things declared in the open office, before 100 people. But it was done home, and I do believe true, though [Sir] W. Batten denies all, but is cruel mad, and swore one of them, he or Carcasse, should not continue in the Office, which is said like a fool. He gone, for he would no stay, and [Sir] W. Pen gone a good while before, Lord Bruncker, Sir T. Harvy, and I, staid and examined the witnesses, though amounting to little more than a reproaching of Sir W. Batten. I home, my head and mind vexed about the conflict between Sir W. Pen and I, though I have got, nor lost any ground by it. At home was Mr. Daniel and wife and sister, and dined with us, and I disturbed at dinner, Colonell Fitzgerald coming to me about tallies, which I did go and give him, and then to the office, where did much business and walked an hour or two with Lord Bruncker, who is mightily concerned in this business for Carcasse and against Sir W. Batten, and I do hope it will come to a good height, for I think it will be good for the King as well as for me, that they two do not agree, though I do, for ought I see yet, think that my Lord is for the most part in the right. He gone, I to the office again to dispatch business, and late at night comes in Sir W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen, and [Sir] J. Minnes to the office, and what was it but to examine one Jones, a young merchant, who was said to have spoke the worst against Sir W. Batten, but he do deny it wholly, yet

I do believe Carcasse will go near to prove all that was sworn in the morning, and so it be true I wish it may. That done, I to end my letters, and then home to supper, and set right some accounts of Tangier, and then to bed.

22nd. Up, and to the office, where I awhile, and then home with Sir H. Cholmly to give him some tallies upon the business of the Mole at Tangier, and then out with him by coach to the Excise Office, there to enter them, and so back again with him to the Exchange, and there I took another coach, and home to the office, and to my business till dinner, the rest of our officers having been this morning upon the Victuallers' accounts. At dinner all of us, that is to say, Lord Bruncker, [Sir] J. Minnes, [Sir] W. Batten, [Sir] T. Harvy, and myself, to Sir W. Pen's house, where some other company. It is instead of a wedding dinner for his daughter, whom I saw in palterly clothes, nothing new but a bracelet that her servant[1] had given her, and ugly she is, as heart can wish. A sorry dinner, not anything handsome or clean, but some silver plates they borrowed of me. My wife was here too. So a great deal of talk, and I seemingly merry, but took no pleasure at all. We had favours given us all, and we put them in our hats, I against my will, but that my Lord and the rest did. I being displeased that he did carry Sir W. Coventry's himself several days ago, and the people up and down the town long since, and we must have them but to-day. After dinner to talk a little, and then I away to my office, to draw up a letter of the state of the Office and Navy for the Duke of York against Sunday next, and at it late, and then home to supper and to bed, talking with my wife of the poorness and meanness of all that Sir W. Pen and the people about us do, compared with what we do.

23rd. This day I am, by the blessing of God, 34 years old, in very good health and mind's content, and in condition of estate much beyond whatever my friends could expect of a child of their's, this day 34 years. The Lord's name be praised! and may I be ever thankful for it. Up betimes to the office, in order to my letter to the Duke of York to-morrow, and then the office met and spent the

[1] Anthony Lowther, before the marriage. — B.

greatest part about this letter. At noon home to dinner, and then to the office again very close at it all the day till midnight, making an end and writing fair this great letter and other things to my full content, it abundantly providing for the vindication of this office, whatever the success be of our wants of money. This evening Sir W. Batten come to me to the office on purpose, out of spleen (of which he is full to Carcasse!), to tell me that he is now informed of many double tickets now found of Carcasse's making which quite overthrows him. It is strange to see how, though I do believe this fellow to be a rogue, and could be contented to have him removed, yet to see him persecuted by Sir W. Batten, who is as bad himself, and that with so much rancour, I am almost the fellow's friend. But this good I shall have from it, that the differences between Sir W. Batten and my Lord Bruncker will do me no hurt.

24th (Lord's day). Up, and with [Sir] W. Batten, by coach; he set me down at my Lord Bruncker's (his feud there not suffering him to 'light himself), and I with my Lord by and by when ready to White Hall, and by and by up to the Duke of York, and there presented our great letter and other papers, and among the rest my report of the victualling, which is good, I think, and will continue my pretence to the place, which I am still afeard Sir W. Coventry's employment may extinguish. We have discharged ourselves in this letter fully from blame in the bad success of the Navy, if money do not come soon to us, and so my heart is at pretty good rest in this point. Having done here, Sir W. Batten and I home by coach, and though the sermon at our church was begun, yet he would 'light to go home and eat a slice of roast beef off the spit, and did, and then he and I to church in the middle of the sermon. My Lady Pen there saluted me with great content to tell me that her daughter and husband are still in bed, as if the silly woman thought it a great matter of honour, and did, going out of the church, ask me whether we did not make a great show at Court to-day, with all our favours in our hats. After sermon home, and alone with my wife dined. Among other things my wife told me how ill a report our Mercer hath got by her keeping

of company, so that she will not send for her to dine with us or be with us as heretofore; and, what is more strange, tells me that little Mis. Tooker hath got a clap as young as she is, being brought up loosely by her mother. . . . In the afternoon away to White Hall by water, and took a turn or two in the Park, and then back to White Hall, and there meeting my Lord Arlington, he, by I know not what kindness, offered to carry me along with him to my Lord Treasurer's, whither, I told him, I was going. I believe he had a mind to discourse of some Navy businesses, but Sir Thomas Clifford coming into the coach to us, we were prevented; which I was sorry for, for I had a mind to begin an acquaintance with him. He speaks well, and hath pretty slight superficial parts, I believe. He, in our going, talked much of the plain habit of the Spaniards; how the King and Lords themselves wear but a cloak of Colchester bayze,[1] and the ladies mantles, in cold weather, of white flannell: and that the endeavours frequently of setting up the manufacture of making these stuffs there have only been prevented by the Inquisition: the English and Dutchmen that have been sent for to work, being taken with a Psalm-book or Testament, and so clapped up, and the house pulled down by the Inquisitors; and the greatest Lord in Spayne dare not say a word against it, if the word Inquisition be but mentioned. At my Lord Treasurer's 'light and parted with them, they going into Council, and I walked with Captain Cocke, who takes mighty notice of the differences growing in our office between Lord Bruncker and [Sir] W. Batten, and among others also, and I fear it may do us hurt, but I will keep out of them. By and by comes Sir S. Fox, and he and I walked and talked together on many things, but chiefly, want of money, and the straits the King brings himself and affairs into for want of it. Captain Cocke did tell me what I must not forget: that the answer of the Dutch, refusing The Hague for a place of treaty, and proposing the Boysse,[2] Bredah, Bergen-op-Zoome, or Mastricht, was

[1] "Bays, and says, and serges, and several sorts of stuffs, which I neither can nor do desire to name, are made in and about Colchester." — Fuller's *Worthies*. — B.

[2] Bois-le-Duc or 's Hertogenbosch.

seemingly stopped by the Swede's Embassador (though he did show it to the King, but the King would take no notice of it, nor does not) from being delivered to the King; and he hath wrote to desire them to consider better of it: so that, though we know their refusal of the place, yet they know not that we know it, nor is the King obliged to show his sense of the affront. That the Dutch are in very great straits, so as to be said to be not able to set out their fleete this year. By and by comes Sir Robert Viner and my Lord Mayor to ask the King's directions about measuring out the streets according to the new Act[1] for building of the City, wherein the King is to be pleased.[2] But he says that the way proposed in Parliament, by Colonel Birch, would have been the best, to have chosen some persons in trust, and sold the whole ground, and let it be sold again by them, with preference to the old owner, which would have certainly caused the City to be built where these Trustees pleased; whereas now, great differences will be, and the streets built by fits, and not entire till all differences be decided. This, as he tells it, I think would have been the best way. I enquired about the Frenchman[3] that was said to fire the City and was hanged for it, by his own confession, that he was hired for it by a Frenchman of Roane, and that he did with a stick reach in a fire-ball in at a

[1] Entitled "An Act for Rebuilding the City of London," 19 Car. II., cap. 3. — B.

[2] See Sir Christopher Wren's "Proposals for rebuilding the City of London after the great fire, with an engraved Plan of the principal Streets and Public Buildings," in Elmes's "Memoirs of Sir Christopher Wren," Appendix, p. 61. The originals are in All Souls' College Library, Oxford. — B.

[3] "One Hubert, a French papist, was seized in Essex, as he was getting out of the way in great confusion. He confessed he had begun the fire, and persisted in his confession to his death, for he was hanged upon no other evidence but that of his own confession. It is true he gave so broken an account of the whole matter that he was thought mad. Yet he was blindfolded, and carried to several places of the city, and then his eyes being opened, he was asked if that was the place, and he being carried to wrong places, after he looked round about for some time, he said that was not the place, but when he was brought to the place where it first broke out, he affirmed that was the true place." — Burnet's *Own Time*, book ii. Archbishop Tillotson, according to Burnet, believed that London was burned by design.

window of the house: whereas the master of the house, who is the King's baker, and his son, and daughter, do all swear there was no such window, and that the fire did not begin thereabouts. Yet the fellow, who, though a mopish besotted fellow, did not speak like a madman, did swear that he did fire it: and did not this like a madman; for, being tried on purpose, and landed with his speaker at the Tower Wharf, he could carry the keeper to the very house. Asking Sir R. Viner what he thought was the cause of the fire, he tells me, that the baker, son, and his daughter, did all swear again and again, that their oven was drawn by ten o'clock at night; that, having occasion to light a candle about twelve, there was not so much fire in the bake-house as to light a match for a candle, so that they were fain to go into another place to light it; that about two in the morning they felt themselves almost choked with smoke, and rising, did find the fire coming upstairs; so they rose to save themselves; but that, at that time, the bavins[1] were not on fire in the yard. So that they are, as they swear, in absolute ignorance how this fire should come; which is a strange thing, that so horrid an effect should have so mean and uncertain a beginning. By and by called in to the King and Cabinet, and there had a few insipid words about money for Tangier, but to no purpose. Thence away walked to my boat at White Hall, and so home and to supper, and then to talk with W. Hewer about business of the differences at present among the people of our office, and so to my Journall and to bed. This night going through bridge by water, my waterman told me how the mistress of the Beare tavern, at the bridge-foot, did lately fling herself into the Thames, and drowned herself; which did trouble me the more, when they tell me it was she that did live at the White Horse tavern in Lumbard Streete, which was a most beautiful woman, as most I have seen. It seems she hath had long melancholy upon her, and hath endeavoured to make away with herself often.

25th. Lay long in bed, talking with pleasure with my poor wife, how she used to make coal fires, and wash my foul clothes with her own hand for me, poor wretch! in our

[1] Brushwood, or small faggots, used for lighting fires.

little room at my Lord Sandwich's; for which I ought for ever to love and admire her, and do; and persuade myself she would do the same thing again, if God should reduce us to it. So up and by coach abroad to the Duke of Albemarle's about sending soldiers down to some ships, and so home, calling at a belt-maker's to mend my belt, and so home and to dinner, where pleasant with my wife, and then to the office, where mighty busy all the day, saving going forth to the 'Change to pay for some things, and on other occasions, and at my goldsmith's did observe the King's new medall,[1] where, in little, there is Mrs. Steward's face as well done as ever I saw anything in my whole life, I think: and a pretty thing it is, that he should choose her face to represent Britannia by. So at the office late very busy and much business with great joy dispatched, and so home to supper and to bed.

26th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. And here did receive another reference from Sir W. Coventry about the business of some of the Muster-Masters, concerning whom I had returned their small performances, which do give me a little more trouble for fear [Sir] W. Coventry should think I had a design to favour my brother Balty, and to that end to disparage all the rest. But I shall clear all very well, only it do exercise my thoughts more than I am at leisure for. At home find Balty and his wife very fine, which I did not like, for fear he do spend too much of his money that way, and lay [not] up anything. After dinner to the office again, where by and by Lord Bruncker, [Sir] W. Batten, [Sir] J. Minnes and I met about receiving Carcasse's answers to the depositions against him. Wherein I did see so much favour from my Lord to him that I do again begin to see that my Lord is not right at the bottom, and did make me the more earnest against him, though said little. My Lord rising, declaring his judgement in his behalf, and going away, I did hinder our arguing it by ourselves, and so broke up the meeting, and myself went full of trouble to my office, there to write over the deposition and his answers side by side, and then home to supper and to bed with some trouble of mind to think of the issue of this, how it will breed ill blood among us here.

[1] By Philip Rotier (see note, vol. iii., p. 59).

27th. Up by candle-light, about six o'clock, it being bitter cold weather again, after all our warm weather, and by water down to Woolwich rope-yard, I being this day at a leisure, the King and Duke of York being gone down to Sheerenesse this morning to lay out the design for a fortification there to the river Medway;[1] and so we do not attend the Duke of York as we should otherwise have done, and there to the Dock Yard to enquire of the state of things, and went into Mr. Pett's; and there, beyond expectation, he did present me with a Japan cane, with a silver head, and his wife sent me by him a ring, with a Woolwich stone,[2] now much in request; which I accepted, the values not being great, and knowing that I had done them courtesies, which he did own in very high terms; and then, at my asking, did give me an old draught of an ancient-built ship,[3] given him by his father, of the Beare, in Queen Elizabeth's time. This did much please me, it being a thing I much desired to have, to shew the difference in the build of ships now and heretofore. Being much taken with this kindness, I away to Blackwall and Deptford, to satisfy myself there about the King's business, and then walked to Redriffe, and so home about noon; there find Mr. Hunt, newly come out of the country, who tells me the country[4] is much impoverished by the greatness of taxes:

[1] The first fortification at Sheerness was erected by Sir Bernard de Gomme. The original draft is in the British Museum; see March 24th, 1667, note. — B.

[2] Woolwich stones, still collected in that locality, are simply water-worn pebbles of flint, which, when broken with a hammer, exhibit on the smooth surface some resemblance to the human face; and their possessors are thus enabled to trace likenesses of friends, or eminent public characters. The late Mr. Tennant, the geologist, of the Strand, had a collection of such stones. In the British Museum is a nodule of globular or Egyptian jasper, which, in its fracture, bears a striking resemblance to the well-known portrait of Chaucer. It is engraved in Rymsdyk's "Museum Britannicum," tab. xxviii. A flint, showing Mr. Pitt's face, used once to be exhibited at the meetings of the Pitt Club. — B.

[3] In "A Complete List of the Royal Navy in England in 1599" ("Archæologia," vol. xiii., p. 30), No. 11 is described as "The Beare, of two sakers, of cast iron," and No. 12 as "The White Beare, of three cannon, six demi-cannon, seven culverins, seven demi-culverins, two portpeece halls and seven fowler halls, all of brass, with five demi-cannon and three demi-culverins, all of cast iron."

[4] Cambridgeshire.

the farmers do break every day almost, and £1,000 a-year become not worth £500. He dined with us, and we had good discourse of the general ill state of things, and, by the way, he told me some ridiculous pieces of thrift of Sir G. Downing's, who is his countryman, in inviting some poor people, at Christmas last, to charm the country people's mouths; but did give them nothing but beef, porridge, pudding, and pork, and nothing said all dinner, but only his mother[1] would say, "It's good broth, son." He would answer, "Yes, it is good broth." Then, says his lady, Confirm all, and say, "Yes, very good broth." By and by she would begin and say, "Good pork:" "Yes," says the mother, "good pork." Then he cries, "Yes, very good pork." And so they said of all things; to which nobody made any answer, they going there not out of love or esteem of them, but to eat his victuals, knowing him to be a niggardly fellow; and with this he is jeered now all over the country. This day just before dinner comes Captain Story, of Cambridge, to me to the office, about a bill for prest money, for men sent out of the country and the countries about him to the fleete the last year;[2] but, Lord! to see the natures of men; how this man, hearing of my name, did ask me of my country, and told me of my cozen Roger, that he was not so wise a man as his father; for that he do not agree in Parliament with his fellow burgesses and knights of the shire, whereas I know very well the reason; for he is not so high a flyer as Mr. Chichley and others, but loves the King better than any of them, and to better purpose. But yet, he says that he is a very honest gentleman, and thence runs into a hundred stories of his own services to the King, and how he at this day brings in the taxes before anybody here thinks they are collected: discourse very absurd to entertain a stranger with. He being gone, and I glad of it, I home then to

[1] Sir George Downing's mother was Margaret, daughter and coheir of Robert Brett, D.D. His wife, Lady Downing, was Francis, fourth daughter of William Howard, of Naworth, and sister of Charles Howard, the first Earl of Carlisle of that family. — B.

[2] Money paid to men who enlist into the public service; press money. So called because those who receive it are to be prest or ready when called on ("Encyclopædic Dictionary").

dinner. After dinner with my wife by coach abroad, and set Mr. Hunt down at the Temple and her at her brother's, and I to White Hall to meet [Sir] W. Coventry, but found him not, but met Mr. Cooling, who tells me of my Lord Duke of Buckingham's being sent for last night, by a Serjeant at Armes,[1] to the Tower, for treasonable practices, and that the King is infinitely angry with him, and declared him no longer one of his Council. I know not the reason of it, or occasion. To Westminster Hall, and there paid what I owed for books, and so by coach, took up my wife to the Exchange, and there bought things for Mrs. Pierce's little daughter, my Valentine, and so to their house, where we find Knipp, who also challengeth me for her Valentine. She looks well, sang well, and very merry we were for half an hour. Tells me Harris is well again, having been very ill, and so we home, and I to the office; then, at night, to Sir W. Pen's, and sat with my Lady, and the young couple[2] (Sir William out of town) talking merrily; but they make a very sorry couple, methinks, though rich. So late home and to bed.

28th. Up, and there comes to me Drumbleby with a flageolet, made to suit with my former and brings me one Greeting, a master, to teach my wife. I agree by the whole with him to teach her to take out any lesson of herself for £4. She was not ready to begin to-day, but do to-morrow. So I to the office, where my Lord Bruncker and I only all the morning, and did business. At noon to the Exchange and to Sir Rob. Viner's about settling my accounts there. So back home and to dinner, where Mr. Holliard dined with us, and pleasant company he is. I love his company, and he secures me against ever having the stone again. He gives it me, as his opinion, that the City will never be built again together, as is expected, while any restraint is laid upon them. He hath been a great loser, and would be a builder again, but, he says, he knows not what restrictions there will be, so as it is unsafe for him to begin. He gone, I to the office, and there busy till night doing much business, then home and to my accounts, wherein, beyond

[1] Bearcroft. See March 3rd (p. 193).
[2] Anthony Lowther and his wife Margaret Penn.

expectation, I succeeded so well as to settle them very clear and plain, though by borrowing of monies this month to pay D. Gawden, and chopping and changing with my Tangier money, they were become somewhat intricate, and, blessed be God, upon the evening my accounts, I do appear £6,800 creditor. This done, I to supper about 12 at night, and so to bed. The weather for three or four days being come to be exceeding cold again as any time this year. I did within these six days see smoke still remaining of the late fire in the City; and it is strange to think how, to this very day, I cannot sleep at night without great terrors of fire, and this very night I could not sleep till almost two in the morning through thoughts of fire. Thus this month is ended with great content of mind to me, thriving in my estate, and the affairs in my offices going pretty well as to myself. This afternoon Mr. Gawden was with me and tells me more than I knew before — that he hath orders to get all the victuals he can to Plymouth, and the Western ports, and other outports, and some to Scotland, so that we do intend to keep but a flying fleete this year; which, it may be, may preserve us a year longer, but the end of it must be ruin. Sir J. Minnes this night tells me, that he hears for certain, that ballads are made of us in Holland for begging of a peace; which I expected, but am vexed at. So ends this month, with nothing of weight upon my mind, but for my father and mother, who are both very ill, and have been so for some weeks: whom God help! but I do fear my poor father will hardly be ever thoroughly well again.

March 1st. Up, it being very cold weather again after a good deal of warm summer weather, and to the office, where I settled to do much business to-day. By and by sent for to Sir G. Carteret to discourse of the business of the Navy, and our wants, and the best way of bestowing the little money we have, which is about £30,000, but, God knows, we have need of ten times as much, which do make my life uncomfortable, I confess, on the King's behalf, though it is well enough as to my own particular, but the King's service is undone by it. Having done with him, back again to the office, and in the streets, in Mark Lane, I do observe, it being St. David's day, the picture of

a man dressed like a Welchman, hanging by the neck upon one of the poles that stand out at the top of one of the merchants' houses, in full proportion, and very handsomely done; which is one of the oddest sights I have seen a good while, for it was so like a man that one would have thought it was indeed a man.[1] Being returned home, I find Greeting, the flageolet-master, come, and teaching my wife; and I do think my wife will take pleasure in it, and it will be easy for her, and pleasant. So I, as I am well content with the charge it will occasion me. So to the office till dinner-time, and then home to dinner, and before dinner making my wife to sing. Poor wretch! her ear is so bad that it made me angry, till the poor wretch cried to see me so vexed at her, that I think I shall not discourage her so much again, but will endeavour to make her understand sounds, and do her good that way; for she hath a great mind to learn, only to please me; and, therefore, I am mighty unjust to her in discouraging her so much, but we were good friends, and to dinner, and had she not been ill with those and that it were not Friday (on which in Lent there are no plays) I had carried her to a play, but she not being fit to go abroad, I to the office, where all the afternoon close examining the collection of my papers of the account of the Navy since this war to my great content, and so at night home to talk and sing with my wife, and then to supper and so to bed with great pleasure. But I cannot but remember that just before dinner one of my people come up to me, and told me a man come from Huntingdon would speak with me, how my heart come into my mouth doubting that my father, who has been long sicke, was dead. It put me into a trembling, but, blessed be [God]! it was no such thing, but a countryman come about ordinary business to me, to receive £50 paid to my father in the country for the Perkins's for their legacy, upon

[1] From "Poor Robin's Almanack" for 1757 it appears that, in former times in England, a Welshman was burnt in effigy on this anniversary. Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, in his edition of Brand's "Popular Antiquities," adds: "The practice to which Pepys refers . . . was very common at one time; and till very lately bakers made gingerbread Welshmen, called taffies, on St. David's day, which were made to represent a man skewered" (vol. i., pp. 60, 61).

the death of their mother, by my uncle's will. So though I get nothing at present, at least by the estate, I am fain to pay this money rather than rob my father, and much good may it do them that I may have no more further trouble from them. I hear to-day that Tom Woodall, the known chyrurgeon, is killed at Somerset House by a Frenchman, but the occasion Sir W. Batten could not tell me.

2nd. Up, and to the office, where sitting all the morning, and among other things did agree upon a distribution of £30,000 and odd, which is the only sum we hear of like to come out of all the Poll Bill for the use of this office for buying of goods. I did herein some few courtesies for particular friends I wished well to, and for the King's service also, and was therefore well pleased with what was done. Sir W. Pen this day did bring an order from the Duke of York for our receiving from him a small vessel for a fireship, and taking away a better of the King's for it, it being expressed for his great service to the King. This I am glad of, not for his sake, but that it will give me a better ground, I believe, to ask something for myself of this kind, which I was fearful to begin. This do make Sir W. Pen the most kind to me that can be. I suppose it is this, lest it should find any opposition from me, but I will not oppose, but promote it. After dinner, with my wife, to the King's house to see "The Mayden Queene," a new play of Dryden's, mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit; and, the truth is, there is a comical part done by Nell,[1] which is Florimell, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again, by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at the play. But so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girle, then most and best of all when she comes in like a

[1] "Her skill increasing with her years, other poets sought to obtain the recommendations of her wit and beauty to the success of their writings. I have said that Dryden was one of the principal supporters of the King's House, and ere long in one of his new plays a principal character was set apart for the popular comedian. The drama was a tragi-comedy called 'Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen,' and an additional interest was attached to its production from the king having suggested the plot to its author, and calling it 'his play.'" — Cunningham's *Story of Nell Gwyn*, ed. 1892, pp. 38, 39.

young gallant; and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her. Thence home and to the office, where busy a while, and then home to read the lives of Henry 5th and 6th, very fine, in Speede,[1] and so to bed. This day I did pay a bill of £50 from my father, it being so much out of my own purse gone to pay my uncle Robert's legacy to my aunt Perkins's child.

3rd (Lord's day). Lay long, merrily talking with my wife, and then up and to church, where a dull sermon of Mr. Mills touching Original Sin, and then home, and there find little Michell and his wife, whom I love mightily. Mightily contented I was in their company, for I love her much; and so after dinner I left them and by water from the Old Swan to White Hall, where, walking in the galleries, I in the first place met Mr. Pierce, who tells me the story of Tom Woodall, the surgeon, killed in a drunken quarrel, and how the Duke of York hath a mind to get him [Pierce] one of his places in St. Thomas's Hospitall. Then comes Mr. Hayward, the Duke of York's servant, and tells us that the Swede's Embassador hath been here to-day with news that it is believed that the Dutch will yield to have the treaty at London or Dover, neither of which will get our King any credit, we having already consented to have it at The Hague; which, it seems, De Witt opposed, as a thing wherein the King of England must needs have some profound design, which in my conscience he hath not. They do also tell me that newes is this day come to the King, that the King of France is come with his army to the frontiers of Flanders, demanding leave to pass through their country towards Poland, but is denied, and thereupon that he is gone into the country. How true this is I dare not believe till I hear more. From them I walked into the Parke, it being a fine but very cold day; and there took two or three turns the length of the Pell Mell: and there I met Serjeant Bearcroft, who was sent for the Duke of Buckingham, to have brought him prisoner to the Tower. He come to towne this day, and brings word that, being

[1] John Speed's Chronicle ("The History of Great Britaine under the Conquests of ye Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans").

overtaken and outrid by the Duchesse of Buckingham within a few miles of the Duke's house of Westhorp,[1] he believes she got thither about a quarter of an hour before him, and so had time to consider; so that, when he come, the doors were kept shut against him. The next day, coming with officers of the neighbour market-town to force open the doors, they were open for him, but the Duke gone; so he took horse presently, and heard upon the road that the Duke of Buckingham was gone before him for London: so that he believes he is this day also come to towne before him; but no newes is yet heard of him. This is all he brings. Thence to my Lord Chancellor's, and there, meeting Sir H. Cholmly, he and I walked in my Lord's garden, and talked; among other things, of the treaty: and he says there will certainly be a peace, but I cannot believe it. He tells me that the Duke of Buckingham his crimes, as far as he knows, are his being of a caball with some discontented persons of the late House of Commons, and opposing the desires of the King in all his matters in that House; and endeavouring to become popular, and advising how the Commons' House should proceed, and how he would order the House of Lords. And that he hath been endeavouring to have the King's nativity calculated; which was done, and the fellow now in the Tower about it; which itself hath heretofore, as he says, been held treason, and people died for it; but by the Statute of Treasons, in Queen Mary's times and since, it hath been left out. He tells me that this silly Lord hath provoked, by his ill-carriage, the Duke of York, my Lord Chancellor, and all the great persons; and therefore, most likely, will die. He tells me, too, many practices of treachery against this King; as betraying him in Scotland, and giving Oliver an account of the King's private councils; which the King knows very well, and hath yet pardoned him.[2] Here I passed away a little time more talking with him and Creed,

[1] Westhorpe, in Suffolk, originally the magnificent residence of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; it was probably afterwards granted by the Crown to the Duke of Buckingham. The house has long since been demolished. — B.

[2] Two of our great poets have drawn the character of the Duke of Buckingham in brilliant verse, and both have condemned him to infamy.

whom I met there, and so away, Creed walking with me to White Hall, and there I took water and stayed at Michell's to drink. I home, and there to read very good things in Fuller's "Church History," and "Worthies," and so to supper, and after supper had much good discourse with W. Hewer, who supped with us, about the ticket office and the knaveries and extortions every day used there, and particularly of the business of Mr. Carcasse, whom I fear I shall find a very rogue. So parted with him, and then to bed.

4th. Up, and with Sir J. Minnes and [Sir] W. Batten by barge to Deptford by eight in the morning, where to the King's yard a little to look after business there, and then to a private storehouse to look upon some cordage of Sir W. Batten's, and there being a hole formerly made for a drain for tarr to run into, wherein the barrel stood still, full of stinking water, Sir W. Batten did fall with one leg into it, which might have been very bad to him by breaking a leg or other hurt, but, thanks be to God, he only sprained his foot a little. So after his shifting his stockings at a strong water shop close by, we took barge again, and so to Woolwich, where our business was chiefly to look upon

There is enough in Pepys's reports to corroborate the main features of Dryden's magnificent portrait of Zimri in "Absolom and Achitophel":

> "In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
> A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
> Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
> Was everything by starts, and nothing long,
> But, in the course of one revolving moon,
> Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
> Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
> Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking,
> * * * * * *
> He laughed himself from Court, then sought relief
> By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief."

Pope's facts are not correct, and hence the effect of his picture is impaired. In spite of the duke's constant visit to the Tower, Charles II. still continued his friend; but on the death of the king, expecting little from James, he retired to his estate at Helmsley, in Yorkshire, to nurse his property and to restore his constitution. He died on April 16th, 1687, at Kirkby Moorside, after a few days' illness, caused by sitting on the damp grass when heated from a fox chase. The scene of his death was the house of a tenant, not "the worst inn's worst room" ("Moral Essays," epist. iii.). He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

the ballast wharfe there, which is offered us for the King's use to hire, but we do not think it worth the laying out much money upon, unless we could buy the fee-simple of it, which cannot be sold us, so we wholly flung it off. So to the Dockyard, and there staid a while talking about business of the yard, and thence to the Rope-yard, and so to the White Hart and there dined, and Captain Cocke with us, whom we found at the Rope-yard, and very merry at dinner, and many pretty tales of Sir J. Minnes, which I have entered in my tale book. But by this time Sir W. Batten was come to be in much pain in his foot, so as he was forced to be carried down in a chair to the barge again, and so away to Deptford, and there I a little in the yard, and then to Bagwell's, where I find his wife washing, and also I did hazer tout que je voudrais con her, and then sent for her husband, and discoursed of his going to Harwich this week to his charge of the new ship building there, which I have got him, and so away, walked to Redriffe, and there took boat and away home, and upon Tower Hill, near the ticket office, meeting with my old acquaintance Mr. Chaplin, the cheesemonger, and there fell to talk of news, and he tells me that for certain the King of France is denied passage with his army through Flanders, and that he hears that the Dutch do stand upon high terms with us, and will have a promise of not being obliged to strike the flag to us before they will treat with us, and other high things, which I am ashamed of and do hope will never be yielded to. That they do make all imaginable preparations, but that he believes they will be in mighty want of men; that the King of France do court us mightily. He tells me too that our Lord Treasurer is going to lay down, and that Lord Arlington is to be Lord Treasurer, but I believe nothing of it, for he is not yet of estate visible enough to have the charge I suppose upon him. So being parted from him I home to the office, and after having done business there I home to supper, and there mightily pleased with my wife's beginning the flagellette, believing that she will come to very well thereon. This day in the barge I took Berckenshaw's translation[1] of Alsted his Templum,

[1] The translation of the work of Joannes Henricus Alstedius is entitled: "Templum Musicum; the Musical Synopsis; being a com-

but the most ridiculous book, as he has translated it, that ever I saw in my life, I declaring that I understood not three lines together from one end of the book to the other.

5th. Up, and to the office, where met and sat all the morning, doing little for want of money, but only bear the countenance of an office. At noon home to dinner, and then to the office again, and there comes Martin my purser, and I walked with him awhile in the garden, I giving him good advice to beware of coming any more with high demands for supernumeraries or other things, for now Sir W. Pen is come to mind the business, the passing of his accounts will not be so easy as the last. He tells me he will never need it again, it being as easy, and to as much purpose to do the same thing otherwise, and how he do keep his Captain's table, and by that means hath the command of his Captains, and do not fear in a 5th-rate ship constantly employed to get a £1,000 in five years time, and this year, besides all his spendings, which are I fear high, he hath got at this day clear above £150 in a voyage of about five or six months, which is a brave trade. He gone I to the office, and there all the afternoon late doing much business, and then to see Sir W. Batten, whose leg is all but better than it was, and like to do well. I by discourse do perceive he and his Lady are to their hearts out with my Lord Bruncker and Mrs. Williams, to which I added something, but, I think, did not venture too far with them. But, Lord! to see to what a poor content any acquaintance among these people, or the people of the world, as they now-a-days go, is worth; for my part I and my wife will keep to one another and let the world go hang, for there is nothing but falseness in it. So home to supper and hear my wife and girle sing a little, and then to bed with much content of mind.

6th. Up, and with [Sir] W. Pen to White Hall by coach, and by the way agreed to acquaint [Sir] W. Coventry with the business of Mr. Carcasse, and he and I spoke to Sir W. Coventry that we might move it to the Duke of York,

pendium of the rudiments both of the mathematical and practical part of musick. Translated out of Latin by J. Birchensha." London, 1664, 8vo. (with frontispiece).

which I did in a very indifferent, that is, impartial manner,[1] but vexed I believe Lord Bruncker. Here the Duke of York did acquaint us, and the King did the like also, afterwards coming in, with his resolution of altering the manner of the war this year; that is, we shall keep what fleete we have abroad in several squadrons: so that now all is come out; but we are to keep it as close as we can, without hindering the work that is to be done in preparation to this. Great preparations there are to fortify Sheernesse and the yard at Portsmouth, and forces are drawing down to both those places, and elsewhere by the seaside; so that we have some fear of an invasion; and the Duke of York himself did declare his expectation of the enemy's blocking us up here in the River, and therefore directed that we should send away all the ships that we have to fit out hence. Sir W. Pen told me, going with me this morning to White Hall, that for certain the Duke of Buckingham is brought into the Tower, and that he hath had an hour's private conference with the King before he was sent thither. To Westminster Hall. There bought some newsbooks, and, as every where else, hear every body complain of the dearness of coals, being at £4 per chaldron, the weather, too, being become most bitter cold, the King saying to-day that it was the coldest day he ever knew in England. Thence by coach to my Lord Crew's, where very welcome. Here I find they are in doubt where the Duke of Buckingham is; which makes me mightily reflect on the uncertainty of all history, when, in a business of this moment, and of this day's growth, we cannot tell the truth. Here dined my old acquaintance, Mr. Borfett, that was my Lord Sandwich's chaplain, and my Lady Wright and Dr. Boreman,[2] who is

[1] This explanation of the word would appear even now to be necessary for those who are unacquainted with the Liturgy of the Church of England. In 1888 the following passage occurred in a leading article in the "Times": "We have no doubt whatever that Scotch judges and juries will administer indifferent justice." A correspondent in Glasgow, who supposed *indifferent* to mean *inferior*, wrote to complain at the insinuation that a Scotch jury would not do its duty.

[2] Robert Boreman, D.D. (or Bourman), brother of Sir William Boreman, Clerk of the Green Cloth to Charles II., rector of St. Giles's in the Fields from 1663 till his death, November 15th, 1675. He was installed Prebendary of Westminster Abbey in December, 1667.

preacher at St. Gyles's in the Fields, who, after dinner, did give my Lord an account of two papist women lately converted, whereof one wrote her recantation, which he shewed under her own hand mighty well drawn, so as my Lord desired a copy of it, after he had satisfied himself from the Doctor, that to his knowledge she was not a woman under any necessity. Thence by coach home and staid a very little, and then by water to Redriffe, and walked to Bagwell's, where la moher was defro, sed would not have me demeurer there parce que Mrs. Batters and one of my ancillas, I believe Jane (for she was gone abroad to-day), was in the town, and coming thither; so I away presently, esteeming it a great escape. So to the yard and spoke a word or two, and then by water home, wondrous cold, and reading a ridiculous ballad made in praise of the Duke of Albemarle,[1] to the tune of St. George, the tune being printed, too; and I observe that people have some great encouragement to make ballads of him of this kind. There are so many, that hereafter he will sound like Guy of Warwicke. Then abroad with my wife, leaving her at the 'Change, while I to Sir H. Cholmly's, a pretty house, and a fine, worthy, well-disposed gentleman he is. He and I to Sir Ph. Warwicke's, about money for Tangier, but to little purpose. H. Cholmley tells me, among other things, that he hears of little hopes of a peace, their demands being so high as we shall never grant, and could tell me that we shall keep no fleete abroad this year, but only squadrons. And, among other things, that my Lord Bellasses, he believes, will lose his command of Tangier by his corrupt covetous ways of endeavouring to sell his command, which I am glad [of], for he is a man of no worth in the world but compliment. So to the 'Change, and there bought 32*s.* worth of things for Mrs. Knipp, my Valentine, which is pretty to see how my wife is come to convention with me, that, whatever I do give to anybody else, I shall give her as much, which I am not much displeased with. So home and to the office and Sir W. Batten, to tell him what I had done to-day about Carcasse's business, and God forgive me I am not

[1] Mr. Chappell, in his account of the ballad of "St. George for England," refers to this passage ("Popular Music of the Olden Time," vol. i., p. 286).

without design to give a blow to Sir W. Batten by it. So home, where Mr. Batelier supped with us and talked away the evening pretty late, and so he gone and we to bed.

7th. So up, and to the office, my head full of Carcasse's business; then hearing that Knipp is at my house, I home, and it was about a ticket for a friend of hers. I do love the humour of the jade very well. So to the office again, not being able to stay, and there about noon my Lord Bruncker did begin to talk of Carcasse's business. Only Commissioner Pett, my Lord, and I there, and it was pretty to see how Pett hugged the occasion of having anything against Sir W. Batten, which I am not much troubled at, for I love him not neither. Though I did really endeavour to quash it all I could, because I would prevent their malice taking effect. My Lord I see is fully resolved to vindicate Carcasse, though to the undoing of Sir W. Batten, but I believe he will find himself in a mistake, and do himself no good, and that I shall be glad of, for though I love the treason I hate the traitor.[1] But he is vexed at my moving it to the Duke of York yesterday, which I answered well, so as I think he could not answer. But, Lord! it is pretty to see how Pett hugs this business, and how he favours my Lord Bruncker, who to my knowledge hates him, and has said more to his disadvantage, in my presence, to the King and Duke of York than any man in England, and so let them thrive one with another by cheating one another, for that is all I observe among them. Thence home late, and find my wife hath dined, and she and Mrs. Hewer going to a play. Here was Creed, and he and I to Devonshire House,[2] to a burial of a kinsman of Sir R. Viner's; and there I received a ring, and so away presently to Creed, who staid for me at an alehouse hard by, and thence to the Duke's playhouse, where he parted, and I in and find my wife and Mrs. Hewer, and sat by them and saw "The English Princesse, or Richard the Third;"[3] a most sad, melan-

[1] "Many men love the treason, though they hate the traitor" is attributed to Anthony Sadler, D.D. (1619–1680), in Day's "Collacon: an Encyclopædia of Prose Quotations."

[2] Devonshire House (the town house of the Earls of Devonshire) was in Bishopsgate Street, where Devonshire Square now stands.

[3] A tragedy by J. Caryl. Betterton acted King Richard; Harris, the Earl of Richmond; and Smith, Sir William Stanley.

choly play, and pretty good; but nothing eminent in it, as some tragedys are; only little Mis. Davis[1] did dance a jig after the end of the play, and there telling the next day's play; so that it come in by force only to please the company to see her dance in boy's clothes; and, the truth is, there is no comparison between Nell's dancing the other day[2] at the King's house in boy's clothes and this, this being infinitely beyond the other. Here was Mr. Clerke and Pierce, to whom one word only of "How do you," and so away home, Mrs. Hewer with us, and I to the office and so to [Sir] W. Batten's, and there talked privately with him and [Sir] W. Pen about business of Carcasse against to-morrow, wherein I think I did give them proof enough of my ability as well as friendship to [Sir] W. Batten, and the honour of the office, in my sense of the rogue's business. So back to finish my office business, and then home to supper and to bed. This day, Commissioner Taylor come to me for advice, and would force me to take ten pieces in gold of him, which I had no mind to, he being become one of our number at the Board. This day was reckoned by all people the coldest day that ever was remembered in England; and, God knows! coals at a very great price.[3]

[1] Mary Davis, some time a comedian in the Duke of York's troop, and one of those actresses who boarded with Sir W. Davenant, was, according to Pepys, a natural daughter of Thomas Howard, first Earl of Berkshire. She captivated the king by the charming manner in which she sang a ballad beginning, "My lodging it is on the cold ground," when acting Celania, a shepherdess mad for love in the play of "The Rivals." Charles took her off the stage, and she had by him a daughter named Mary Tudor, married to Francis, second Earl of Derwentwater; and their son James, the third earl, was attainted and beheaded for high treason. Miss Davis was also a fine dancer; see Hawkins's "History of Music," vol. iv., p. 525, where the ballad alluded to will be found; which, as Downes quaintly observes, "raised the fair songstress from her bed on the cold ground to the bed royal." According to another account, she was the daughter of a blacksmith at Charlton, in Wiltshire, where a family of the name of Davis had exercised that calling for many generations, and has but lately become extinct. There is a beautiful whole-length portrait of Mary Davis, by Kneller, at Audley End, in which she is represented as a tall, handsome woman; and her general appearance ill accords with the description given of her by our journalist. — B.

[2] As Florimel in "Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen." See 2nd of this month (p. 203).

[3] £4 the chaldron. On November 26th, *post*, Pepys speaks of them

8th. Up, and to the Old Swan, where drank at Michell's, but not seeing her whom I love I by water to White Hall, and there acquainted Sir G. Carteret betimes what I had to say this day before the Duke of York in the business of Carcasse, which he likes well of, being a great enemy to him, and then I being too early here to go to Sir W. Coventry's chamber, having nothing to say to him, and being able to give him but a bad account of the business of the office (which is a shame to me, and that which I shall rue if I do not recover), to the Exchequer about getting a certificate of Mr. Lanyon's entered at Sir R. Long's office, and strange it is to see what horrid delays there are at this day in the business of money, there being nothing yet come from my Lord Treasurer to set the business of money in action since the Parliament broke off, notwithstanding the greatness and number of the King's occasions for it. So to the Swan, and there had three or four baisers of the little ancilla there, and so to Westminster Hall, where I saw Mr. Martin, the purser, come through with a picture in his hand, which he had bought, and observed how all the people of the Hall did fleer and laugh upon him, crying, "There is plenty grown upon a sudden;" and, the truth is, I was a little troubled that my favour should fall on so vain a fellow as he, and the more because, methought, the people do gaze upon me as the man that had raised him, and as if they guessed whence my kindness to him springs. So thence to White Hall, where I find all met at the Duke of York's chamber; and, by and by, the Duke of York comes, and Carcasse is called in, and I read the depositions and his answers, and he added with great confidence and good words, even almost to persuasion, what to say; and my Lord Bruncker, like a very silly solicitor, argued against me and us all for him; and, being asked first by the Duke of York his opinion, did give it for his being excused. I next did answer the contrary very plainly, and had, in this dispute, which vexed and will never be forgot by my Lord, many occasions of speaking severely, and did, against his bad practices. Commissioner Pett, like a fawning rogue,

as being £5 10*s*. In 1812, "Napoleon's winter," £6 6*s*. were paid in the suburbs of London; an extraordinary price; but, the difference of money considered, cheap, when compared with 1667. — B.

sided with my Lord, but to no purpose; and [Sir] W. Pen, like a cunning rogue, spoke mighty indifferently, and said nothing in all the fray, like a knave as he is. But [Sir] W. Batten spoke out, and did come off himself by the Duke's kindness very well; and then Sir G. Carteret, and Sir W. Coventry, and the Duke of York himself, flatly as I said; and so he[1] was declared unfit to continue in, and therefore to be presently discharged the office; which, among other good effects, I hope, will make my Lord Bruncker not alloquer so high, when he shall consider he hath had such a publick foyle as this is. So home with [Sir] W. Batten, and [Sir] W. Pen, by coach, and there met at the office, and my Lord Bruncker presently after us, and there did give order to Mr. Stevens for securing the tickets in Carcasse's hands, which my Lord against his will could not refuse to sign, and then home to dinner, and so away with my wife by coach, she to Mrs. Pierce's and I to my Lord Bellasses, and with him to [my] Lord Treasurer's, where by agreement we met with Sir H. Cholmly, and there sat and talked all the afternoon almost about one thing or other, expecting Sir Philip Warwicke's coming, but he come not, so we away towards night, Sir H. Cholmly and I to the Temple, and there parted, telling me of my Lord Bellasses's want of generosity, and that he [Bellasses] will certainly be turned out of his government, and he [Cholmley] thinks himself stands fair for it. So home, and there found, as I expected, Mrs. Pierce and Mr. Batelier; he went for Mrs. Jones, but no Mrs. Knipp come, which vexed me, nor any other company. So with one fidler we danced away the evening, but I was not well contented with the littleness of the room, and my wife's want of preparing things ready, as they should be, for supper, and bad. So not very merry, though very well pleased. So after supper to bed, my wife and Mrs. Pierce, and her boy James and I. Yesterday I began to make this mark ($\surd$) stand instead of three pricks, thus (.·.), which therefore I must observe every where, it being a mark more easy to make.

9th. Up, and to the office, where sat all the morning busy. At noon home to dinner, where Mrs. Pierce did

[1] Carcasse's dismissal from office is clearly alluded to in his verses. See note, vol. v., p. 48.

continue with us and her boy (who I still find every day more and more witty beyond his age), and did dine with us, and by and by comes in her husband and a brother-in-law of his, a parson, one of the tallest biggest men that ever I saw in my life. So to the office, where a meeting extraordinary about settling the number and wages of my Lord Bruncker's clerks for his new work upon the Treasurer's accounts, but this did put us upon running into the business of yesterday about Carcasse, wherein I perceive he is most dissatisfied with me, and I am not sorry for it, having all the world but him of my side therein, for it will let him know another time that he is not to expect our submitting to him in every thing, as I think he did heretofore expect. He did speak many severe words to me, and I returned as many to him, so that I do think there cannot for a great while be any right peace between us, and I care not a fart for it; but however, I must look about me and mind my business, for I perceive by his threats and enquiries he is and will endeavour to find out something against me or mine. Breaking up here somewhat brokenly I home, and carried Mrs. Pierce and wife to the New Exchange, and there did give her and myself a pair of gloves, and then set her down at home, and so back again straight home and there to do business, and then to Sir W. Batten's, where [Sir] W. Pen and others, and mighty merry, only I have got a great cold, and the scolding this day at the office with my Lord Bruncker hath made it worse, that I am not able to speak. But, Lord! to see how kind Sir W. Batten and his Lady are to me upon this business of my standing by [Sir] W. Batten against Carcasse, and I am glad of it. Captain Cocke, who was here to-night, did tell us that he is certain that yesterday a proclamation was voted at the Council, touching the proclaiming of my Lord Duke of Buckingham a traytor, and that it will be out on Monday. So home late, and drank some buttered ale, and so to bed and to sleep. This cold did most certainly come by my staying a little too long bare-legged yesterday morning when I rose while I looked out fresh socks and thread stockings, yesterday's having in the night, lying near the window, been covered with snow within the window which made me I durst not put them on.

10th (Lord's day). Having my cold still grown more upon me, so as I am not able to speak, I lay in bed till noon, and then up and to my chamber with a good fire, and there spent an hour on Morly's Introduction to Musique,[1] a very good but unmethodical book. Then to dinner, my wife and I, and then all the afternoon alone in my chamber preparing a letter for Commissioner Taylor to the City about getting his accounts for The Loyal London,[2] by him built for them, stated and discharged, they owing him still about £4,000. Towards the evening comes Mr. Spong to see me, whose discourse about several things I proposed to him was very good, better than I have had with any body a good while. He gone, I to my business again, and anon comes my Lady Pen and her son-in-law and daughter, and there we talked all the evening away, and then to supper; and after supper comes Sir W. Pen, and there we talked together, and then broke up, and so to bed. He tells me that our Mr. Turner has seen the proclamation against the Duke of Buckingham,[3] and that therefore it is true what we heard last night. Yesterday and to-day I have been troubled with a hoarseness through cold that I could not almost speak.

11th. Up, and with my cold still upon me and hoarseness, but I was forced to rise and to the office, where all the morning busy, and among other things Sir W. Warren come to me, to whom of late I have been very strange, partly from my indifference how more than heretofore to get money, but most from my finding that he is become great with my Lord Bruncker, and so I dare not trust him as I used to do, for I will not be inward with him that is open to another. By and by comes Sir H. Cholmly to me about Tangier business, and then talking of news he tells me how yesterday the King did publiquely talk of the King of France's dealing with all the Princes of Christendome. As to the States of Holland, he [the King of France] hath

[1] Thomas Morely's work is entitled, "A Plaine and Easie Introduction to Practicall Musicke, set downe in forme of a dialogue deuided into three parties." London, 1597, folio; other editions, 1608, 1771.

[2] The "Loyal London" was the ship given to the king by the City. It was launched at Deptford on June 10th, 1666 (see vol. v., p. 304).

[3] The proclamation "to apprehend George Duke of Buckingham for Treason" is dated "8 March 1666[–67]" ("Bibliotheca Lindesiana: Handlist of Proclamations," vol. i., 1509–1714).

advised them, on good grounds, to refuse to treat with us at the Hague, because of having opportunity of spies, by reason of our interest in the House of Orange; and then, it being a town in one particular province, it would not be fit to have it, but in a town wherein the provinces have equal interest, as at Mastricht, and other places named. That he advises them to offer no terms, nor accept of any, without his privity and consent, according to agreement; and tells them, if not so, he hath in his power to be even with them, the King of England being come to offer him any terms he pleases; and that my Lord St. Albans[1] is now at Paris, Plenipotentiary, to make what peace he pleases; and so he can make it, and exclude them, the Dutch, if he sees fit. A copy of this letter of the King of France's the Spanish Ambassador here gets, and comes and tells all to our King; which our King denies, and says the King of France only uses his power of saying anything. At the same time, the King of France writes to the Emperor, that he is resolved to do all things to express affection to the Emperor, having it now in his power to make what peace he pleases between the King of England and him, and the States of the United Provinces; and, therefore, that he would not have him to concern himself in a friendship with us; and assures him that, on that regard, he will not offer anything to his disturbance, in his interest in Flanders, or elsewhere. He writes, at the same time, to Spayne, to tell him that he wonders to hear of a league almost ended between the Crown of Spayne and England, by my Lord Sandwich, and all without his privity, while he was making a peace upon what terms he pleased with England: that he is a great lover of the Crown of Spayne, and would take the King and his affairs, during his minority, into his protection, nor would offer to set his foot in Flanders, or any where else, to disturb him; and, therefore, would not have him to trouble himself to make peace with any body; only he hath a desire to offer an exchange, which he thinks may be of moment to both sides: that is, that he [France] will enstate the King of Spayne in the kingdom of Portugall,

[1] Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to treat for peace with France on January 25th, 1666–67.

and he and the Dutch will put him into possession of Lisbon; and, that being done, he [France] may have Flanders: and this, they say, do mightily take in Spayne, which is sensible of the fruitless expence Flanders, so far off, gives them; and how much better it would be for them to be master of Portugall; and the King of France offers, for security herein, that the King of England shall be bond for him, and that he will counter-secure the King of England with Amsterdam; and, it seems, hath assured our King, that if he will make a league with him, he will make a peace exclusive to the Hollander. These things are almost romantique, but yet true, as Sir H. Cholmly tells me the King himself did relate it all yesterday; and it seems as if the King of France did think other princes fit for nothing but to make sport for him: but simple princes they are, that are forced to suffer this from him. So at noon with Sir W. Pen by coach to the Sun in Leadenhall Streete, where Sir R. Ford, Sir W. Batten, and Commissioner Taylor (whose feast it was) were, and we dined and had a very good dinner. Among other discourses Sir R. Ford did tell me that he do verily believe that the city will in few years be built again in all the greatest streets, and answered the objections I did give to it. Here we had the proclamation this day come out against the Duke of Buckingham, commanding him to come in to one of the Secretaries, or to the Lieutenant of the Tower. A silly, vain man to bring himself to this: and there be many hard circumstances in the proclamation of the causes of this proceeding of the King's, which speak great displeasure of the King's, and crimes of his. Then to discourse of the business of the day, that is, to see Commissioner Taylor's accounts for his ship he built, The Loyall London, and it is pretty to see how dully this old fellow makes his demands, and yet plaguy wise sayings will come from the man sometimes, and also how Sir R. Ford and [Sir] W. Batten did with seeming reliance advise him what to do, and how to come prepared to answer objections to the Common Council. Thence away to the office, where late busy, and then home to supper, mightily pleased with my wife's trill, and so to bed. This night Mr. Carcasse did come to me again to desire favour, and that I would mediate that he might

be restored, but I did give him no kind answer at all, but was very angry, and I confess a good deal of it from my Lord Bruncker's simplicity and passion.

12th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning, and my Lord Bruncker mighty quiet, and no words all day, which I wonder at, expecting that he would have fallen again upon the business of Carcasse, and the more for that here happened that Perkins, who was the greatest witness of all against him, was brought in by Sir W. Batten to prove that he did really belong to The Prince, but being examined was found rather a fool than anything, as not being able to give any account when he come in nor when he come out of her, more than that he was taken by the Dutch in her, but did agree in earnest to Sir W. Pen's saying that she lay up all the winter before at Lambeth. This I confess did make me begin to doubt the truth of his evidence, but not to doubt the faults of Carcasse, for he was condemned by many other better evidences than his, besides the whole world's report. At noon home, and there find Mr. Goodgroome, whose teaching of my wife only by singing over and over again to her, and letting her sing with him, not by herself, to correct her faults, I do not like at all, but was angry at it; but have this content, that I do think she will come to sing pretty well, and to trill in time, which pleases me well. He dined with us, and then to the office, when we had a sorry meeting to little purpose, and then broke up, and I to my office, and busy late to good purpose, and so home to supper and to bed. This day a poor seaman, almost starved for want of food, lay in our yard a-dying. I sent him half-a-crown, and we ordered his ticket to be paid.

13th. Up, and with [Sir] W. Batten to the Duke of York to our usual attendance, where I did fear my Lord Bruncker might move something in revenge that might trouble me, but he did not, but contrarily had the content to hear Sir G. Carteret fall foul on him in the Duke of York's bed chamber for his directing people with tickets and petitions to him, bidding him mind his Controller's place and not his, for if he did he should be too hard for him, and made high words, which I was glad of. Having done our usual business with the Duke of York, I away; and meeting Mr. D. Gawden in the presence-chamber, he and I to talk; and

among other things he tells me, and I do find every where else, also, that our masters do begin not to like of their councils in fitting out no fleete, but only squadrons, and are finding out excuses for it; and, among others, he tells me a Privy-Councillor did tell him that it was said in Council that a fleete could not be set out this year, for want of victuals, which gives him and me a great alarme, but me especially: for had it been so, I ought to have represented it; and therefore it puts me in policy presently to prepare myself to answer this objection, if ever it should come about, by drawing up a state of the Victualler's stores, which I will presently do. So to Westminster Hall, and there staid and talked, and then to Sir G. Carteret's, where I dined with the ladies, he not at home, and very well used I am among them, so that I am heartily ashamed that my wife hath not been there to see them; but she shall very shortly. So home by water, and stepped into Michell's, and there did baiser my Betty, que ægrotat a little. At home find Mr. Holliard, and made him eat a bit of victuals. Here I find Mr. Greeten,[1] who teaches my wife on the flageolet, and I think she will come to something on it. Mr. Holliard advises me to have my father come up to town, for he doubts else in the country he will never find ease, for, poor man, his grief is now grown so great upon him that he is never at ease, so I will have him up at Easter. By and by by coach, set down Mr. Holliard near his house at Hatton Garden and myself to Lord Treasurer's, and sent my wife to the New Exchange. I staid not here, but to Westminster Hall, and thence to Martin's, where he and she both within, and with them the little widow that was once there with her when I was there, that dissembled so well to be grieved at hearing a tune that her late husband liked, but there being so much company, I had no pleasure here, and so away to the Hall again, and there met Doll Lane coming out, and par contrat did hazer bargain para aller to the cabaret de vin, called the Rose, and ibi I staid two hours, sed she did not venir, lequel troubled me, and so away by coach and took up my wife, and away home, and so to Sir

[1] Thomas Greeting, musician, published, in 1675, "The Pleasant Companion, or new Lessons and Instructions for the Flagelet."

W. Batten's, where I am told that it is intended by Mr. Carcasse to pray me to be godfather with Lord Bruncker to-morrow to his child, which I suppose they tell me in mirth, but if he should ask me I know not whether I should refuse it or no. Late at my office preparing a speech against to-morrow morning, before the King, at my Lord Treasurer's, and the truth is it run in my head all night. So home to supper and to bed. The Duke of Buckingham is concluded gone over sea, and, it is thought, to France.

14th. Up, and with Sir W. Batten and [Sir] W. Pen to my Lord Treasurer's, where we met with my Lord Bruncker an hour before the King come, and had time to talk a little of our business. Then come much company, among others Sir H. Cholmly, who tells me that undoubtedly my Lord Bellasses will go no more as Governor to Tangier, and that he do put in fair for it, and believes he shall have it, and proposes how it may conduce to his account and mine in the business of money. Here we fell into talk with Sir Stephen Fox, and, among other things, of the Spanish manner of walking, when three together, and shewed me how, which was pretty, to prevent differences. By and by comes the King and Duke of York, and presently the officers of the Ordnance were called; my Lord Berkeley, Sir John Duncomb, and Mr. Chichly; then we, my Lord Bruncker, [Sir] W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen, and myself; where we find only the King and Duke of York, and my Lord Treasurer, and Sir G. Carteret; where I only did speak, laying down the state of our wants, which the King and Duke of York seemed very well pleased with, and we did get what we asked, £500,000, assigned upon the eleven months' tax: but that is not so much ready money, or what will raise £40,000 per week, which we desired, and the business will want. Yet are we fain to come away answered, when, God knows, it will undo the King's business to have matters of this moment put off in this manner. The King did prevent my offering any thing by and by as Treasurer for Tangier, telling me that he had ordered us £30,000 on the same tax; but that is not what we would have to bring our payments to come within a year. So we gone out, in went others; viz., one after another, Sir Stephen Fox for the army,

Captain Cocke for sick and wounded, Mr. Ashburnham[1] for the household. Thence [Sir] W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen, and I, back again; I mightily pleased with what I had said and done, and the success thereof. But, it being a fine clear day, I did, en gayeté de cœur, propose going to Bow for ayre sake, and dine there, which they embraced, and so [Sir] W. Batten and I (setting [Sir] W. Pen down at Mark Lane end) straight to Bow, to the Queen's Head, and there bespoke our dinner, carrying meat with us from London; and anon comes [Sir] W. Pen with my wife and Lady Batten, and then Mr. Lowder with his mother and wife. While [Sir] W. Batten and I were alone, we had much friendly discourse, though I will never trust him far; but we do propose getting "The Flying Greyhound,"[2] our privateer, to us and [Sir] W. Pen at the end of the year when we call her home, by begging her of the King, and I do not think we shall be denied her. They being come, we to oysters and so to talk, very pleasant I was all day, and anon to dinner, and I made very good company. Here till the evening. so as it was dark almost before we got home (back again in the same method, I think, we went), and spent the night talking at Sir W. Batten's, only a little at my office, to look over the Victualler's contract, and draw up some arguments for him to plead for his charges in transportation of goods beyond the ports which the letter of one article in his contract do lay upon him. This done I home to supper and to bed. Troubled a little at my fear that my Lord Bruncker should tell Sir W. Coventry of our neglecting the office this afternoon (which was intended) to look after our pleasures, but nothing will fall upon me alone about this.

15th. Up, and pleased at Tom's teaching of Barker something to sing a 3rd part to a song, which will please mightily. So I to the office all the morning, and at noon to the 'Change, where I do hear that letters this day come to Court do tell us that we are likely not to agree, the Dutch demanding high terms, and the King of France the like, in a most braving manner. The merchants do give them-

[1] William Ashburnham, the Cofferer (see p. 100).

[2] Among the Rawlinson MSS. (Bodleian) are "Accounts with Sir W. Batten and others relating to the 'Flying Greyhound' privateer, 1667," A. 174.

selves over for lost, no man knowing what to do, whether to sell or buy, not knowing whether peace or war to expect, and I am told that could that be now known a man might get £20,000 in a week's time by buying up of goods in case there should be war. Thence home and dined well, and then with my wife, set her at Unthanke's and I to Sir G. Carteret, where talked with the ladies a while, and my Lady Carteret talks nothing but sorrow and afflictions coming on us, and indeed I do fear the same. So away and met Dr. Fuller, Bishop of Limricke, and walked an hour with him in the Court talking of newes only, and he do think that matters will be bad with us. Then to Westminster Hall, and there spent an hour or two walking up and down, thinking para avoir got out Doll Lane, sed je ne could do it, having no opportunity de hazer le, ainsi lost the tota afternoon, and so away and called my wife and home, where a little at the office, and then home to my closet to enter my Journalls, and so to supper and to bed. This noon come little Mis. Tooker, who is grown a little woman; ego had opportunity para baiser her. . . . This morning I was called up by Sir John Winter, poor man! come in his sedan from the other end of the town, before I was up, and merely about the King's business, which is a worthy thing of him, and I believe him to be a worthy good man, and I will do him the right to tell the Duke of it, who did speak well of him the other day. It was about helping the King in the business of bringing down his timber to the sea-side, in the Forest of Deane.

16th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning; at noon home to dinner, and then to the office again in the afternoon, and there all day very busy till night, and then, having done much business, home to supper, and so to bed. This afternoon come home Sir J. Minnes, who has been down, but with little purpose, to pay the ships below at the Nore. This evening, having done my letters, I did write out the heads of what I had prepared to speak to the King the other day at my Lord Treasurer's, which I do think convenient to keep by me for future use. The weather is now grown warm again, after much cold; and it is observable that within these eight days I did see smoke remaining, coming out of some cellars, from the late great fire, now

above six months since. There was this day at the office (as he is most days) Sir W. Warren, against whom I did manifestly plead, and heartily too, God forgive me! But the reason is because I do find that he do now wholly rely almost upon my Lord Bruncker, though I confess I have no greater ground of my leaving him than the confidence which I perceive he hath got in my Lord Bruncker, whose seeming favours only do obtain of him as much compensation as, I believe (for he do know well the way of using his bounties), as mine more real. Besides, my Lord and I being become antagonistic, I do not think it safe for me to trust myself in the hands of one whom I know to be a knave, and using all means to become gracious there.

17th (Lord's day). Up betime with my wife, and by coach with Sir W. Pen and Sir Thomas Allen to White Hall, there my wife and I the first time that ever we went to my Lady Jemimah's chamber at Sir Edward Carteret's lodgings. I confess I have been much to blame and much ashamed of our not visiting her sooner, but better now than never. Here we took her before she was up, which I was sorry for, so only saw her, and away to chapel, leaving further visit till after sermon. I put my wife into the pew below, but it was pretty to see, myself being but in a plain band, and every way else ordinary, how the verger took me for her man, I think, and I was fain to tell him she was a kinswoman of my Lord Sandwich's, he saying that none under knights-baronets' ladies are to go into that pew. So she being there, I to the Duke of York's lodging, where in his dressing-chamber he talking of his journey to-morrow or next day to Harwich, to prepare some fortifications there; so that we are wholly upon the defensive part this year, only we have some expectations that we may by our squadrons annoy them in their trade by the North of Scotland and to the Westward. Here Sir W. Pen did show the Duke of York a letter of Hogg's [1] about a prize he drove in within the Sound at Plymouth, where the Vice-Admiral claims her. Sir W. Pen would have me speak to the latter, which I did,

[1] Thomas Waltham, muster-master at Plymouth, writes to the Navy Commissioners, January 11th, 1666–67, "Captain Hogg with his prize is ready to sail the first opportunity" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1666–67, p. 447).

and I think without any offence, but afterwards I was sorry for it, and Sir W. Pen did plainly say that he had no mind to speak to the Duke of York about it, so that he put me upon it, but it shall be the last time that I will do such another thing, though I think no manner of hurt done by it to me at all. That done I to walk in the Parke, where to the Queene's Chapel, and there heard a fryer preach with his cord about his middle, in Portuguese, something I could understand, showing that God did respect the meek and humble, as well as the high and rich. He was full of action, but very decent and good, I thought, and his manner of delivery very good. Then I went back to White Hall, and there up to the closet, and spoke with several people till sermon was ended, which was preached by the Bishop of Hereford,[1] an old good man, that they say made an excellent sermon. He was by birth a Catholique, and a great gallant, having £1,500 per annum, patrimony, and is a Knight Barronet; was turned from his persuasion by the late Archbishop Laud. He and the Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Ward, are the two Bishops that the King do say he cannot have bad sermons from. Here I met with Sir H. Cholmly, who tells me, that undoubtedly my Lord Bellasses do go no more to Tangier, and that he do believe he do stand in a likely way to go Governor; though he says, and showed me, a young silly Lord, one Lord Allington,[2] who hath offered a great sum of money to go, and will put hard

[1] Bishop Herbert Croft, who was previously Dean of Hereford (1644), was not a Romanist by birth, but entangled by the Jesuits while on his travels, and converted to Popery. It would appear, from Godwin ("De Præsulibus"), that his return to the Protestant faith is not attributable to Laud, but to the efforts of another prelate. "In patriam vero redux et in Thomæ Mortoni Episcopi Dunelmensis familiaritatem adductus melioribus consiliis adhibitis ad se quoque rediit et Ecclesiam Anglicanam." Croft, says Burnet, was a devout man, but of no discretion in his conduct. He was born 1603, and survived his elevation to the see of Hereford, in 1661, thirty years. The bishop's father, Sir Herbert, was a knight, and his son, of the same name, a baronet. See Sir Walter Scott's preface to "The Naked Truth," in "Somers' Tracts," vol. vii., p. 268. — B.

[2] William Allington, second Baron Allington, of Killard, Ireland, created an English Baron, 1682, by the title of Baron Allington, of Wymondley, Hertfordshire. He died 1684, and was succeeded by his son, Giles, who died 1691, when the title became extinct.

for it, he having a fine lady,[1] and a great man would be glad to have him out of the way. After Chapel I down and took out my wife from the pew, where she was talking with a lady whom I knew not till I was gone. It was Mrs. Ashfield of Brampton, who had with much civility been, it seems, at our house to see her. I am sorry I did not show her any more respect. With my wife to Sir G. Carteret's, where we dined and mightily made of, and most extraordinary people they are to continue friendship with for goodness, virtue, and nobleness and interest. After dinner he and I alone awhile and did joy ourselves in my Lord Sandwich's being out of the way all this time. He concurs that we are in a way of ruin by thus being forced to keep only small squadrons out, but do tell me that it was not choice, but only force, that we could not keep out the whole fleete. He tells me that the King is very kind to my Lord Sandwich, and did himself observe to him (Sir G. Carteret), how those very people, meaning the Prince and Duke of Albemarle, are punished in the same kind as they did seek to abuse my Lord Sandwich. Thence away, and got a hackney coach and carried my wife home, and there only drank, and myself back again to my Lord Treasurer's, where the King, Duke of York, and Sir G. Carteret and Lord Arlington were and none else, so I staid not, but to White Hall, and there meeting nobody I would speak with, walked into the Park and took two or three turns all alone, and then took coach and home, where I find Mercer, who I was glad to see, but durst [not] shew so, my wife being displeased with her, and indeed I fear she is grown a very gossip. I to my chamber, and there fitted my arguments which I had promised Mr. Gawden in his behalf in some pretences to allowance of the King, and then to supper, and so to my chamber a little again, and then to bed. Duke of Buckingham not heard of yet.

18th. Up betimes, and to the office to write fair my paper for D. Gawden against anon, and then to other business, where all the morning. D. Gawden by and by comes, and I did read over and give him the paper, which I think I

[1] His second wife, Juliana, daughter of Baptist Noel, Viscount Campden. She died in the September following. — B.

have much obliged him in. A little before noon comes my old good friend, Mr. Richard Cumberland,[1] to see me, being newly come to town, whom I have not seen almost, if not quite, these seven years. In his plain country-parson's dress. I could not spend much time with him, but prayed him come with his brother, who was with him, to dine with me to-day; which he did do: and I had a great deal of his good company; and a most excellent person he is as any I know, and one that I am sorry should be lost and buried in a little country town, and would be glad to remove him thence; and the truth is, if he would accept of my sister's fortune, I should give £100 more with him than to a man able to settle her four times as much as, I fear, he is able to do; and I will think of it, and a way how to move it, he having in discourse said he was not against marrying, nor yet engaged. I shewed him my closet, and did give him some very good musique, Mr. Cæsar being here upon his lute. They gone I to the office, where all the afternoon very busy, and among other things comes Captain Jenifer to me, a great servant of my Lord Sandwich's, who tells me that he do hear for certain, though I do not yet believe it, that Sir W. Coventry is to be Secretary of State, and my Lord Arlington Lord Treasurer. I only wish that the latter were as fit for the latter office as the former is for the former, and more fit than my Lord Arlington. Anon Sir W. Pen come and talked with me in the garden, and tells me that for certain the Duke of Richmond is to marry Mrs. Stewart, he having this day brought in an account of his estate and debts to the King on that account. At night home to supper and so to bed. My father's letter this day do tell me of his own continued illness, and that my mother grows so much worse, that he fears she cannot long continue, which troubles me very much. This day, Mr. Cæsar told me a pretty experiment of his, of angling with a minikin, a gut-string varnished over, which keeps it from swelling, and is beyond any hair for strength and smallness. The secret I like mightily.

19th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morn-

[1] Richard Cumberland, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough (see note, vol. i., p. 42).

ing. At noon dined at home very pleasantly with my wife, and after dinner with a great deal of pleasure had her sing, which she begins to do with some pleasure to me, more than I expected. Then to the office again, where all the afternoon close, and at night home to supper and to bed. It comes in my mind this night to set down how a house was the other day in Bishopsgate Street blowed up with powder; a house that was untenanted, and between a flax shop and a ——, both bad for fire; but, thanks be to God, it did no more hurt; and all do conclude it a plot. I would also remember to my shame how I was pleased yesterday to find the righteous maid of Magister Griffin sweeping of nostra office, elle con the Roman nariz and bonne body which I did heretofore like, and do still refresh me to think que elle is come to us, that I may voir her aliquando. This afternoon I am told again that the town do talk of my Lord Arlington's being to be Lord Treasurer, and Sir W. Coventry to be Secretary of State; and that for certain the match is concluded between the Duke of Richmond and Mrs. Stewart, which I am well enough pleased with; and it is pretty to consider how his quality will allay people's talk; whereas, had a meaner person married her, he would for certain have been reckoned a cuckold at first dash.

20th. Up pretty betimes, and to the Old Swan, and there drank at Michell's, but his wife is not there, but gone to her mother's, who is ill, and so hath staid there since Sunday. Thence to Westminster Hall and drank at the Swan, and baiserais the petite misse; and so to Mrs. Martin's. . . . I sent for some burnt wine, and drank and then away, not pleased with my folly, and so to the Hall again, and there staid a little, and so home by water again, where, after speaking with my wife, I with Sir W. Batten and [Sir] J. Minnes to our church to the vestry, to be assessed by the late Poll Bill, where I am rated as an Esquire, and for my office, all will come to about £50. But not more than I expected, nor so much by a great deal as I ought to be, for all my offices. So shall be glad to escape so. Thence by water again to White Hall, and there up into the house, and do hear that newes is come now that the enemy do incline again to a peace, but could hear no particulars, so

do not believe it. I had a great mind to have spoke with the King about a business proper enough for me, about the French prize man-of-war, how he would have her altered, only out of a desire to show myself mindful of business, but my linen was so dirty and my clothes mean, that I neither thought it fit to do that, nor go to other persons at the Court, with whom I had business, which did vex me, and I must remedy [it]. Here I hear that the Duke of Richmond and Mrs. Stewart were betrothed last night. Thence to Westminster Hall again, and there saw Betty Michell, and bought a pair of gloves of her, she being fain to keep shop there, her mother being sick, and her father gathering of the tax. I aimais her de toute my corazon. Thence, my mind wandering all this day upon mauvaises amours which I be merry for. So home by water again, where I find my wife gone abroad, so I to Sir W. Batten to dinner, and had a good dinner of ling and herring pie, very good meat, best of the kind that ever I had. Having dined, I by coach to the Temple, and there did buy a little book or two, and it is strange how "Rycaut's[1] Discourse of Turky," which before the fire I was asked but 8*s.* for, there being all but twenty-two or thereabouts burned, I did now offer 20*s.*, and he demands 50*s.*, and I think I shall give it him, though it be only as a monument of the fire. So to the New Exchange, where I find my wife, and so took her to Unthanke's, and left her there, and I to White Hall, and thence to Westminster, only out of idleness, and to get some little pleasure to my mauvais flammes, but sped not, so back and took up my wife, and to Polichinelli at Charing Crosse, which is prettier and prettier, and so full of variety that it is extraordinary good entertainment. Thence by coach home, that is, my wife home, and I to the Exchange, and there met with Fenn, who tells me they have yet no orders out of the Exchequer for money upon the Acts, which is a thing not to be borne by any Prince of understanding or care, for no money can be got advanced upon the Acts only from the weight of orders in form out of the Exchequer so long time after the passing of the Acts. So home to the office a little, where I met with a sad letter from my brother,

[1] Sir Paul Rycaut (see note, p. 21).

who tells me my mother is declared by the doctors to be past recovery, and that my father is also very ill every hour: so that I fear we shall see a sudden change there. God fit them and us for it! So to Sir W. Pen's, where my wife was, and supped with a little,[1] but yet little mirth, and a bad, nasty supper, which makes me not love the family, they do all things so meanly, to make a little bad show upon their backs. Thence home and to bed, very much troubled about my father's and my mother's illness.

21st. Up, and to the office, where sat all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and had some melancholy discourse with my wife about my mother's being so ill and my father, and after dinner to cheer myself, I having the opportunity of Sir W. Coventry and the Duke of York's being out of town, I alone out and to the Duke of York's play-house, where unexpectedly I come to see only the young men and women of the house act; they having liberty to act for their own profit on Wednesdays and Fridays this Lent: and the play they did yesterday, being Wednesday, was so well-taken, that they thought fit to venture it publickly to-day; a play of my Lord Falkland's[2] called "The Wedding Night," a kind of a tragedy, and some things very good in it, but the whole together, I thought, not so. I confess I was well enough pleased with my seeing it: and the people did do better, without the great actors, than I did expect, but yet far short of what they do when they are there, which I was glad to find the difference of. Thence to rights home, and there to the office to my business hard, being sorry to have made this scape without my wife, but I have a good salvo to my oath in doing it. By and by, in the evening, comes Sir W. Batten's Mingo to me to pray me to come to his master and Sir Richard Ford, who have very ill news to tell me. I knew what it was, it was about

[1] Sir William Penn was at Sheerness on this day, and his "Memorandum of a Consultation held at Sheerness, March 20th, 1666–67, for the security of the said places, &c.," is printed in Penn's "Life of Sir W. Penn," vol. ii., p. 437.

[2] Henry Cary, third Viscount Falkland, M.P., Oxford City, 1660, and Oxfordshire, 1661. Sir Henry Cary, first Viscount Falkland, in the peerage of Scotland, was Lord Deputy of Ireland from 1622 to 1629. The title of the play was really "The Marriage Night." It was published in 1664. The author died in the same year.

our trial for a good prize to-day, "The Phœnix,"[1] worth two or £3,000. I went to them, where they told me with much trouble how they had sped, being cast and sentenced to make great reparation for what we had embezzled, and they did it so well that I was much troubled at it, when by and by Sir W. Batten asked me whether I was mortified enough, and told me we had got the day, which was mighty welcome news to me and us all. But it is pretty to see what money will do. Yesterday, Walker[2] was mighty cold on our behalf, till Sir W. Batten promised him, if we sped in this business of the goods, a coach; and if at the next trial we sped for the ship, we would give him a pair of horses. And he hath strove for us to-day like a prince, though the Swedes' Agent was there with all the vehemence he could to save the goods, but yet we carried it against him. This put me in mighty good heart, and then we go to Sir W. Pen, who is come back to-night from Chatham, and did put him into the same condition, and then comforted him. So back to my office, and wrote an affectionate and sad letter to my father about his and my mother's illness, and so home to supper and to bed late.

22nd. Up and by coach to Sir Ph. Warwicke about business for Tangier about money, and then to Sir Stephen Fox to give him account of a little service I have done him about money coming to him from our office, and then to Lovett's and saw a few baubling things of their doing which are very pretty, but the quality of the people, living only by shifts, do not please me, that it makes me I do no more care for them, nor shall have more acquaintance with them after I have got my Lady Castlemayne's picture home. So to White Hall, where the King at Chapel, and I would not stay, but to Westminster to Howlett's, and there, he being not well, I sent for a quart of claret and burnt it and drank,

[1] There are references to the "Phœnix," a Dutch ship taken as a prize, among the State Papers (see "Calendar," 1666–67, p. 404). Pepys appears to have got into trouble at a later date in respect to this same ship, for among the Rawlinson MSS. (A. 170) are "Papers relating to the charge brought against him in the House of Commons in 1689 with reference to the ship Phœnix and the East India Company in 1681–86."

[2] Sir William Walker (see vol. i., p. 211).

and had a basado or three or four of Sarah, whom je trouve ici, and so by coach to Sir Robt. Viner's about my accounts with him, and so to the 'Change, where I hear for certain that we are going on with our treaty of peace, and that we are to treat at Bredah. But this our condescension people do think will undo us, and I do much fear it. So home to dinner, where my wife having dressed herself in a silly dress of a blue petticoat uppermost, and a white satin waistcoat and white hood, though I think she did it because her gown is gone to the tailor's, did, together with my being hungry, which always makes me peevish, make me angry, but when my belly was full were friends again, and dined and then by water down to Greenwich and thence walked to Woolwich, all the way reading Playford's "Introduction to Musique," wherein are some things very pretty. At Woolwich I did much business, taking an account of the state of the ships there under hand, thence to Blackwall, and did the like for two ships we have repairing there, and then to Deptford and did the like there, and so home. Captain Perriman with me from Deptford, telling me many particulars how the King's business is ill ordered, and indeed so they are, God knows! So home and to the office, where did business, and so home to my chamber, and then to supper and to bed. Landing at the Tower to-night I met on Tower Hill with Captain Cocke and spent half an hour walking in the dusk of the evening with him, talking of the sorrowful condition we are in, that we must be ruined if the Parliament do not come and chastize us, that we are resolved to make a peace whatever it cost, that the King is disobliging the Parliament in this interval all that may be, yet his money is gone and he must have more, and they likely not to give it, without a great deal of do. God knows what the issue of it will be. But the considering that the Duke of York, instead of being at sea as Admirall, is now going from port to port, as he is at this day at Harwich, and was the other day with the King at Sheernesse, and hath ordered at Portsmouth how fortifications shall be made to oppose the enemy, in case of invasion, [which] is to us a sad consideration, and as shameful to the nation, especially after so many proud vaunts as we have made against the Dutch, and all from the folly of the Duke of

Albemarle, who made nothing of beating them, and Sir John Lawson he always declared that we never did fail to beat them with lesser numbers than theirs, which did so prevail with the King as to throw us into this war.

23rd. At the office all the morning, where Sir W. Pen come, being returned from Chatham, from considering the means of fortifying the river Medway, by a chain at the stakes, and ships laid there with guns to keep the enemy from coming up to burn our ships; all our care now being to fortify ourselves against their invading us. At noon home to dinner, and then to the office all the afternoon again, where Mr. Moore come, who tells me that there is now no doubt made of a peace being agreed on, the King having declared this week in Council that they would treat at Bredagh. He gone I to my office, where busy late, and so to supper and to bed. Vexed with our mayde Luce, our cook-mayde, who is a good drudging servant in everything else, and pleases us, but that she will be drunk, and hath been so last night and all this day, that she could not make clean the house. My fear is only fire.

24th (Lord's day). With Sir W. Batten to White Hall, and there I to Sir G. Carteret, who is mighty cheerful, which makes me think and by some discourse that there is expectation of a peace, but I did not ask [him]. Here was Sir J. Minnes also: and they did talk of my Lord Bruncker, whose father,[1] it seems, did give Mr. Ashburnham

[1] Sir William Brouncker (born 1585) had been Commissary-General of the Musters in the Scotch expedition in 1639, Vice-Chamberlain to Prince Charles, and one of the gentlemen of the Privy Chamber to Charles I. He was the son of Sir Henry Brouncker, President of Munster, by Anne, sister to Henry Lord Morley, and was created Viscount Brouncker of Castle Lyons, in Ireland, and Baron Brouncker of Newcastle, co. Dublin, September 12th, 1645. He died in November following at Wadham College, Oxford, and was buried in Christ Church Cathedral, leaving issue by his wife, Winifred, daughter of Sir William Leigh, of Newenham, Warwickshire, two sons, William, and Henry, third and last Viscount Brouncker, who died in 1688, and was buried in Richmond Church, leaving no issue by his wife Rebecca, widow of the Hon. Thomas Jermyn, mother, by her first husband, of Thomas, Lord Jermyn, and Henry, Lord Dover. Henry Brouncker, who had been Groom of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York, had succeeded to the office of Cofferer on the death of William Ashburnham in 1671. The Lords Brouncker were descended from Henry Brouncker, who, in

and the present Lord Digby £1,200 to be made an Irish lord, and swore the same day that he had not 12*d.* left to pay for his dinner: they make great mirth at this, my Lord Bruncker having lately given great matter of offence both to them and us all, that we are at present mightily displeased with him. By and by to the Duke of York, where we all met, and there was the King also; and all our discourse was about fortifying of the Medway and Harwich, which is to be entrenched quite round, and Portsmouth: and here they advised with Sir Godfry Lloyd[1] and Sir Bernard de Gum,[2] the two great engineers, and had the plates drawn before them; and indeed all their care they now take is to fortify themselves, and are not ashamed of it: for when by and by my Lord Arlington come in with letters, and seeing the King and Duke of York give us and the officers of the Ordnance directions in this matter, he did move that we might do it as privately as we could, that it might not come into the Dutch Gazette presently, as the King's and Duke of York's going down the other day to Sheerenesse was, the week after, in the Harlem Gazette. The King and Duke of York both laughed at it, and made no matter, but said, "Let us be safe, and let them talk, for there is nothing will trouble them more, nor will prevent their coming more,

1544, bought lands at Melksham and Erlestoke, in Wilts; and his arms, and those of his two wives, are described by Aubrey as being on the window of a house at Erlestoke. There are lives of the Brounckers by Mr. Sidney L. Lee in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

[1] Sir Godfrey Lloyd had been a captain in Holland, and was knighted by Charles at Brussels in 1657. — B.

[2] Sir Bernard de Gomme was born at Lille in 1620. When young he served in the campaigns of Frederick Henry, Prince of Orange, and afterwards entered the service of Charles I., by whom he was knighted. Under Charles II. and James II. he filled the offices of Engineer in Chief of all the King's Castles and Fortifications in England and Wales, Quarter-Master-General, and Surveyor-General of the Ordnance. He died November 23rd, 1685, and was buried in the Tower of London on the 30th. He first fortified Sheerness, Liverpool, &c., and he strengthened Portsmouth. His plans of these places and others, and of some of Charles I.'s battles, are in the British Museum, where also is preserved a miniature portrait of him in oil. Mr. G. Laurence Gomme, ex-President of the Folk Lore Society, is a member of the same family as Sir Bernard, and possesses a curious carved desk with Cromwell's arms upon it. It is a tradition in the family that this was presented by the Protector to Sir Bernard de Gomme.

than to hear that we are fortifying ourselves." And the Duke of York said further, "What said Marshal Turenne, when some in vanity said that the enemies were afraid, for they entrenched themselves? 'Well,' says he, 'I would they were not afraid, for then they would not entrench themselves, and so we could deal with them the better.'" Away thence, and met with Sir H. Cholmly, who tells me that he do believe the government of Tangier is bought by my Lord Allington for a sum of money to my Lord Arlington, and something to Lord Bellasses, who (he did tell me particularly how) is as very a false villain as ever was born, having received money of him here upon promise and confidence of his return, forcing him to pay it by advance here, and promising to ask no more there, when at the same time he was treating with my Lord Allington to sell his command to him, and yet told Sir H. Cholmly nothing of it, but when Sir H. Cholmly told him what he had heard, he confessed that my Lord Allington had spoken to him of it, but that he was a vain man to look after it, for he was nothing fit for it, and then goes presently to my Lord Allington and drives on the bargain, yet tells Lord Allington what he himself had said of him, as [though] Sir H. Cholmly had said them. I am glad I am informed hereof, and shall know him for a Lord, &c. Sir H. Cholmly tells me further that he is confident there will be a peace, and that a great man did tell him that my Lord Albemarle did tell him the other day at White Hall as a secret that we should have a peace if anything the King of France can ask and our King can give will gain it, which he is it seems mad at. Thence back with Sir W. Batten and [Sir] W. Pen home, and heard a piece of sermon, and so home to dinner, where Balty come, very fine, and dined with us, and after dinner with me by water to White Hall, and there he and I did walk round the Park, I giving him my thoughts about the difficulty of getting employment for him this year, but advised him how to employ himself, and I would do what I could. So he and I parted, and I to Martin's, where I find her within, and su hermano and la veuve Burroughs. Here I did demeurer toda the afternoon. . . . By and by come up the mistress of the house, Crags, a pleasant jolly woman. I staid all but a little, and away home by water

through bridge, a brave evening, and so home to read, and anon to supper, W. Hewer with us, and then to read myself to sleep again, and then to bed, and mightily troubled the most of the night with fears of fire, which I cannot get out of my head to this day since the last great fire. I did this night give the waterman who uses to carry me 10*s.* at his request, for the painting of his new boat, on which shall be my arms.

25th. (Ladyday.) Up, and with Sir W. Batten and [Sir] W. Pen by coach to Exeter House to our lawyers' to have consulted about our trial to-morrow, but missed them, so parted, and [Sir] W. Pen and I to Mr. Povy's about a little business of [Sir] W. Pen's, where we went over Mr. Povy's house, which lies in the same good condition as ever, which is most extraordinary fine, and he was now at work with a cabinet-maker, making of a new inlaid table. Having seen his house, we away, having in our way thither called at Mr. Lilly's,[1] who was working; and indeed his pictures are without doubt much beyond Mr. Hales's, I think I may say I am convinced: but a mighty proud man he is, and full of state. So home, and to the office, and by and by to dinner, a poor dinner, my wife and I, at Sir W. Pen's, and then he and I before to Exeter House, where I do not stay, but to the King's playhouse; and by and by comes Mr. Lowther and his wife and mine, and into a box, forsooth, neither of them being dressed, which I was almost ashamed of. Sir W. Pen and I in the pit, and here saw "The Mayden Queene" again;[2] which indeed the more I see the more I like, and is an excellent play, and so done by Nell, her merry part, as cannot be better done in nature, I think. Thence home, and there I find letters from my brother, which tell me that yesterday when he wrote my mother did rattle in the throat so as they did expect every moment her death, which though I have a good while expected did much surprise me, yet was obliged to sup at Sir W. Pen's and my wife, and there counterfeited some little mirth, but my heart

[1] Sir Peter Lely (1618–1680) was knighted January 11th, 1678–79. His house was in Drury Lane. He died November 30th, 1680, and was buried by torchlight in St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, December 7th.

[2] See March 2nd, 1666–67 (p. 192 of this volume).

was sad, and so home after supper and to bed, and much troubled in my sleep of my being crying by my mother's bedside, laying my head over hers and crying, she almost dead and dying, and so waked, but what is strange, methought she had hair over her face, and not the same kind of face as my mother really hath, but yet did not consider that, but did weep over her as my mother, whose soul God have mercy of.

26th. Up with a sad heart in reference to my mother, of whose death I undoubtedly expect to hear the next post, if not of my father's also, who by his pain as well as his grief for her is very ill, but on my own behalf I have cause to be joyful this day, it being my usual feast day, for my being cut of the stone this day nine years, and through God's blessing am at this day and have long been in as good condition of health as ever I was in my life or any man in England is, God make me thankful for it! But the condition I am in, in reference to my mother, makes it unfit for me to keep my usual feast. Unless it shall please God to send her well (which I despair wholly of), and then I will make amends for it by observing another day in its room. So to the office, and at the office all the morning, where I had an opportunity to speak to Sir John Harman about my desire to have my brother Balty go again with him to sea as he did the last year, which he do seem not only contented but pleased with, which I was glad of. So at noon home to dinner, where I find Creed, who dined with us, but I had not any time to talk with him, my head being busy, and before I had dined was called away by Sir W. Batten, and both of us in his coach (which I observe his coachman do always go now from hence towards White Hall through Tower Street, and it is the best way) to Exeter House, where the Judge was sitting, and after several little causes comes on ours, and while the several depositions and papers were at large reading (which they call the preparatory), and being cold by being forced to sit with my hat off close to a window in the Hall, Sir W. Pen and I to the Castle Tavern hard by and got a lobster, and he and I staid and eat it, and drank good wine; I only burnt wine, as my whole custom of late hath been, as an evasion, God knows, for my drinking of wine (but it is an evasion

which will not serve me now hot weather is coming, that I cannot pretend, as indeed I really have done, that I drank it for cold), but I will leave it off, and it is but seldom, as when I am in women's company, that I must call for wine, for I must be forced to drink to them. Having done here then we back again to the Court, and there heard our cause pleaded; Sir [Edward] Turner, Sir W. Walker, and Sir Ellis Layton being our counsel against only Sir Robert Wiseman[1] on the other. The second of our three counsel was the best, and indeed did speak admirably, and is a very shrewd man. Nevertheless, as good as he did make our case, and the rest, yet when Wiseman come to argue (nay, and though he did begin so sillily that we laughed in scorn in our sleeves at him), yet he did so state the case, that the Judge[2] did not think fit to decide the cause to-night, but took to to-morrow, and did stagger us in our hopes, so as to make us despair of the success. I am mightily pleased with the Judge, who seems a very rational, learned, and uncorrupt man, and much good reading and reason there is heard in hearing of this law argued, so that the thing pleased me, though our success doth shake me. Thence Sir W. Pen and I home and to write letters, among others a sad one to my father upon fear of my mother's death, and so home to supper and to bed.

27th. [Sir] W. Pen and I to White Hall, and in the coach did begin our discourse again about Balty, and he promises me to move it this very day. He and I met my Lord Bruncker at Sir G. Carteret's by appointment, there to discourse a little business, all being likely to go to rack for lack of money still. Thence to the Duke of York's lodgings, and did our usual business, and Sir W. Pen telling me that he had this morning spoke of Balty to Sir W. Coventry, and that the thing was done, I did take notice

[1] D.C.L., King's Advocate, 1669; Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in 1673, in succession to Sir Leoline Jenkins.

[2] Sir Leoline Jenkins, Principal of Jesus College, Oxford, and afterwards made Judge of the Admiralty and the Prerogative Court. He was subsequently employed on several embassies, and succeeded Henry Coventry as Secretary of State, 1680. Died 1685, aged sixty-two. His State Papers have been published. Burnet says of him, "He was a man of an exemplary life and considerably learned, but he was dull and slow; he was suspected of leaning to popery, though very unjustly."

of it also to [Sir] W. Coventry, who told me that he had both the thing and the person in his head before to have done it, which is a double pleasure to me. Our business with the Duke being done, [Sir] W. Pen and I towards the Exchequer, and in our way met Sir G. Downing going to chapel, but we stopped, and he would go with us back to the Exchequer and showed us in his office his chests full and ground and shelves full of money, and says that there is £50,000 at this day in his office of people's money, who may demand it this day, and might have had it away several weeks ago upon the late Act, but do rather choose to have it continue there than to put it into the Banker's hands, and I must confess it is more than I should have believed had I not seen it, and more than ever I could have expected would have arisen for this new Act in so short a time, and if it do so now already what would it do if the money was collected upon the Act and returned into the Exchequer so timely as it ought to be. But it comes into my mind here to observe what I have heard from Sir John Bankes, though I cannot fully conceive the reason of it, that it will be impossible to make the Exchequer ever a true bank to all intents, unless the Exchequer stood nearer the Exchange, where merchants might with ease, while they are going about their business, at all hours, and without trouble or loss of time, have their satisfaction, which they cannot have now without much trouble, and loss of half a day, and no certainty of having the offices open. By this he means a bank for common practise and use of merchants, and therein I do agree with him. Being parted from Sir W. Pen and [Sir] G. Downing, I to Westminster Hall and there met Balty, whom I had sent for, and there did break the business of my getting him the place of going again as Muster-Master with Harman this voyage to the West Indys, which indeed I do owe to Sir W. Pen. He is mighty glad of it, and earnest to fit himself for it, but I do find, poor man, that he is troubled how to dispose of his wife, and apparently it is out of fear of her and his honour, and I believe he hath received some cause of this his jealousy and care, and I do pity him in it, and will endeavour to find out some way to do it for him. Having put him in a way of preparing himself for the voyage, I did go to the

Swan, and there sent for Jervas, my old periwig maker, and he did bring me a periwig, but it was full of nits, so as I was troubled to see it (it being his old fault), and did send him to make it clean, and in the mean time, having staid for him a good while, did go away by water to the Castle Taverne, by Exeter House, and there met Sir W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen, and several others, among the rest Sir Ellis Layton, who do apply himself to discourse with me, and I think by his discourse, out of his opinion of my interest in Sir W. Coventry, the man I find a wonderful witty, ready man for sudden answers and little tales, and sayings very extraordinary witty, but in the bottom I doubt he is not so. Yet he pretends to have studied men, and the truth is in several that I do know he did give me a very inward account of them. But above all things he did give me a full account, upon my demand, of this Judge of the Admiralty, Judge Jenkins; who, he says, is a man never practised in this Court, but taken merely for his merit and ability's sake from Trinity Hall, where he had always lived; only by accident the business of the want of a Judge being proposed to the present Archbishop of Canterbury that now is, he did think of this man and sent for him up: and here he is, against the *gré* and content of the old Doctors, made Judge, but is a very excellent man both for judgment and temper, yet majesty enough, and by all men's report, not to be corrupted. After dinner to the Court, where Sir Ellis Layton did make a very silly motion in our behalf, but did neither hurt nor good. After him Walker and Wiseman; and then the Judge did pronounce his sentence; for some —a part of the goods and ship, and the freight of the whole, to be free, and returned and paid by us; and the remaining, which was the greater part, to be ours. The loss of so much troubles us, but we have got a pretty good part, thanks be to God! So we are not displeased nor yet have cause to triumph, as we did once expect. Having seen the end of this, I being desirous to be at home to see the issue of my country letters about my mother, which I expect shall give me tidings of her death, I directly home and there to the office, where I find no letter from my father or brother, but by and by the boy tells me that his mistress sends me word that she hath opened my letter, and that she

is loth to send me any more news. So I home, and there up to my wife in our chamber, and there received from my brother the newes of my mother's dying on Monday, about five or six o'clock in the afternoon, and that the last time she spoke of her children was on Friday last, and her last words were, "God bless my poor Sam!" The reading hereof did set me a-weeping heartily, and so weeping to myself awhile, and my wife also to herself, I then spoke to my wife respecting myself, and indeed, having some thoughts how much better both for her and us it is than it might have been had she outlived my father and me or my happy present condition in the world, she being helpless, I was the sooner at ease in my mind, and then found it necessary to go abroad with my wife to look after the providing mourning to send into the country, — some to-morrow, and more against Sunday, for my family, being resolved to put myself and wife, and Barker and Jane, W. Hewer and Tom, in mourning, and my two under-mayds, to give them hoods and scarfs and gloves. So to my tailor's, and up and down, and then home and to my office a little, and then to supper and to bed, my heart sad and afflicted, though my judgment at ease.

28th. My tailor come to me betimes this morning, and having given him directions, I to the office and there all the morning. At noon dined well. Balty, who is mighty thoughtful how to dispose of his wife, and would fain have me provide a place for her, which the thoughts of what I should do with her if he should miscarry at sea makes me avoid the offering him that she should be at my house. I find he is plainly jealous of her being in any place where she may have ill company, and I do pity him for it, and would be glad to help him, and will if I can. Having dined, I down by water with Sir W. Batten, [Sir] W. Pen, and [Sir] R. Ford to our prize, part of whose goods were condemned yesterday — "The Lindeboome" — and there we did drink some of her wine, very good. But it did grate my heart to see the poor master come on board, and look about into every corner, and find fault that she was not so clean as she used to be, though methought she was very clean; and to see his new masters come in, that had nothing to do with her, did trouble me to see him. Thence to

Blackwall and there to Mr. Johnson's, to see how some works upon some of our repaired ships go on, and at his house eat and drank and mighty extraordinary merry (too merry for me whose mother died so lately, but they know it not, so cannot reproach me therein, though I reproach myself), and in going home had many good stories of Sir W. Batten and one of Sir W. Pen, the most tedious and silly and troublesome (he forcing us to hear him) that ever I heard in my life. So to the office awhile, troubled with Sir W. Pen's impertinences, he being half foxed at Johnson's, and so to bed.

29th. Lay long talking with my wife about Balty, whom I do wish very well to, and would be glad to advise him, for he is very sober and willing to take all pains. Up and to Sir W. Batten, who I find has had some words with Sir W. Pen about the employing of a cooper about our prize wines, [Sir] W. Batten standing and indeed imposing upon us Mr. Morrice, which I like not, nor do [Sir] W. Pen, and I confess the very thoughts of what our goods will come to when we have them do discourage me in going any further in the adventure. Then to the office till noon, doing business, and then to the Exchange, and thence to the Sun Taverne and dined with [Sir] W. Batten, [Sir] R. Ford, and the Swede's Agent to discourse of a composition about our prizes that are condemned, but did do little, he standing upon high terms and we doing the like. I home, and there find Balty and his wife got thither both by my wife for me to give them good advice, for her to be with his father and mother all this time of absence, for saving of money, and did plainly and like a friend tell them my mind of the necessity of saving money, and that if I did not find they did endeavour it, I should not think fit to trouble myself for them, but I see she is utterly against being with his father and mother, and he is fond of her, and I perceive the differences between the old people and them are too great to be presently forgot, and so he do propose that it will be cheaper for him to put her to board at a place he is offered at Lee, and I, seeing that I am not like to be troubled with the finding a place, and having given him so much good advice, do leave them to stand and fall as they please, having discharged myself as a friend, and not likely

to be accountable for her nor be troubled with her, if he should miscarry I mean, as to her lodging, and so broke up. Then he and I to make a visit to [Sir] W. Pen, who hath thought fit to show kindness to Balty in this business, indeed though he be a false rogue, but it was he knew a thing easy to do. Thence together to my shoemaker's, cutler's, tailor's, and up and down about my mourning, and in my way do observe the great streets in the city are marked out with piles drove into the ground; and if ever it be built in that form with so fair streets, it will be a noble sight. So to the Council chamber, but staid not there, but to a periwigg-maker's of his acquaintance, and there bought two periwiggs, mighty fine; indeed, too fine, I thought, for me; but he persuaded me, and I did buy them for £4 10*s*. the two. Then to the Exchange and bought gloves, and so to the Bull-Head Taverne, whither he brought my French gun; and one Truelocke, the famous gunsmith, that is a mighty ingenious man, and he did take my gun in pieces, and made me understand the secrets thereof: and upon the whole I did find it a very good piece of work, and truly wrought; but for certain not a thing to be used much with safety: and he do find that this very gun was never yet shot off. I was mighty satisfied with it and him, and the sight of so much curiosity of this kind. Here he brought also a haberdasher at my desire, and I bought a hat of him, and so away and called away my wife from his house, and so home and to read, and then to supper and to bed, my head full in behalf of Balty, who tells me strange stories of his mother. Among others, how she, in his absence in Ireland, did pawne all the things that he had got in his service under Oliver, and run of her own accord, without her husband's leave, into Flanders, and that his purse, and 4*s*. a week which his father receives of the French church, is all the subsistence his father and mother have, and that about £20 a year maintains them; which, if it please God, I will find one way or other to provide for them, to remove that scandal away.

30th. Up, and the French periwigg maker of whom I bought two yesterday comes with them, and I am very well pleased with them. So to the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and thence with my wife's

knowledge and leave did by coach go see the silly play of my Lady Newcastle's,[1] called "The Humourous Lovers;" the most silly thing that ever come upon a stage. I was sick to see it, but yet would not but have seen it, that I might the better understand her. Here I spied Knipp and Betty,[2] of the King's house, and sent Knipp oranges, but, having little money about me, did not offer to carry them abroad, which otherwise I had, I fear, been tempted to. So with [Sir] W. Pen home (he being at the play also), a most summer evening, and to my office, where, among other things, a most extraordinary letter to the Duke of York touching the want of money and the sad state of the King's service thereby, and so to supper and to bed.

31st (Lord's day). Up, and my tailor's boy brings my mourning clothes home, and my wife hers and Barker's, but they go not to church this morning. I to church, and with my mourning, very handsome, and new periwigg, make a great shew. After church home to dinner, and there come Betty Michell and her husband. I do and shall love her, but, poor wretch, she is now almost ready to lie down. After dinner Balty (who dined also with us) and I with Sir J. Minnes in his coach to White Hall, but did nothing, but by water to Strand Bridge and thence walked to my Lord Treasurer's, where the King, Duke of York, and the Caball, and much company without; and a fine day. Anon come out from the Caball my Lord Hollis and Mr. H. Coventry,[3] who, it is conceived, have received their instructions from the King this day; they being to begin their journey towards their treaty at Bredagh speedily, their passes being come. Here I saw the Lady Northumberland[4] and her daughter-in-law, my Lord Treasurer's daughter, my Lady Piercy,[5] a beautiful lady indeed. So

[1] Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Lucas, of Colchester, and sister to John, Lord Lucas, married William Cavendish, Marquis of Newcastle, created Duke of Newcastle, 1665. The play was written by the husband, and not by the wife.

[2] Betty Hall. See January 23rd, 1666–67 (p. 137, *ante*).

[3] See February 14th, 1666–67 (p. 167, *ante*).

[4] Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of Theophilus Howard, second Earl of Suffolk, wife of Algernon, tenth Earl of Northumberland. — B.

[5] Lady Elizabeth Wriothesley, third and youngest daughter to the last Earl of Southampton, half sister to Rachel, Lady Russell, married

away back by water, and left Balty at White Hall and I to Mrs. Martin . . . and so by coach home, and there to my chamber, and then to supper and bed, having not had time to make up my accounts of this month at this very day, but will in a day or two, and pay my forfeit for not doing it, though business hath most hindered me. The month shuts up only with great desires of peace in all of us, and a belief that we shall have a peace, in most people, if a peace can be had on any terms, for there is a necessity of it; for we cannot go on with the war, and our masters are afraid to come to depend upon the good will of the Parliament any more, as I do hear.

April 1st. Up, and with Sir J. Minnes in his coach, set him down at the Treasurer's Office in Broad-streete, and I in his coach to White Hall, and there had the good fortune to walk with Sir W. Coventry into the garden, and there read our melancholy letter to the Duke of York, which he likes. And so to talk: and he flatly owns that we must have a peace, for we cannot set out a fleete;[1] and, to use his own words, he fears that we shall soon have enough of fighting in this new way, which we have thought on for this year. He bemoans the want of money, and discovers himself jealous that Sir G. Carteret do not look after, or concern himself for getting, money as he used to do, and did say it is true if Sir G. Carteret would only do his work, and my Lord Treasurer would do his own, Sir G. Carteret hath nothing to do to look after money, but if he will undertake my Lord Treasurer's work to raise money of the Bankers, then people must expect that he will do it, and did further say, that he [Carteret] and my Lord Chancellor do at this very day labour all they can to villify this new way of raising money, and making it payable, as it now is, into the Exchequer; and expressly said that in pursuance hereof,

to Josceline, Lord Percy, who succeeded as eleventh Earl of Northumberland in 1668. She was mother of Lady Elizabeth Percy, afterwards Duchess of Somerset.

[1] Evelyn ("Diary," July 29th, 1667) says that it was owing to Sir William Coventry that no fleet was fitted out in 1667. His unpopularity after the burning of the fleet at Chatham by the Dutch was great. "Those who advised His Majesty to prepare no fleet this spring, deserved — I know what — but!" (Evelyn's "Diary," June 28th, 1667). — B.

my Lord Chancellor hath prevailed with the King, in the close of his last speech to the House, to say, that he did hope to see them come to give money as it used to be given, without so many provisos, meaning, as Sir W. Coventry says, this new method of the Act. While we were talking, there come Sir Thomas Allen [1] with two ladies, one of which was Mrs. Rebecca Allen, that I knew heretofore, the clerk of the rope-yard's daughter at Chatham, who, poor heart! come to desire favour for her husband, who is clapt up, being a Lieutenant [Jowles [2]], for sending a challenge to his Captain, in the most saucy, base language that could be writ. I perceive [Sir] W. Coventry is wholly resolved to bring him to punishment; for, "bear with this," says he, "and no discipline shall ever be expected." She in this sad condition took no notice of me, nor I of her. So away we to the Duke of York, and there in his closett [Sir] W. Coventry and I delivered the letter, which the Duke of York made not much of, I thought, as to laying it to heart, as the matter deserved, but did promise to look after the getting of money for us, and I believe Sir W. Coventry will add what force he can to it. I did speak to [Sir] W. Coventry about Balty's warrant, which is ready, and about being Deputy Treasurer, which he very readily and friendlily agreed to, at which I was glad, and so away and by coach back to Broad-streete to Sir G. Carteret's, and there found my brother passing his accounts, which I helped till dinner, and dined there, and many good stories at dinner, among others about discoveries of murder, and Sir J. Minnes did tell of the discovery of his own great-grandfather's murder, fifteen years after he was murdered. Thence, after dinner, home and by water to Redriffe, and walked (fine weather) to Deptford, and there did business and so back again, walked, and pleased with a jolly femme that I saw going and coming in the way, which je could

[1] If this is not a mistake it infers that there was some relationship between Sir Thomas Allen and Captain John Allen, the father of Rebecca.

[2] Henry Jowles, of Chatham, was married to Rebecca, daughter of John Alleyn of the same place, in 1662 (see Chester's "London Marriage Licences," ed. Foster, col. 779). The name is given incorrectly as Jewkes in a note, vol. ii., p. 5.

avoir been contented pour avoir staid with if I could have gained acquaintance con elle, but at such times as these I am at a great loss, having not confidence, no alcune ready wit. So home and to the office, where late, and then home to supper and bed. This evening Mrs. Turner come to my office, and did walk an hour with me in the garden, telling me stories how Sir Edward Spragge hath lately made love to our neighbour, a widow, Mrs. Hollworthy, who is a woman of estate, and wit and spirit, and do contemn him the most, and sent him away with the greatest scorn in the world; she tells me also odd stories how the parish talks of Sir W. Pen's family, how poorly they clothe their daughter so soon after marriage, and do say that Mr. Lowther was married once before, and some such thing there hath been, whatever the bottom of it is. But to think of the clatter they make with his coach, and his owne fine cloathes, and yet how meanly they live within doors, and nastily, and borrowing everything of neighbours is a most shitten thing.

2nd. Up, and to the office, where all the morning sitting, and much troubled, but little business done for want of money, which makes me mighty melancholy. At noon home to dinner, and Mr. Deane with me, who hath promised me a very fine draught of the Rupert, which he will make purposely for me with great perfection, which I will make one of the beautifullest things that ever was seen of the kind in the world, she being a ship that will deserve it. Then to the office, where all the afternoon very busy, and in the evening weary home and there to sing, but vexed with the unreadiness of the girle's voice to learn the latter part of my song, though I confess it is very hard, half notes. So to supper and to bed.

3rd. Up, and with Sir W. Batten to White Hall to Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and there did receive the Duke's order for Balty's receiving of the contingent money to be paymaster of it, and it pleases me the more for that it is but £1,500, which will be but a little sum for to try his ability and honesty in the disposing of, and so I am the willinger to trust and pass my word for him therein. By and by up to the Duke of York, where our usual business, and among other things I read two most dismal letters of

the straits we are in (from Collonell Middleton and Commissioner Taylor) that ever were writ in the world, so as the Duke of York would have them to shew the King, and to every demand of money, whereof we proposed many and very pressing ones, Sir G. Carteret could make no answer but no money, which I confess made me almost ready to cry for sorrow and vexation, but that which was the most considerable was when Sir G. Carteret did say that he had no funds to raise money on; and being asked by Sir W. Coventry whether the eleven months' tax was not a fund, and he answered, "No, that the bankers would not lend money upon it." Then Sir W. Coventry burst out and said he did supplicate his Royal Highness, and would do the same to the King, that he would remember who they were that did persuade the King from parting with the Chimney-money to the Parliament, and taking that in lieu which they would certainly have given, and which would have raised infallibly ready money; meaning the bankers and the farmers of the Chimney-money, whereof Sir G. Carteret, I think, is one; saying plainly, that whoever did advise the King to that, did, as much as in them lay, cut the King's throat, and did wholly betray him; to which the Duke of York did assent; and remembered that the King did say again and again at the time, that he was assured, and did fully believe, the money would be raised presently upon a land-tax. This put as all into a stound; and Sir W. Coventry went on to declare, that he was glad he was come to have so lately[1] concern in the Navy as he hath, for he cannot now give any good account of the Navy business; and that all his work now was to be able to provide such orders as would justify his Royal Highness in the business, when it shall be called to account; and that he do do, not concerning himself whether they are or can be performed, or no; and that when it comes to be examined, and falls on my Lord Treasurer, he cannot help it, whatever the issue of it shall be. Hereupon Sir W. Batten did pray him to keep also by him all our letters that come from the office that may justify us, which he says he do do, and, God knows, it is an ill sign when we are once to come to

[1] Little?

study how to excuse ourselves. It is a sad consideration, and therewith we broke up, all in a sad posture, the most that ever I saw in my life. One thing more Sir W. Coventry did say to the Duke of York, when I moved again, that of about £9,000 debt to Lanyon,[1] at Plymouth, he might pay £3,700 worth of prize-goods, that he bought lately at the candle, out of this debt due to him from the King; and the Duke of York, and Sir G. Carteret, and Lord Barkeley, saying, all of them, that my Lord Ashly would not be got to yield to it, who is Treasurer of the Prizes, Sir W. Coventry did plainly desire that it might be declared whether the proceeds of the prizes were to go to the helping on of the war, or no; and, if it were, how then could this be denied? which put them all into another stound; and it is true, God forgive us! Thence to the chappell, and there, by chance, hear that Dr. Crew[2] is to preach; and so into the organ-loft, where I met Mr. Carteret, and my Lady Jemimah, and Sir Thomas Crew's two daughters, and Dr. Childe played; and Dr. Crew did make a very pretty, neat, sober, honest sermon; and delivered it very readily, decently, and gravely, beyond his years: so as I was exceedingly taken with it, and I believe the whole chappell, he being but young; but his manner of his delivery I do like exceedingly. His text was, "But seeke ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Thence with my Lady to Sir G. Carteret's lodgings, and so up into the house, and there do hear that the Dutch letters are come, and say that the Dutch have ordered a passe to be sent for our Commissioners, and that it is now upon the way, coming with a trumpeter blinded, as is usual. But I perceive every body begins to doubt the success of the treaty, all their hopes being only that if it can be had on any terms, the Chancellor will have it; for he dare not come before a Parliament, nor a great many more of the courtiers, and the King himself do declare he do not desire it, nor intend it but on a strait; which God defend him from! Here I

[1] John Lanyon, one of the contractors for victualling Tangier.

[2] Nathanael Crewe, afterwards Bishop of Durham, and last Lord Crewe (1633–1722). He was the founder of the noble Bamborough charities. At this time he was thirty-four years of age.

hear how the King is not so well pleased of this marriage between the Duke of Richmond and Mrs. Stewart, as is talked; and that he [the Duke] by a wile did fetch her to the Beare, at the Bridge-foot,[1] where a coach was ready, and they are stole away into Kent,[2] without the King's leave; and that the King hath said he will never see her more; but people do think that it is only a trick. This day I saw Prince Rupert abroad in the Vane-room, pretty well as he used to be, and looks as well, only something appears to be under his periwigg on the crown of his head. So home by water, and there find my wife gone abroad to her tailor's, and I dined alone with W. Hewer, and then to the office to draw up a memorial for the Duke of York this afternoon at the Council about Lanyon's business. By and by we met by appointment at the office upon a reference to Carcasse's business to us again from the Duke of York, but a very confident cunning rogue we have found him at length. He carried himself very uncivilly to Sir W. Batten this afternoon, as heretofore, and his silly Lord [Bruncker] pleaded for him, but all will not nor shall not do for ought he shall give, though I love the man as a man of great parts and ability. Thence to White Hall by water (only asking Betty Michell by the way how she did), and there come too late to do any thing at the Council. So by coach to my periwigg maker's and tailor's, and so home, where I find my wife with her flageolet master, which I wish she would practise, and so to the office, and then to Sir W. Batten's, and then to Sir W. Pen's, talking and spending time in vain a little while, and then home up to my chamber, and so to supper and to bed, vexed at two or three things, viz.: that my wife's watch proves so bad as it do; the ill state of the office; and Kingdom's business; at the charge which my mother's death for mourning will bring me when all paid.

4th. Up, and going down found Jervas the barber with a periwigg which I had the other day cheapened at Westminster, but it being full of nits, as heretofore his work used to be, I did now refuse it, having bought elsewhere.

[1] The Bear at the Bridge Foot was a famous tavern in Southwark (see note, vol. i., p. 221).

[2] To Cobham Hall, near Gravesend. See April 26th, *post*. — B.

So to the office till noon, busy, and then (which I think I have not done three times in my life) left the board upon occasion of a letter of Sir W. Coventry, and meeting Balty at my house I took him with me by water, and to the Duke of Albemarle to give him an account of the business, which was the escaping of some soldiers for the manning of a few ships now going out with Harman to the West Indies, which is a sad consideration that at the very beginning of the year and few ships abroad we should be in such want of men that they do hide themselves, and swear they will not go to be killed and have no pay. I find the Duke of Albemarle at dinner with sorry company, some of his officers of the Army; dirty dishes, and a nasty wife at table, and bad meat, of which I made but an ill dinner. Pretty to hear how she talked against Captain Du Tell,[1] the Frenchman, that the Prince and her husband put out the last year; and how, says she, the Duke of York hath made him, for his good services, his Cupbearer; yet he fired more shot into the Prince's ship, and others of the King's ships, than of the enemy. And the Duke of Albemarle did confirm it, and that somebody in the fight did cry out that a little Dutchman, by his ship, did plague him more than any other; upon which they were going to order him to be sunk, when they looked and found it was Du Tell, who, as the Duke of Albemarle says, had killed several men in several of our ships. He said, but for his interest, which he knew he had at Court, he had hanged him at the yard's-arm, without staying for a Court-martiall. One Colonel Howard,[2] at the table, magnified the Duke of Albemarle's fight in June last, as being a greater action than ever was done by Cæsar. The Duke of Albemarle did say it had been no great action, had all his number fought, as they should have done, to have beat the Dutch; but of his 55 ships, not above 25 fought. He did give an account that it was a fight he was forced to: the Dutch being come in his way, and he being ordered to the buoy of the Nore, he could not pass by them without fighting, nor avoid them without great disadvantage and dishonour; and this Sir G.

[1] See note (vol. v., p. 305).
[2] Son of the Earl of Berkshire.

Carteret, I afterwards giving him an account of what he said, says that it is true, that he was ordered up to the Nore. But I remember he said, had all his captains fought, he would no more have doubted to have beat the Dutch, with all their number, than to eat the apple that lay on his trencher. My Lady Duchesse, among other things, discoursed of the wisdom of dividing the fleete;[1] which the General said nothing to, though he knows well that it come from themselves in the fleete, and was brought up hither by Sir Edward Spragge. Colonel Howard, asking how the Prince did, the Duke of Albemarle answering, "Pretty well;" the other replied, "But not so well as to go to sea again." — "How!" says the Duchess, "what should he go for, if he were well, for there are no ships for him to command? And so you have brought your hogs to a fair market," said she. [It was pretty to hear the Duke of Albemarle himself to wish that they would come on our ground, meaning the French, for that he would pay them, so as to make them glad to go back to France again; which was like a general, but not like an admiral.][2] One at the table told an odd passage in this late plague: that at Petersfield, I think, he said, one side of the street had every house almost infected through the town, and the other, not one shut up. Dinner being done, I brought Balty to the Duke of Albemarle to kiss his hand and thank him for his kindness the last year to him, and take leave of him, and then Balty and I to walk in the Park, and, out of pity to his father, told him what I had in my thoughts to do for him about the money — that is, to make him Deputy Treasurer of the fleete, which I have done by getting Sir G. Carteret's consent, and an order from the Duke of York for £1,500 to be paid to him. He promises the whole profit to be paid to my wife, for to be disposed of as she sees fit, for her father and mother's relief. So mightily pleased with our walk, it being mighty pleasant weather, I back to Sir G. Carteret's, and there he had newly dined, and talked, and find that he do give every thing over for lost, declaring no money to be raised, and let Sir W. Coventry name

[1] See November 1st, 1667, *post.*

[2] The passage between brackets is written in the margin of the MS.

the man that persuaded the King to take the Land Tax on promise of raising present money upon it. He will, he says, be able to clear himself enough of it. I made him merry, with telling him how many land-admirals we are to have this year: Allen at Plymouth, Holmes at Portsmouth, Spragge for Medway, Teddiman at Dover, Smith to the Northward, and Harman to the Southward. He did defend to me Sir W. Coventry as not guilty of the dividing of the fleete the last year, and blesses God, as I do, for my Lord Sandwich's absence, and tells me how the King did lately observe to him how they have been particularly punished that were enemies to my Lord Sandwich. Mightily pleased I am with his family, and my Lady Carteret was on the bed to-day, having been let blood, and tells me of my Lady Jemimah's being big-bellied. Thence with him to my Lord Treasurer's, and there walked during Council sitting with Sir Stephen Fox, talking of the sad condition of the King's purse, and affairs thereby; and how sad the King's life must be, to pass by his officers every hour, that are four years behindhand unpaid. My Lord Barkeley [of Stratton], I met with there, and fell into talk with him on the same thing, wishing to God that it might be remedied, to which he answered, with an oath, that it was as easy to remedy it as anything in the world; saying, that there is himself and three more would venture their carcasses upon it to pay all the King's debts in three years, had they the managing his revenue, and putting £300,000 in his purse, as a stock. But, Lord! what a thing is this to me, that do know how likely a man my Lord Barkeley of all the world is, to do such a thing as this. Here I spoke with Sir W. Coventry, who tells me plainly that to all future complaints of lack of money he will answer but with the shrug of his shoulder; which methought did come to my heart, to see him to begin to abandon the King's affairs, and let them sink or swim, so he do his owne part, which I confess I believe he do beyond any officer the King hath, but unless he do endeavour to make others do theirs, nothing will be done. The consideration here do make me go away very sad, and so home by coach, and there took up my wife and Mercer, who had been to-day at White Hall to the Maundy,[1]

[1] The practice of giving alms on Maundy Thursday to poor men and

it being Maundy Thursday; but the King did not wash the poor people's feet himself, but the Bishop of London did it for him, but I did not see it, and with them took up Mrs. Anne Jones at her mother's door, and so to take the ayre to Hackney, where good neat's tongue, and things to eat and drink, and very merry, the weather being mighty pleasant; and here I was told that at their church they have a fair pair of organs, which play while the people sing, which I am mighty glad of, wishing the like at our church at London, and would give £50 towards it. So very pleasant, and hugging of Mercer in our going home, we home, and then to the office to do a little business, and so to supper at home and to bed.

5th. Up, and troubled with Mr. Carcasse's coming to speak with me, which made me give him occasion to fall into a heat, and he began to be ill-mannered to me, which made me angry. He gone, I to Sir W. Pen about the business of Mrs. Turner's son to keep his ship in employment, but so false a fellow as Sir W. Pen is I never did nor hope shall ever know again. So to the office, and there did business till dinner-time, and then home to dinner, wife and I alone, and then down to the Old Swan, and drank

women equal in number to the years of the sovereign's age is a curious survival in an altered form of an old custom. The original custom was for the king to wash the feet of twelve poor persons, and to give them a supper in imitation of Christ's last supper and his washing of the Apostle's feet. James II. was the last sovereign to perform the ceremony in person, but it was performed by deputy so late as 1731. The Archbishop of York was the king's deputy on that occasion. The institution has passed through the various stages of feet washing with a supper, the discontinuance of the feet washing, the substitution of a gift of provisions for the supper, and finally the substitution of a gift of money for the provisions. The ceremony took place at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall; but it is now held at Westminster Abbey. Maundy is derived from the Latin word *mandatum*, which commences the original anthem sung during the ceremony, in reference to Christ's command; but Spelman supposed it to be connected with the maunds or baskets to contain the gifts — as will be seen from what has been said of the original institution, this is an impossible explanation. Professor Skeat has settled the question conclusively by proving beyond doubt that Maundy is really the French *mandé*, which is the regular phonetic form of Latin *mandatum*, a command (see his "Etymological Dictionary" and note to "Piers Plowman," E. E. Text Soc. edition, part. iv., p. 379). He points out that Spelman's guess about *maund*, a basket, "is as false as it is readily believed."

with Betty and her husband, but no opportunity para baiser la. So to White Hall to the Council chamber, where I find no Council held till after the holidays. So to Westminster Hall, and there bought a pair of snuffers, and saw Mrs. Howlett after her sickness come to the Hall again. So by coach to the New Exchange and Mercer's and other places to take up bills for what I owe them, and to Mrs. Pierce, to invite her to dinner with us on Monday, but staid not with her. In the street met with Mr. Sanchy, my old acquaintance at Cambridge, reckoned a great minister here in the City, and by Sir Richard Ford particularly, which I wonder at; for methinks, in his talk, he is but a mean man. I set him down in Holborne, and I to the Old Exchange, and there to Sir Robert Viner's, and made up my accounts there, to my great content; but I find they do not keep them so regularly as to be able to do it easily, and truly, and readily, nor would it have been easily stated by any body on my behalf but myself, several things being to be recalled to memory, which nobody else could have done, and therefore it is fully necessary for me to even accounts with these people as often as I can. So to the 'Change, and there met with Mr. James Houblon, but no hopes, as he sees, of peace whatever we pretend, but we shall be abused by the King of France. Then home to the office, and busy late, and then to Sir W. Batten's, where Mr. Young was talking about the building of the City again; and he told me that those few churches that are to be new built are plainly not chosen with regard to the convenience of the City; they stand a great many in a cluster about Cornhill; but that all of them are either in the gift of the Lord Archbishop, or Bishop of London, or Lord Chancellor, or gift of the City. Thus all things, even to the building of churches, are done in this world! And then he says, which I wonder at, that I should not in all this time see, that Moorefields have houses two stories high in them, and paved streets, the City having let leases for seven years, which he do conclude will be very much to the hindering the building of the City; but it was considered that the streets cannot be passable in London till a whole street be built; and several that had got ground of the City for charity, to build sheds on, had got the trick presently to

sell that for £60, which did not cost them £20 to put up; and so the City, being very poor in stock, thought it as good to do it themselves, and therefore let leases for seven years of the ground in Moorefields; and a good deal of this money, thus advanced, hath been employed for the enabling them to find some money for Commissioner Taylor, and Sir W. Batten, towards the charge of "The Loyall London," or else, it is feared, it had never been paid. And Taylor having a bill to pay wherein Alderman Hooker was concerned it was his invention to find out this way of raising money, or else this had not been thought on. So home to supper and to bed. This morning come to me the Collectors for my Poll-money; for which I paid for my title as Esquire and place of Clerk of Acts, and my head and wife's, and servants' and their wages, £40 17*s.*; and though this be a great deal, yet it is a shame I should pay no more; that is, that I should not be assessed for my pay, as in the Victualling business and Tangier; and for my money, which, of my own accord, I had determined to charge myself with £1,000 money, till coming to the Vestry, and seeing nobody of our ablest merchants, as Sir Andrew Rickard, to do it, I thought it not decent for me to do it, nor would it be thought widsom to do it unnecessarily, but vain glory.

6th. Up, and betimes in the morning down to the Tower wharfe, there to attend the shipping of soldiers, to go down to man some ships going out, and pretty to see how merrily some, and most go, and how sad others — the leave they take of their friends, and the terms that some wives, and other wenches asked to part with them: a pretty mixture. So to the office, having staid as long as I could, and there sat all the morning, and then home at noon to dinner, and then abroad, Balty with me, and to White Hall, by water, to Sir G. Carteret, about Balty's £1,500 contingent money for the fleete to the West Indys, and so away with him to the Exchange, and mercers and drapers, up and down, to pay all my scores occasioned by this mourning for my mother; and emptied a £50 bag, and it was a joy to me to see that I am able to part with such a sum, without much inconvenience; at least, without any trouble of mind So to Captain Cocke's to meet Fenn, to talk about this money

for Balty, and there Cocke tells me that he is confident there will be a peace, whatever terms be asked us, and he confides that it will take because the French and Dutch will be jealous one of another which shall give the best terms, lest the other should make the peace with us alone, to the ruin of the third, which is our best defence, this jealousy, for ought I at present see. So home and there very late, very busy, and then home to supper and to bed, the people having got their house very clean against Monday's dinner.

7th (Easter day). Up, and when dressed with my wife (in mourning for my mother) to church both, where Mr. Mills, a lazy sermon. Home to dinner, wife and I and W. Hewer, and after dinner I by water to White Hall to Sir G. Carteret's, there to talk about Balty's money, and did present Balty to him to kiss his hand, and then to walk in the Parke, and heard the Italian musique at the Queen's chapel, whose composition is fine, but yet the voices of eunuchs I do not like like our women, nor am more pleased with it at all than with English voices, but that they do jump most excellently with themselves and their instrument, which is wonderful pleasant; but I am convinced more and more, that, as every nation has a particular accent and tone in discourse, so as the tone of one not to agree with or please the other, no more can the fashion of singing to words, for that the better the words are set, the more they take in of the ordinary tone of the country whose language the song speaks, so that a song well composed by an Englishman must be better to an Englishman than it can be to a stranger, or than if set by a stranger in foreign words. Thence back to White Hall, and there saw the King come out of chapel after prayers in the afternoon, which he is never at but after having received the Sacrament: and the Court, I perceive, is quite out of mourning; and some very fine; among others, my Lord Gerard, in a very rich vest and coat. Here I met with my Lord Bellasses: and it is pretty to see what a formal story he tells me of his leaving his place upon the death of my Lord Cleveland,[1] by which

[1] Thomas Wentworth, fourth Baron Wentworth of Nettlestead, advanced, February 7th, 1625–26, to the earldom of Cleveland. In 1660 he was again appointed Captain of the Band of Pensioners, an office he

he is become Captain of the Pensioners; and that the King did leave it to him to keep the other or take this; whereas, I know the contrary, that they had a mind to have him away from Tangier. He tells me he is commanded by the King to go down to the Northward to satisfy the Deputy Lieutenants of Yorkshire, who have desired to lay down their commissions upon pretence of having no profit by their places but charge, but indeed is upon the Duke of Buckingham's being under a cloud (of whom there is yet nothing heard), so that the King is apprehensive of their discontent, and sends him to pacify them, and I think he is as good a dissembler as any man else, and a fine person he is for person, and proper to lead the Pensioners, but a man of no honour nor faith I doubt. So to Sir G. Carteret's again to talk with him about Balty's money, and wrote a letter to Portsmouth about part of it, and then in his coach, with his little daughter Porpot (as he used to nickname her), and saw her at home, and her maid, and another little gentlewoman, and so I walked into Moore Fields, and, as is said, did find houses built two stories high, and like to stand; and it must become a place of great trade, till the City be built; and the street is already paved as London streets used to be, which is a strange, and to me an unpleasing sight. So home and to my chamber about sending an express to Portsmouth about Balty's money, and then comes Mrs. Turner to enquire after her son's business, which goes but bad, which led me to show her how false Sir W. Pen is to her, whereupon she told me his obligations to her, and promises to her, and how a while since he did show himself dissatisfied in her son's coming to the table and applying himself to me, which is a good nut, and a nut I will make use of. She gone I to other business in my chamber, and then to supper and to bed. The Swede's Embassadors and our Commissioners are making all the haste they can over to the treaty for peace, and I find at Court, and particularly Lord Bellasses, says there will be a peace, and it is worth remembering what Sir W. Coventry did tell me (as a secret though) that whereas we are afeard

had held before the Civil Wars. He died March 25th, 1667, s.p.m., when the barony devolved upon his daughter, Henrietta, Baroness Wentworth, afterwards mistress of the Duke of Monmouth.

Harman's fleete to the West Indys will not be got out before the Dutch come and block us up, we shall have a happy pretext to get out our ships under pretence of attending the Embassadors and Commissioners, which is a very good, but yet a poor shift.

8th. Up, and having dressed myself, to the office a little, and out, expecting to have seen the pretty daughter of the Ship taverne at the hither end of Billiter Lane (whom I never yet have opportunity to speak to). I in there to drink my morning draught of half a pint of Rhenish wine; but à ma doleur elle and their family are going away thence, and a new man come to the house. So I away to the Temple, to my new bookseller's; and there I did agree for Rycaut's late History of the Turkish Policy,[1] which costs me 55*s.*; whereas it was sold plain before the late fire for 8*s.*, and bound and coloured as this is for 20*s.*; for I have bought it finely bound and truly coloured, all the figures, of which there was but six books done so, whereof the King and Duke of York, and Duke of Monmouth, and Lord Arlington, had four. The fifth was sold, and I have bought the sixth. So to enquire out Mrs. Knipp's new lodging, but could not, but do hear of her at the Playhouse, where she was practising, and I sent for her out by a porter, and the jade come to me all undressed, so cannot go home to my house to dinner, as I had invited her, which I was not much troubled at, because I think there is a distance between her and Mrs. Pierce, and so our company would not be so pleasant. So home, and there find all things in good readiness for a good dinner, and here unexpectedly I find little Mis. Tooker, whom my wife loves not from the report of her being already naught; however, I do shew her countenance, and by and by come my guests, Dr. Clerke and his wife, and Mrs. Worshipp,[2] and her daughter; and then Mr. Pierce and his wife, and boy, and Betty; and then I sent for Mercer; so that we had, with my wife and I, twelve at table, and very good and pleasant company, and a most neat and excellent, but dear dinner; but, Lord! to see with what envy they looked upon all my fine plate was

[1] Sir Paul Rycaut's "Present State of the Ottoman Empire" is in the Pepysian Library. See note, p. 21, of this volume.

[2] The sister of Mrs. Clerke.

pleasant; for I made the best shew I could, to let them understand me and my condition, to take down the pride of Mrs. Clerke, who thinks herself very great. We sat long, and very merry, and all things agreeable; and, after dinner, went out by coaches, thinking to have seen a play, but come too late to both houses, and then they had thoughts of going abroad somewhere; but I thought all the charge ought not to be mine, and therefore I endeavoured to part the company, and so ordered it to set them all down at Mrs. Pierce's; and there my wife and I and Mercer left them in good humour, and we three to the King's house, and saw the latter end of the "Surprisall,"[1] wherein was no great matter, I thought, by what I saw there. Thence away to Polichinello,[2] and there had three times more sport than at the play, and so home, and there the first night we have been this year in the garden late, we three and our Barker singing very well, and then home to supper, and so broke up, and to bed mightily pleased with this day's pleasure.

9th. Up, and to the office a while, none of my fellow officers coming to sit, it being holiday, and so towards noon I to the Exchange, and there do hear mighty cries for peace, and that otherwise we shall be undone; and yet I do suspect the badness of the peace we shall make. Several do complain of abundance of land flung up by tenants out of their hands for want of ability to pay their rents; and by name, that the Duke of Buckingham hath £6,000 so flung up. And my father writes, that Jasper Trice,[3] upon this pretence of his tenants' dealing with him, is broke up housekeeping, and gone to board with his brother, Naylor, at Offord; which is very sad. So home to dinner, and after dinner I took coach and to the King's house, and by and by comes after me my wife with W. Hewer and his mother and Barker, and there we saw "The Tameing of a Shrew," which hath some very good pieces in it, but generally is but a mean play; and the best part, "Sawny,"[4] done

[1] A comedy by Sir Robert Howard, published in 1665.

[2] Probably in Moorfields. See August 22nd, 1666 (vol. v., p. 384). It was also exhibited at Bartholomew Fair and at Charing Cross.

[3] Jasper Trice, gent., died 27th October, 1675.— *Monumental Inscription in Brampton Church, Hunts.* — B.

[4] This play was entitled "Sawney the Scot, or the Taming of a Shrew,"

by Lacy, hath not half its life, by reason of the words, I suppose, not being understood, at least by me. After the play was done, as I come so I went away alone, and had a mind to have taken out Knipp to have taken the ayre with her, and to that end sent a porter in to her that she should take a coach and come to me to the Piatza in Covent Garden, where I waited for her, but was doubtful I might have done ill in doing it if we should be visit ensemble, sed elle was gone out, and so I was eased of my care, and therefore away to Westminster to the Swan, and there did baiser la little missa . . . . and drank, and then by water to the Old Swan, and there found Betty Michell sitting at the door, it being darkish. I staid and talked a little with her, but no once baiser la, though she was to my thinking at this time une de plus pretty mohers that ever I did voir in my vida, and God forgive me my mind did run sobre elle all the vespre and night and la day suivante. So home and to the office a little, and then to Sir W. Batten's, where he tells me how he hath found his lady's jewels again, which have been so long lost, and a servant imprisoned and arraigned, and they were in her closet under a china cup, where he hath servants will swear they did look in seaching the house; but Mrs. Turner and I, and others, do believe that they were only disposed of by my Lady, in case she had died, to some friends of hers, and now laid there again. So home to supper, and to read the book I bought yesterday

and consisted of an alteration of Shakespeare's play by John Lacy. Although it had long been popular it was not printed until 1698. In the old "Taming of *a* Shrew" (1594), reprinted by Thomas Amyot for the Shakespeare Society in 1844, the hero's servant is named Sander, and this seems to have given the hint to Lacy, when altering Shakespeare's "Taming of *the* Shrew," to foist a Scotsman into the action. Sawney was one of Lacy's favourite characters, and occupies a prominent position in Michael Wright's picture at Hampton Court. Evelyn, on October 3rd, 1662, "visited Mr. Wright, a Scotsman, who had liv'd long at Rome, and was esteem'd a good painter," and he singles out as his best picture, "Lacy, the famous Roscius, or comedian, whom he has painted in three dresses, as a gallant, a Presbyterian minister, and a Scotch Highlander in his plaid." Langbaine and Aubrey both make the mistake of ascribing the third figure to Teague in "The Committee;" and in spite of Evelyn's clear statement, his editor in a note follows them in their blunder. Planché has reproduced the picture in his "History of Costume" (vol. ii., p. 243).

of the Turkish policy,[1] which is a good book, well writ, and so owned by Dr. Clerke yesterday to me, commending it mightily to me for my reading as the only book of the subject that ever was writ, yet so designedly. So to bed.

10th. Up, and to my office a little, and then, in the garden, find Sir W. Pen; and he and I to Sir W. Batten, where he tells us news of the new disorders of Hogg and his men in taking out of 30 tons of wine out of a prize of ours, which makes us mad; and that, added to the unwillingness of the men to go longer abroad without money, do lead us to conclude not to keep her abroad any longer, of which I am very glad, for I do not like our doings with what we have already got, Sir. W. Batten ordering the disposal of our wines and goods, and he leaves it to Morrice the cooper, who I take to be a cunning proud knave, so that I am very desirous to adventure no further. So away by water from the Old Swan to White Hall, and there to Sir W. Coventry's, with whom I staid a great while longer than I have done these many months, and had opportunity of talking with him, and he do declare himself troubled that he hath any thing left him to do in the Navy, and would be glad to part with his whole profits and concernments in it, his pains and care being wholly ineffectual during this lack of money; the expense growing infinite, the service not to be done, and discipline and order not to be kept, only from want of money. I begun to discourse with him the business of Tangier, which by the removal of my Lord Bellasses, is now to have a new Governor; and did move him, that at this season all the business of reforming the garrison might be considered, while nobody was to be offended; and I told him it is plain that we do overspend our revenue: that the place is of no more profit to the King than it was the first day, nor in itself of better credit; no more people of condition willing to live there, nor any thing like a place likely to turn his Majesty to account: that it hath been hitherto, and, for aught I see, likely only to be used as a job to do a kindness to some Lord, or he that can get to be Governor. Sir W. Coventry agreed with me, so as to say, that unless the King hath the wealth of

[1] See *ante*, p. 21.

the Mogul, he would be a beggar to have his businesses ordered in the manner they now are: that his garrisons must be made places only of convenience to particular persons: that he hath moved the Duke of York in it; and that it was resolved to send no Governor thither till there had been Commissioners sent to put the garrison in order, so as that he that goes may go with limitations and rules to follow, and not to do as he please, as the rest have hitherto done. That he is not afeard to speak his mind, though to the displeasure of any man; and that I know well enough; but that, when it is come, as it is now, that to speak the truth in behalf of the King plainly do no good, but all things bore down by other measures than by what is best for the King, he hath no temptation to be perpetually fighting of battles, it being more easy to him on those terms to suffer things to go on without giving any man offence, than to have the same thing done, and he contract the displeasure of all the world, as he must do, that will be for the King. I did offer him to draw up my thoughts in this matter to present to the Duke of York, which he approved of, and I do think to do it. So away, and by coach going home saw Sir G. Carteret going towards White Hall. So 'light and by water met him, and with him to the King's little chapel; and afterwards to see the King heal the King's Evil, wherein no pleasure, I having seen it before;[1] and then to see him and the Queene and Duke of York and his wife, at dinner in the Queene's lodgings; and so with Sir G. Carteret to his lodgings to dinner; where very good company; and after dinner he and I to talk alone how things are managed, and to what ruin we must come if we have not a peace. He did tell me one occasion, how Sir Thomas Allen, which I took for a man of known courage and service on the King's side, was tried for his life in Prince Rupert's fleete, in the late times, for cowardice, and condemned to be hanged, and fled to Jersey; where Sir G. Carteret received him, not knowing the reason of his coming thither: and that thereupon Prince Rupert wrote to the Queen-Mother his dislike of Sir G. Carteret's receiving a person that stood condemned; and so Sir G.

[1] See June 23rd, 1660 (vol. i., p. 168).

Carteret was forced to bid him betake himself to some other place. This was strange to me. Our commissioners are preparing to go to Bredah to the treaty, and do design to be going the next week.[1] So away by coach home, where there should have been a meeting about Carcasse's business, but only my Lord and I met, and so broke up, Carcasse having only read his answer to his charge, which is well writ, but I think will not prove to his advantage, for I believe him to be a very rogue. So home, and Balty and I to look Mr. Fenn at Sir G. Carteret's office in Broad Streete, and there missing him and at the banker's hard by, we home, and I down by water to Deptford Dockyard, and there did a little business, and so home back again all the way reading a little piece I lately bought, called "The Virtuoso, or the Stoicke,"[2] proposing many things paradoxical to our common opinions, wherein in some places he speaks well, but generally is but a sorry man. So home and to my chamber to enter my two last days' journall, and this, and then to supper and to bed. Blessed be God! I hear that my father is better and better, and will, I hope, live to enjoy some cheerful days more; but it is strange what he writes me, that Mr. Weaver, of Huntingdon, who was a lusty, likely, and but a youngish man, should be dead.

11th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and (which is now rare, he having not been with us twice I think these six months) Sir G. Carteret come to us upon some particular business of his office, and went away again. At noon I to the 'Change, and there hear by Mr. Hublon of the loss of a little East Indiaman, valued at about £20,000, coming home alone, and safe to within ten leagues of Scilly, and there snapt by a French Caper.[3] Our merchants do much pray for peace; and he tells me that

[1] Secretary Morice writes, "Whitehall, April 16" — "The King wishes the £200 a week allowed to the Ambassadors extraordinary appointed to treat at Breda to begin from April 16" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 37).

[2] Sir George Mackenzie (1636–91), King's Advocate for Scotland, published at Edinburgh, anonymously, in 1663, "Religio Stoici; the Virtuoso or Stoick, with a friendly Address to the Fanatics of all Sects and Sorts."

[3] A light-armed vessel of the seventeenth century, used by the Dutch for privateering. — Smith's *Sailor's Word Book*.

letters are come that the Dutch have stopped the fitting of their great ships, and the coming out of a fleete of theirs of 50 sayle, that was ready to come out; but I doubt the truth of it yet. Thence to Sir G. Carteret, by his invitation to his office, where my Lady was, and dined with him, and very merry and good people they are, when pleased, as any I know. After dinner I to the office, where busy till evening, and then with Balty to Sir G. Carteret's office, and there with Mr. Fenn despatched the business of Balty's £1,500 he received for the contingencies of the fleete, whereof he received about £253 in pieces of eight at a goldsmith's there hard by, which did puzzle me and him to tell; for I could not tell the difference by sight, only by bigness, and that is not always discernible, between a whole and half-piece and quarter-piece. Having received this money I home with Balty and it, and then abroad by coach with my wife and set her down at her father's, and I to White Hall, thinking there to have seen the Duchess of Newcastle's coming this night to Court, to make a visit to the Queene, the King having been with her yesterday, to make her a visit since her coming to town. The whole story of this lady is a romance, and all she do is romantick. Her footmen in velvet coats, and herself in an antique dress, as they say; and was the other day at her own play, "The Humourous Lovers;" the most ridiculous thing that ever was wrote, but yet she and her Lord mightily pleased with it; and she, at the end, made her respects to the players from her box, and did give them thanks. There is as much expectation of her coming to Court, that so people may come to see her, as if it were the Queen of Sheba;[1] but I lost my labour, for she did not come this night. So, meeting Mr. Brisband, he took me up to my Lady Jemimah's chamber, who is let blood to-day, and so there we sat and talked an hour, I think, very merry and one odd thing or other, and so away, and I took up my wife at her tailor's (whose wife is brought to bed, and my wife must be godmother), and so with much ado got a coach to carry us home, it being late, and so to my chamber, having little left to do at my office, my eyes being a little

[1] The word is Sweden in the original.

sore by reason of my reading a small printed book the other day after it was dark, and so to supper and to bed. It comes in my head to set down that there have been two fires in the City, as I am told for certain, and it is so, within this week.

12th. Up, and when ready, and to my office, to do a little business, and coming homeward again, saw my door and hatch open, left so by Luce, our cookmayde, which so vexed me, that I did give her a kick in our entry, and offered a blow at her, and was seen doing so by Sir W. Pen's footboy, which did vex me to the heart, because I know he will be telling their family of it; though I did put on presently a very pleasant face to the boy, and spoke kindly to him, as one without passion, so as it may be he might not think I was angry, but yet I was troubled at it. So away by water to White Hall, and there did our usual business before the Duke of York; but it fell out that, discoursing of matters of money, it rose to a mighty heat, very high words arising between Sir G. Carteret and [Sir] W. Coventry, the former in his passion saying that the other should have helped things if they were so bad; and the other answered, so he would, and things should have been better had he been Treasurer of the Navy. I was mightily troubled at this heat, and it will breed ill blood, I fear; but things are in that bad condition that I do daily expect when we shall all fly in one another's faces, when we shall be reduced, every one, to answer for himself. We broke up; and I soon after to Sir G. Carteret's chamber, where I find the poor man telling his lady privately, and she weeping. I went into them, and did seem, as indeed I was, troubled for this; and did give the best advice I could, which, I think, did please them: and they do apprehend me their friend, as indeed I am, for I do take the Vice-chamberlain for a most honest man. He did assure me that he was not, all expences and things paid, clear in estate £15,000 better than he was when the King come in; and that the King and Lord Chancellor did know that he was worth, with the debt the King owed him, £50,000, I think, he said, when the King come into England. I did pacify all I could, and then away by water home, there to write letters and things for the dispatch of Balty away

this day to sea; and after dinner he did go, I having given him much good counsell; and I have great hopes that he will make good use of it, and be a good man, for I find him willing to take pains and very sober. He being gone, I close at my office all the afternoon getting off of hand my papers, which, by the late holidays and my laziness, were grown too many upon my hands, to my great trouble, and therefore at it as late as my eyes would give me leave, and then by water down to Redriffe, meaning to meet my wife, who is gone with Mercer, Barker, and the boy (it being most sweet weather) to walk, and I did meet with them, and walked back, and then by the time we got home it was dark, and we staid singing in the garden till supper was ready, and there with great pleasure. But I tried my girles Mercer and Barker singly one after another, a single song, "At dead low ebb," etc., and I do clearly find that as to manner of singing the latter do much the better, the other thinking herself as I do myself above taking pains for a manner of singing, contenting ourselves with the judgment and goodness of eare. So to supper, and then parted and to bed.

13th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and strange how the false fellow Commissioner Pett was eager to have had Carcasse's business brought on to-day that he might give my Lord Bruncker (who hates him, I am sure, and hath spoke as much against him to the King in my hearing as any man) a cast of his office in pleading for his man Carcasse, but I did prevent its being brought on to-day, and so broke up, and I home to dinner, and after dinner with a little singing with some pleasure alone with my poor wife, and then to the office, where sat all the afternoon till late at night, and then home to supper and to bed, my eyes troubling me still after candle-light, which troubles me. Wrote to my father, who, I am glad to hear, is at some ease again, and I long to have him in town, that I may see what can be done for him here; for I would fain do all I can that I may have him live, and take pleasure in my doing well in the world. This afternoon come Mrs. Lowther to me to the office, and there je did toker ses mammailles and did baiser them and su bocca, which she took fort willingly. . . .

14th (Lord's day). Up, and to read a little in my new History of Turkey, and so with my wife to church, and then home, where is little Michell and my pretty Betty and also Mercer, and very merry. A good dinner of roast beef. After dinner I away to take water at the Tower, and thence to Westminster, where Mrs. Martin was not at home. So to White Hall, and there walked up and down, and among other things visited Sir G. Carteret, and much talk with him, who is discontented, as he hath reason, to see how things are like to come all to naught, and it is very much that this resolution of having of country Admirals should not come to his eares till I told him the other day, so that I doubt who manages things. From him to Margaret's Church, and there spied Martin, and home with her . . . but fell out to see her expensefullness, having bought Turkey work, chairs, &c. By and by away home, and there took out my wife, and the two Mercers, and two of our mayds, Barker and Jane, and over the water to the Jamaica House,[1] where I never was before, and there the girls did run for wagers over the bowling-green; and there, with much pleasure, spent little, and so home, and they home, and I to read with satisfaction in my book of Turkey, and so to bed.

15th. Lay long in bed, and by and by called up by Sir H. Cholmly, who tells me that my Lord Middleton is for certain chosen Governor of Tangier; a man of moderate understanding, not covetous, but a soldier of fortune, and poor. Here comes Mr. Sanchy with an impertinent business to me of a ticket, which I put off. But by and by comes Dr. Childe by appointment, and sat with me all the morning making me bases and inward parts to several songs that I desired of him, to my great content. Then dined, and then abroad by coach, and I set him down at Hatton Garden, and I to the King's house by chance, where a new play: so full as I never saw it; I forced to stand all the while close to the very door till I took cold, and many people went away for want of room. The King and

[1] Jamaica House and Tea Gardens, Bermondsey, are marked in Horwood's map as situated at the end of Cherry Garden Street. The name survives in Jamaica Road. There is an illustration of the house in Rendle and Norman's "Inns of Old Southwark," 1888, p. 400.

Queene, and Duke of York and Duchesse there, and all the Court, and Sir W. Coventry. The play called "The Change of Crownes;"[1] a play of Ned Howard's,[2] the best that ever I saw at that house, being a great play and serious; only Lacy did act the country-gentleman come up to Court, who do abuse the Court with all the imaginable wit and plainness about selling of places, and doing every thing for money. The play took very much. Thence I to my new bookseller's, and there bought "Hooker's Polity,"[3] the new edition, and "Dugdale's History of the Inns of Court,"[4] of which there was but a few saved out of the fire, and Playford's new Catch-book, that hath a great many new fooleries in it. Then home, a little at the office, and then to supper and to bed, mightily pleased with the new play.

16th. Up, and to the office, where sat all the morning, at noon home to dinner, and thence in haste to carry my wife to see the new play I saw yesterday, she not knowing it. But there, contrary to expectation, find "The Silent Woman." However, in; and there Knipp come into the pit. I took her by me, and here we met with Mrs. Horsley, the pretty woman — an acquaintance of Mercer's, whose house is burnt. Knipp tells me the King was so angry at the liberty taken by Lacy's part[5] to abuse him to his face, that he commanded they should act no more, till Moone[6]

[1] This play was entered on the Register of the Stationers' Company, but never printed.

[2] Edward Howard, fifth son of Thomas Howard, first Earl of Berkshire, and brother of Sir Robert Howard, baptized at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, November 2nd, 1624. His play, the "United Kingdoms," was satirized in "The Rehearsal." Lacy's opinion of his abilities was shared by many of his contemporaries.

[3] The edition of 1666, containing *eight* books instead of *five*, edited by Dr. J. Gauden, Bishop of Exeter, and printed by Andrew Crooker, with the Life by Izaak Walton added for the first time.

[4] Sir William Dugdale's "Origines Juridiciales" was published in 1666, and a second edition appeared in 1671.

[5] In "The Change of Crownes."

[6] See vol. i., p. 267, where the note requires revision. Michael Mohun (1620?–84) acted before the Civil War under Beeston at the Cockpit, in Drury Lane. He fought on the royalist side, and attained the rank of captain. Subsequently he went to Flanders, and there became a major. He lived in 1665 on the south side of Russell Street,

went and got leave for them to act again, but not this play. The King mighty angry; and it was bitter indeed, but very true and witty. I never was more taken with a play than I am with this "Silent Woman," as old as it is, and as often as I have seen it. There is more wit in it than goes to ten new plays. Thence with my wife and Knipp to Mrs. Pierce's, and saw her closet again, and liked her picture. Thence took them all to the Cake-house, in Southampton Market-place,[1] where Pierce told us the story how, in good earnest, [the King] is offended with the Duke of Richmond's marrying, and Mrs. Stewart's sending the King his jewels again. As she tells it, it is the noblest romance and example of a brave lady that ever I read in my life. Pretty to hear them talk of yesterday's play, and I durst not own to my wife to have seen it. Thence home and to [Sir] W. Batten's, where we have made a bargain for the ending of some of the trouble about some of our prizes for £1,400. So home to look on my new books that I have lately bought, and then to supper and to bed.

17th. Up, and with the two Sir Williams by coach to the Duke of York, who is come to St. James's, the first time we have attended him there this year. In our way, in Tower Street, we saw Desbrough[2] walking on foot: who is now

Covent Garden, and from 1671 to 1676 in a house on the east side of Bow Street. He died in Brownlow Street (now Betterton Street), Drury Lane, in October, 1684, and was buried in the church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields (see life by Mr. Joseph Knight in the "Dictionary of National Biography"). He is described as Major in the *Dramatis Personæ* of Dryden's "Assignation" as late as 1673.

[1] Afterwards called Bloomsbury Market. The following advertisement was inserted in "The Intelligencer" of May 23rd, 1664: "These are to give notice to all persons, that the King's most excellent Majesty hath granted to the Right Hon. the Earl of Southampton, one market to be held by the said Earl, his heirs, and assignes for ever, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, in every week, at Bloomsbury, in the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, in the county of Middlesex." — B.

[2] John Desborough, Desborow, or Disbrowe (1608–80), major-general, second son of James Desborough of Ettisley, Cambridgeshire. On June 23rd, 1636, he married Jane, sixth daughter of Robert Cromwell of Huntingdon, and sister of Oliver. After the Restoration he was imprisoned, and passed through several adventures; but after a judicial examination in 1667 he was set at liberty, and appears to have been allowed to reside quietly in England for the rest of his life. He died at Hackney in 1680.

no more a prisoner, and looks well, and just as he used to do heretofore. When we come to the Duke of York's I was spoke to by Mr. Bruncker on behalf of Carcasse. Thence by coach to Sir G. Carteret's, in London, there to pass some accounts of his, and at it till dinner, and then to w[illegible] again a little, and then go away, and my wife being sent for by me to the New Exchange I took her up, and there to the King's playhouse (at the door met with W. Joyce in the street, who come to our coach side, but we in haste took no notice of him, for which I was sorry afterwards, though I love not the fellow, yet for his wife's sake), and saw a piece of "Rollo,"[1] a play I like not much, but much good acting in it: the house very empty. So away home, and I a little to the office, and then to Sir Robert Viner's, and so back, and find my wife gone down by water to take a little ayre, and I to my chamber and there spent the night in reading my new book, "Origines Juridiciales," which pleases me. So to supper and to bed.

18th. Up, and to read more in the "Origines," and then to the office, where the news is strong that not only the Dutch cannot set out a fleete this year, but that the French will not, and that he hath given the answer to the Dutch Embassador, saying that he is for the King of England's having an honourable peace, which, if true, is the best news we have had a good while. At the office all the morning, and there pleased with the little pretty Deptford woman I have wished for long, and she hath occasion given her to come again to me. After office I to the 'Change a little, and then home and to dinner, and then by coach with my wife to the Duke of York's house, and there saw "The Wits,"[2] a play I formerly loved, and is now corrected and enlarged: but, though I like the acting, yet I like not much in the play now. The Duke of York and [Sir] W. Coventry gone to Portsmouth, makes me thus to go to plays. So home, and to the office a little and then home, where I find Goodgroome, and he and I did sing several

[1] "Rollo, Duke of Normandy," a tragedy by John Fletcher, published in 1640. It was previously published in 1639 under the title of "The Bloody Brother." Hart, Kynaston, Mohun, and Burt all acted in this play.

[2] See August 15th, 1661 (vol. ii., p. 77).

things over, and tried two or three grace parts in Playford's new book, my wife pleasing me in singing her part of the things she knew, which is a comfort to my very heart. So he being gone we to supper and to bed.

19th. Up, and to the office all the morning, doing a great deal of business. At noon to dinner betimes, and then my wife and I by coach to the Duke's house, calling at Lovett's, where I find my Lady Castlemayne's picture not yet done, which has lain so many months there, which vexes me, but I mean not to trouble them more after this is done. So to the playhouse, not much company come, which I impute to the heat of the weather, it being very hot. Here we saw "Macbeth,"[1] which, though I have seen it often, yet is it one of the best plays for a stage, and variety of dancing and musique, that ever I saw. So being very much pleased, thence home by coach with young Goodyer and his own sister, who offered us to go in their coach. A good-natured youth I believe he is, but I fear will mind his pleasures too much. She is pretty, and a modest, brown girle. Set us down, so my wife and I into the garden, a fine moonshine evening, and there talking, and among other things she tells me that she finds by W. Hewer that my people do observe my minding my pleasure more than usual, which I confess, and am ashamed of, and so from this day take upon me to leave it till Whit-Sunday. While we were sitting in the garden comes Mrs. Turner to advise about her son, the Captain, when I did give her the best advice I could, to look out for some land employment for him, a peace being at hand, when few ships will be employed and very many, and these old Captains, to be provided for. Then to other talk, and among the rest about Sir W. Pen's being to buy Wansted House of Sir Robert Brookes, but has put him off again, and left him the other day to pay for a dinner at a tavern, which she

[1] See November 5th, 1664 (vol. iv., p. 264). Downes wrote: "The Tragedy of Macbeth, alter'd by Sir William Davenant; being drest in all it's finery, as new cloaths, new scenes, machines as flyings for the Witches; with all the singing and dancing in it. The first compos'd by Mr. Lock, the other by Mr. Channell and Mr. Joseph Preist; it being all excellently perform'd, being in the nature of an opera, it recompenc'd double the expence; it proves still a lasting play."

says our parishioner, Mrs. Hollworthy,[1] talks of; and I dare be hanged if ever he could mean to buy that great house, that knows not how to furnish one that is not the tenth part so big. Thence I to my chamber to write a little, and then to bed, having got a mighty cold in my right eare and side of my throat, and in much trouble with it almost all the night.

20th. Up, with much pain in my eare and palate. To the office out of humour all the morning. At noon dined, and with my wife to the King's house, but there found the bill torn down and no play acted, and so being in the humour to see one, went to the Duke of York's house, and there saw "The Witts" again, which likes me better than it did the other day, having much wit in it. Here met with Mr. Rolt, who tells me the reason of no play to-day at the King's house. That Lacy had been committed to the porter's lodge for his acting his part in the late new play, and that being thence released he come to the King's house, there met with Ned Howard, the poet of the play, who congratulated his release; upon which Lacy cursed him as that it was the fault of his nonsensical play that was the cause of his ill usage. Mr. Howard did give him some reply; to which Lacy [answered] him, that he was more a fool than a poet; upon which Howard did give him a blow on the face with his glove; on which Lacy, having a cane in his hand, did give him a blow over the pate. Here Rolt and others that discoursed of it in the pit this afternoon did wonder that Howard did not run him through, he being too mean a fellow to fight with. But Howard did not do any thing but complain to the King of it; so the whole house is silenced, and the gentry seem to rejoice much at it, the house being become too insolent. Here were many fine ladies this afternoon at this house as I have at any time seen, and so after the play home and there wrote to my father, and then to walk in the garden with my wife, resolving by the grace of God to see no more plays till Whitsuntide, I having now seen a play every day this week till I have neglected my business, and that I am

[1] The death of Mr. Hollworthy is recorded on November 10th, 1665 (vol. v., p. 133).

ashamed of, being found so much absent; the Duke of York and Sir W. Coventry having been out of town at Portsmouth did the more embolden me thereto. So home, and having brought home with me from Fenchurch Street a hundred of sparrowgrass,[1] cost 18*d*. We had them and a little bit of salmon, which my wife had a mind to, cost 3*s*. So to supper, and my pain being somewhat better in my throat, we to bed.

21st (Lord's day). Up, and John, a hackney coachman whom of late I have much used, as being formerly Sir W. Pen's coachman, coming to me by my direction to see whether I would use him to-day or no, I took him to our backgate to look upon the ground which is to be let there, where I have a mind to buy enough to build a coach-house and stable; for I have had it much in my thoughts lately that it is not too much for me now, in degree or cost, to keep a coach, but contrarily, that I am almost ashamed to be seen in a hackney, and therefore if I can have the conveniency, I will secure the ground at least till peace comes, that I do receive encouragement to keep a coach, or else that I may part with the ground again. The place I like very well, being close to my owne house, and so resolve to go about it, and so home and with my wife to church, and then to dinner, Mercer with us, with design to go to Hackney to church in the afternoon. So after dinner she and I sung "Suo Moro," which is one of the best pieces of musique to my thinking that ever I did hear in my life; then took coach and to Hackney church, where very full, and found much difficulty to get pews, I offering the sexton money, and he could not help me. So my wife and Mercer ventured into a pew, and I into another. A knight and his lady very civil to me when they come, and the like to my wife in hers, being Sir G. Viner[2] and his lady — rich in jewells, but most in beauty — almost the finest woman that ever I saw. That which we went chiefly to see was the

[1] A form once so commonly used for asparagus that it has found its way into dictionaries.

[2] Sir George Viner in 1665 succeeded his father, Sir Thomas, who had been Lord Mayor in 1653, and created a baronet in 1660. Sir George died in 1673. His wife was Abigail, daughter of Sir John Lawrence, Lord Mayor in 1665. — B.

young ladies of the schools,[1] whereof there is great store, very pretty; and also the organ, which is handsome, and tunes the psalm, and plays with the people; which is mighty pretty, and makes me mighty earnest to have a pair at our church, I having almost a mind to give them a pair, if they would settle a maintenance on them for it. I am mightily taken with them. So, church done, we to coach and away to Kingsland and Islington, and there eat and drank at the Old House, and so back, it raining a little, which is mighty welcome, it having not rained in many weeks, so that they say it makes the fields just now mighty sweet. So with great pleasure home by night. Set down Mercer, and I to my chamber, and there read a great deal in Rycaut's Turkey book with great pleasure, and so eat and to bed. My sore throat still troubling me, but not so much. This night I do come to full resolution of diligence for a good while, and I hope God will give me the grace and wisdom to perform it.

22nd. Up pretty betimes, my throat better, and so drest me, and to White Hall to see Sir W. Coventry, returned from Portsmouth, whom I am almost ashamed to see for fear he should have been told how often I have been at plays, but it is better to see him at first than afterward. So walked to the Old Swan and drank at Michell's, and then to White Hall and over the Park to St. James's to [Sir] W. Coventry, where well received, and good discourse. He seems to be sure of a peace; that the King of France do not intend to set out a fleete, for that he do design Flanders. Our Embassadors set out this week. Thence I over the Park to Sir G. Carteret, and after him by coach to the Lord Chancellor's house, the first time I have been therein;[2] and it is very noble, and brave pictures of the ancient and present nobility, never saw better. Thence with him to London, mighty merry in the way. Thence home, and find the boy out of the house and office, and by and by comes in and hath been to Mercer's. I did pay his coat for him. Then to my chamber, my wife comes home with linen she hath been buying of. I then to dinner,

[1] Hackney was long famous for its boarding schools.
[2] Clarendon House, Piccadilly. See vol. iv., p. 334.

and then down the river to Greenwich, and the watermen would go no further. So I turned them off, giving them nothing, and walked to Woolwich; there did some business, and met with Captain Cocke and back with him. He tells me our peace is agreed on; we are not to assist the Spanyard against the French for this year, and no restitution, and we are likely to lose Poleroone.[1] I know not whether this be true or no, but I am for peace on any terms. He tells me how the King was vexed the other day for having no paper laid him at the Council-table, as was usual; and Sir Richard Browne[2] did tell his Majesty he would call the person[3] whose work it was to provide it: who being come, did tell his Majesty that he was but a poor man, and was out £400 or £500 for it, which was as much as he is worth; and that he cannot provide it any longer without money, having not received a penny since the King's coming in. So the King spoke to my Lord Chamberlain; and many such mementos the King do now-a-days meet withall, enough to make an ingenuous man mad. I to Deptford, and there scolded with a master for his ship's not being gone, and so home to the office and did business till my eyes are sore again, and so home to sing, and then to bed, my eyes failing me mightily.

23rd (St. George's-day). The feast being kept at White Hall, out of design, as it is thought, to make the best countenance we can to the Swede's Embassadors,[4] before their leaving us to go to the treaty abroad, to shew some jollity. We sat at the office all the morning. Word is brought me that young Michell is come to call my wife to his wife's labour, and she went, and I at the office full of expectation what to hear from poor Betty Michell. This morning much to do with Sir W. Warren, all whose appli-

[1] Among the State Papers is a document dated July 8th, 1667, in which we read: "At Breda, the business is so far advanced that the English have relinquished their pretensions to the ships Henry Bonaventure and Good Hope. The matter sticks only at Poleron; the States have resolved not to part with it, though the English should have a right to it" ("Calendar," 1667, p. 278).

[2] Clerk of the Council.

[3] Wooly.

[4] See November 15th, 1666 (p. 62 of this volume).

cations now are to Lord Bruncker, and I am against him now, not professedly, but apparently in discourse, and will be. At noon home to dinner, where alone, and after dinner to my musique papers, and by and by comes in my wife, who gives me the good news that the midwife and she alone have delivered poor Betty of a pretty girl, which I am mighty glad of, and she in good condition, my wife as well as I mightily pleased with it. Then to the office to do things towards the post, and then my wife and I set down at her mother's, and I up and down to do business, but did little; and so to Mrs. Martin's, and there did hazer what I would con her, and then called my wife and to little Michell's, where we saw the little child, which I like mightily, being I allow very pretty, and asked her how she did, being mighty glad of her doing well, and so home to the office, and then to my chamber, and so to bed.

24th. Up, and with [Sir] W. Pen to St. James's, and there the Duke of York was preparing to go to some further ceremonies about the Garter, that he could give us no audience. Thence to Westminster Hall, the first day of the Term, and there joyed Mrs. Michell, who is mightily pleased with my wife's work yesterday, and so away to my barber's about my periwigg, and then to the Exchange, there to meet Fenn about some money to be borrowed of the office of the Ordnance to answer a great pinch. So home to dinner, and in the afternoon met by agreement (being put on it by Harry Bruncker's frighting us into a despatch of Carcasse's business) [Lord] Bruncker, T. Harvey, [Sir] J. Minnes, [Sir] W. Batten, and I (Sir W. Pen keeping out of the way still), where a great many high words from Bruncker, and as many from me and others to him, and to better purpose, for I think we have fortified ourselves to overthrow his man Carcasse, and to do no honour to him. We rose with little done but great heat, not to be reconciled I doubt, and I care not, for I will be on the right side, and that shall keep me. Thence by coach to Sir John Duncomb's[1] lodging in the Pell Mell, in order to the money spoken of in the morning; and there awhile sat and discoursed: and I find him that he is a very proper

[1] See November 8th, 1664 (vol. iv., p. 265).

man for business, being very resolute and proud, and industrious. He told me what reformation they had made in the office of the Ordnance, taking away Legg's[1] fees: and have got an order that no Treasurer after him shall ever sit at the Board; and it is a good one: that no master of the Ordnance here shall ever sell a place. He tells me they have not paid any increase of price for any thing during this war, but in most have paid less; and at this day have greater stores than they know where to lay, if there should be peace, and than ever was any time this war. That they pay every man in course, and have notice of the disposal of every farthing. Every man that they owe money to has his share of every sum they receive; never borrowed all this war but £30,000 by the King's express command, but do usually stay till their assignments become payable in their own course, which is the whole mystery, that they have had assignments for a fifth part of whatever was assigned to the Navy. They have power of putting out and in of all officers; are going upon a building that will cost them £12,000; that they out of their stock of tallies have been forced to help the Treasurer of the Navy at this great pinch. Then to talk of newes: that he thinks the want of money hath undone the King, for the Parliament will never give the King more money without calling all people to account, nor, as he believes, will ever

[1] William Legge, eldest son of Edward Legge, sometime Vice-President of Munster, born 1609 (?). He served under Maurice of Nassau and Gustavus Adolphus, and held the rank of colonel in the Royalist army. He closely attached himself to Prince Rupert, and was an active agent in affecting the reconciliation between that prince and his uncle Charles I. Colonel Legge distinguished himself in several actions, and was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester; it was said that he would have "been executed if his wife had not contrived his escape from Coventry gaol in her own clothes." He was Groom of the Bedchamber to Charles I., and also to Charles II.; he held the offices of Master of the Armories and Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance. He refused honours (a knighthood from Charles I. and an earldom from Charles II.), but his eldest son George was created Baron Dartmouth in 1682. He died October 13th, 1672, at his house in the Minories, and was buried in Trinity Church, Minories, where there is a Monument to his memory. A portrait of Colonel Legge, by Huysman, is in the possession of the Earl of Dartmouth. There is an excellent life of Legge, by Mr. C. H. Firth, in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

make war again, but they will manage it themselves: unless, which I proposed, he would visibly become a severer inspector into his own business and accounts, and that would gain upon the Parliament yet: which he confesses and confirms as the only lift to set him upon his legs, but says that it is not in his nature ever to do. He says that he believes but four men (such as he could name) would do the business of both offices, his and ours, and if ever the war were to be again it should be so, he believes. He told me to my face that I was a very good clerk, and did understand the business and do it very well, and that he would never desire a better. He do believe that the Parliament, if ever they meet, will offer some alterations to the King, and will turn some of us out, and I protest I think he is in the right that either they or the King will be advised to some regulations, and therefore I ought to beware, as it is easy for me to keep myself up if I will. He thinks that much of our misfortune hath been for want of an active Lord Treasurer, and that such a man as Sir W. Coventry would do the business thoroughly. This talk being over, comes his boy and tells us [Sir] W. Coventry is come in, and so he and I to him, and there told the difficulty of getting this money, and they did play hard upon Sir G. Carteret as a man moped and stunned, not knowing which way to turn himself. Sir W. Coventry cried that he was disheartened, and I do think that there is much in it, but Sir J. Duncomb do charge him with mighty neglect in the pursuing of his business, and that he do not look after it himself, but leaves it to Fenn, so that I do perceive that they are resolved to scheme at bringing the business into a better way of execution, and I think it needs, that is the truth of it. So I away to Sir G. Carteret's lodgings about this money, and contrary to expectation I find he hath prevailed with Legg on his own bond to lend him £2,000, which I am glad of, but, poor man, he little sees what observations people do make upon his management, and he is not a man fit to be told what one hears. Thence by water at 10 at night from Westminster Bridge, having kissed little Frank, and so to the Old Swan, and walked home by moonshine, and there to my chamber a while, and supper and to bed.

25th. Received a writ from the Exchequer this morning of distrain for £70,000, which troubled me, though it be but matter of form. To the office, where sat all the morning. At noon my wife being to Unthanke's christening, I to Sir W. Batten's to dinner, where merry, and the rather because we are like to come to some good end in another of our prizes. Thence by coach to my Lord Treasurer's, and there being come too soon to the New Exchange, but did nothing, and back again, and there found my Lord Bruncker and T. Harvy, and walked in a room very merrily discoursing. By and by comes my Lord Ashly and tells us my Lord Treasurer is ill and cannot speak with us now. Thence away, Sir W. Pen and I and Mr. Lewes, who come hither after us, and Mr. Gawden in the last man's coach. Set me down by the Poultry, and I to Sir Robert Viner's, and there had my account stated and took it home to review. So home to the office, and there late writing out something, having been a little at Sir W. Batten's to talk, and there vexed to see them give order for Hogg's further abroad, and so home and to bed.

26th. Up, and by coach with Sir W. Batten and [Sir] W. Pen to White Hall, and there saw the Duke of Albemarle, who is not well, and do grow crazy. Thence I to St. James's, to meet Sir G. Carteret, and did, and Lord Berkely, to get them (as we would have done the Duke of Albemarle) to the meeting of the Lords of Appeale in the business of one of our prizes. With them to the meeting of the Guinny Company, and there staid, and went with Lord Berkely. While I was waiting for him in the Matted Gallery, a young man was most finely working in Indian inke the great picture of the King and Queen[1] sitting, by Van Dyke; and did it very finely. Thence to Westminster Hall to hear our cause, but [it] did not come before them to-day, so went down and walked below in the Hall, and there met with Ned Pickering, who tells me the ill newes of his nephew Gilbert, who is turned a very rogue, and then I took a turn with Mr. Evelyn, with whom I walked two hours, till almost one of the clock: talking of the badness of the Government, where nothing but wickedness, and

[1] Charles I. and Henrietta Maria.

wicked men and women command the King: that it is not in his nature to gainsay any thing that relates to his pleasures; that much of it arises from the sickliness of our Ministers of State, who cannot be about him as the idle companions are, and therefore he gives way to the young rogues; and then, from the negligence of the Clergy, that a Bishop shall never be seen about him, as the King of France hath always: that the King would fain have some of the same gang to be Lord Treasurer, which would be yet worse, for now some delays are put to the getting gifts of the King, as that whore my Lady Byron,[1] who had been, as he called it, the King's seventeenth whore abroad, did not leave him till she had got him to give her an order for £4,000 worth of plate to be made for her; but by delays, thanks be to God! she died before she had it. He tells me mighty stories of the King of France, how great a prince he is.[2] He hath made a code to shorten the law; he hath put out all the ancient commanders of castles that were become hereditary; he hath made all the fryers subject to the bishops, which before were only subject to Rome, and so were hardly the King's subjects, and that none shall become *religieux* but at such an age, which he thinks will in a few years ruin the Pope, and bring France into a patriarchate. He confirmed to me the business of the want of paper at the Council-table the other day, which I have observed; Wooly being to have found it, and did, being called, tell the King to his face the reason of it; and Mr. Evelyn tells me several of the menial servants of the Court lacking bread, that have not received a farthing wages since the King's coming in. He tells me the King of France hath his mistresses, but laughs at the foolery of our King, that makes his bastards princes,[3] and loses his revenue upon them, and makes his mistresses his masters: and the King

[1] Eleanor, daughter of Robert Needham, Viscount Kilmurrey, and widow of Peter Warburton, became in 1644 the second wife of John Byron, first Lord Byron. Died 1663. — B.

[2] All these assertions respecting the King of France must be received cautiously. Pepys was very ignorant of foreign matters, and very credulous. — B.

[3] Louis made his own bastards dukes and princes, and legitimatized them as much as he could, connecting them also by marriage with the real blood-royal. — B.

of France did never grant Lavalliere[1] any thing to bestow on others, and gives a little subsistence, but no more, to his bastards. He told me the whole story of Mrs. Stewart's going away from Court, he knowing her well; and believes her, up to her leaving the Court, to be as virtuous as any woman in the world: and told me, from a Lord that she told it to but yesterday, with her own mouth, and a sober man, that when the Duke of Richmond did make love to her, she did ask the King, and he did the like also; and that the King did not deny it, and [she] told this Lord that she was come to that pass as to resolve to have married any gentleman of £1,500 a-year that would have had her in honour; for it was come to that pass, that she could not longer continue at Court without prostituting herself to the King,[2] whom she had so long kept off, though he had liberty more than any other had, or he ought to have, as to dalliance.[3] She told this Lord that she had reflected upon the occasion she had given the world to think her a bad woman, and that she had no way but to marry and leave the Court, rather in this way of discontent than otherwise, that the world might see that she sought not any thing but her honour; and that she will never come to live at Court more than when she comes to town to come to kiss the Queene her Mistress's hand: and hopes, though she hath little reason to hope, she can please her Lord so as to reclaim him, that they may yet live comfortably in the country on his estate. She told this Lord that all the jewells she ever had given her at Court, or any other pres-

[1] Louise Françoise de la Baume le Blanc de la Vallière had four children by Louis XIV., of whom only two survived — Marie Anne Bourbon, called Mademoiselle de Blois, born in 1666, afterwards married to the Prince de Conti, and the Comte de Vermandois, born in 1667. In that year (the very year in which Evelyn was giving this account to Pepys), the Duchy of Vaujour and two baronies were created in favour of La Vallière, and her daughter, who, in the deed of creation, was legitimatized, and styled princess. — B.

[2] Even at a much later time Mrs. Godolphin well resolved "not to talk foolishly to men, *more especially* THE KING," — "be sure *never to talk to* THE KING" ("Life," by Evelyn). These expressions speak volumes as to Charles's character. — B.

[3] Evelyn evidently believed the Duchess of Richmond to be innocent; and his testimony, coupled with her own declaration, ought to weigh down all the scandal which Pepys reports from other sources. — B.

ents, more than the King's allowance of £700 per annum out of the Privy-purse for her clothes, were, at her first coming the King did give her a necklace of pearl of about £1,100,[1] and afterwards, about seven months since, when the King had hopes to have obtained some courtesy of her, the King did give her some jewells, I have forgot what, and I think a pair of pendants. The Duke of York, being once her Valentine, did give her a jewell of about £800; and my Lord Mandeville, her Valentine this year, a ring of about £300; and the King of France would have had her mother,[2] who, he says, is one of the most cunning women in the world, to have let her stay in France, saying that he loved her not as a mistress, but as one that he could marry as well as any lady in France; and that, if she might stay, for the honour of his Court he would take care she should not repent. But her mother, by command of the Queen-mother, thought rather to bring her into England; and the King of France did give her a jewell: so that Mr. Evelyn believes she may be worth in jewells about £6,000, and that that is all that she hath in the world: and a worthy woman; and in this hath done as great an act of honour as ever was done by woman. That now the Countesse Castlemayne do carry all before her: and among other arguments to prove Mrs. Stewart to have been honest to the last, he says that the King's keeping in still with my Lady Castlemayne do show it; for he never was known to keep two mistresses in his life, and would never have kept to her had he prevailed any thing with Mrs. Stewart. She is gone yesterday with her Lord to Cobham.[3] He did tell me of

[1] Which she returned to the king. — B.

[2] This lady's name nowhere appears. She was the wife of the Hon. Walter Stewart, third son of Walter, first Lord Blantyre. The Duchess of Richmond, Frances Theresa, was her elder daughter. The younger, Sophia, married the Hon. Henry Bulkeley, master of the household to Charles II. and James II. — B.

[3] Cobham Hall, in Kent, after the attainder of Henry Brooke, Lord Cobham, was granted by James I. to Ludovic Stuart, Duke of Lennox, and his brother George, Lord Aubigney, from whom it descended to Charles Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox, in 1660. This duke dying, s. p., in 1672, when ambassador to Denmark, the estates, together with the English barony of Clifton, passed, through his sister, Lady Catherine O'Brien, to the ancestor of the Earl of Darnley, the present possessor. Lady Catherine O'Brien married Sir Joseph Williamson,

the ridiculous humour of our King and Knights of the Garter the other day, who, whereas heretofore their robes were only to be worn during their ceremonies and service, these, as proud of their coats, did wear them all day till night, and then rode into the Parke with them on. Nay, and he tells me he did see my Lord Oxford and the Duke of Monmouth in a hackney-coach with two footmen in the Parke, with their robes on; which is a most scandalous thing, so as all gravity may be said to be lost among us. By and by we discoursed of Sir Thomas Clifford,[1] whom I took for a very rich and learned man, and of the great family of that name. He tells me he is only a man of about seven-score pounds a-year, of little learning more than the law of a justice of peace, which he knows well: a parson's son, got to be burgess in a little borough in the West, and here fell into the acquaintance of my Lord Arlington, whose creature he is, and never from him; a man of virtue, and comely, and good parts enough; and hath come into his place with a great grace, though with a great skip over the heads of a great many, as Chichly and Duncum, and some Lords that did expect it. By the way, he tells me, that of all the great men of England there is none that endeavours more to raise those that he takes into favour than my Lord Arlington; and that, on that score, he is much more to be made one's patron than my Lord Chancellor, who never did, nor never will do, any thing, but for money.[2] After having this long discourse we parted, about one of the clock, and so away by water home, calling upon Michell, whose wife and girle are pretty well, and I home to dinner, and after dinner with Sir W. Batten

who repurchased the Cobham estates, when sold, and preserved them to the family. — B.

[1] Sir Thomas Clifford was the eldest son of Hugh Clifford, of Ugbrook, near Exeter, where he was born, August 1st, 1630. He attached himself to Lord Arlington, and acted as that statesman's confidential agent when with the fleet. On April 22nd, 1672, he was created Baron Clifford, of Chudleigh, co. Devon; and he supplanted his patron when on November 28th following he was appointed Lord High Treasurer, an office which Arlington desired. He was ruined by the passing of the Test Act, and resigning his office, he retired to Devonshire, and died September, 1673, not without suspicion of suicide.

[2] See September 9th, 1665 (vol. v., p. 67).

to White Hall, there to attend the Duke of York before council, where we all met at his closet and did the little business we had, and here he did tell us how the King of France is intent upon his design against Flanders, and hath drawn up a remonstrance of the cause of the war, and appointed the 20th of the next month for his rendezvous, and himself to prepare for the campaign the 30th, so that this, we are in hopes, will keep him in employment. Turenne is to be his general. Here was Carcasse's business unexpectedly moved by him, but what was done therein appears in my account of his case in writing by itself. Certain newes of the Dutch being abroad on our coast with twenty-four great ships. This done Sir W. Batten and I back again to London, and in the way met my Lady Newcastle going with her coaches and footmen all in velvet: herself, whom I never saw before, as I have heard her often described, for all the town-talk is now-a-days of her extravagancies, with her velvet-cap, her hair about her ears; many black patches, because of pimples about her mouth; naked-necked, without any thing about it, and a black just-au-corps.[1] She seemed to me a very comely woman: but I hope to see more of her on May-day. My mind is mightily of late upon a coach. At home, to the office, where late spending all the evening upon entering in long hand our late passages with Carcasse for memory sake, and so home in great pain in my back by the uneasiness of Sir W. Batten's coach driving hard this afternoon over the stones to prevent coming too late. So at night to supper in great pain, and to bed, where lay in great pain, not able to turn myself all night.

27th. Up with much pain, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, W. Hewer with us. This noon I got in some coals at 23*s.* per chaldron, a good hearing, I thank God — having not been put to buy a coal all this dear time, that during this war poor people have

[1] "A sort of jacket called a *justacorps* came into fashion in Paris about 1650. M. Quicherat informs us that a pretty Parisienne, the wife of a *maître de comptes* named Belot, was the first who appeared in it. In a ballad called 'The New-made Gentlewoman,' written in the reign of Charles II., occurs the line, 'My justico and black patches I wear.' Mr. Fairholt suggested that *justico* may be a corruption of *juste au corps*." — Planché's *Cyclopædia of Costume*, vol. i., p. 318.

been forced to give 45*s.* and 50*s.*, and £3. In the afternoon (my wife and people busy these late days, and will be for some time, making of shirts and smocks) to the office, where late, and then home, after letters, and so to supper and to bed, with much pleasure of mind, after having dispatched business. This afternoon I spent some time walking with Mr. Moore, in the garden, among other things discoursing of my Lord Sandwich's family, which he tells me is in a very bad condition, for want of money and management, my Lord's charging them with bills, and nobody, nor any thing provided to answer them. He did discourse of his hopes of being supplied with £1,900 against a present bill from me, but I took no notice of it, nor will do it. It seems Mr. Sheply doubts his accounts are ill kept, and every thing else in the family out of order, which I am grieved to hear of.

28th (Lord's day). Lay long, my pain in my back being still great, though not so great as it was. However, up and to church, where a lazy sermon, and then home and to dinner, my wife and I alone and Barker. After dinner, by water — the day being mighty pleasant, and the tide serving finely, I up (reading in Boyle's book of colours),[1] as high as Barne Elmes, and there took one turn alone, and then back to Putney Church, where I saw the girls of the schools, few of which pretty; and there I come into a pew, and met with little James Pierce, which I was much pleased at, the little rogue being very glad to see me: his master, Reader to the Church. Here was a good sermon and much company, but I sleepy, and a little out of order, for my hat falling down through a hole underneath the pulpit, which, however, after sermon, by a stick, and the helpe of the clerke, I got up again, and then walked out of the church with the boy, and then left him, promising him to get him a play another time. And so by water, the tide being with me again, down to Deptford, and there I walked down the Yard, Shish[2] and Cox[3] with me, and discoursed

[1] "Experiments and Considerations touching Colours" was published by the Hon. Robert Boyle in 1664 (London).

[2] Jonas Shish, master builder at Deptford dockyard. See note, vol. iv., p. 182.

[3] Captain John Cox, master attendant at Deptford.

about cleaning of the wet docke, and heard, which I had before, how, when the docke was made, a ship of near 500 tons was there found; a ship supposed of Queene Elizabeth's time, and well wrought, with a great deal of stone-shot in her, of eighteen inches diameter, which was shot then in use: and afterwards meeting with Captain Perriman[1] and Mr. Castle at Half-way Tree, they tell me of stone-shot of thirty-six inches diameter, which they shot out of mortar-pieces.[2] Thence walked to Half-way Tree, and there stopt and talk with Mr. Castle and Captain Perriman, and so to Redriffe and took boat again, and so home, and there to write down my Journall, and so to supper and to read, and so to bed, mightily pleased with my reading of Boyle's book of colours to-day, only troubled that some part of it, indeed the greatest part, I am not able to understand for want of study. My wife this night troubled at my leaving her alone so much and keeping her within doors, which indeed I do not well nor wisely in.

29th. Up, being visited very early by Creed newly come from Hinchingbrooke, who went thither without my knowledge, and I believe only to save his being taxed by the Poll Bill. I did give him no very good countenance nor welcome, but took occasion to go forth and walked (he with me) to St. Dunstan's, and thence I to Sir W. Coventry's, where a good while with him, and I think he pretty kind, but that the nature of our present condition affords not matter for either of us to be pleased with any thing. We discoursed of Carcasse, whose Lord, he tells me, do make complaints that his clerk should be singled out, and my Lord Berkeley do take his part. So he advises we would sum up all we have against him and lay it before the Duke of York; he condemned my Lord Bruncker. Thence to Sir G. Carteret, and there talked a little while about office business, and thence by coach home, in several places

[1] Among the State Papers is an "Account by Captain J. Perriman of work doing on and the movements of 13 ships named, lying in the Thames," dated April, 1667 ("Calendar," 1667, p. 66).

[2] At the passage of the Dardanelles, in 1807, a stone shot, fired by the Turks from the Castle of Sestos, entered the "Lion," of sixty-four guns, and killed and wounded a great many men. It weighed 770 pounds. — B.

paying my debts in order to my evening my accounts this month, and thence by and by to White Hall again to Sir G. Carteret to dinner, where very good company and discourse, and I think it my part to keep it there now more than ordinary because of the probability of my Lord's coming soon home. Our Commissioners for the treaty set out this morning betimes down the river.[1] Here I hear that the Duke of Cambridge,[2] the Duke of York's son, is very sick; and my Lord Treasurer very bad of the stone, and hath been so some days. After dinner Sir G. Carteret and I alone in his closet an hour or more talking of my Lord Sandwich's coming home, which, the peace being likely to be made here, he expects, both for my Lord's sake and his own (whose interest he wants) it will be best for him to be at home, where he will be well received by the King; he is sure of his service well accepted, though the business of Spain do fall by this peace. He tells me my Lord Arlington hath done like a gentleman by him in all things. He says, if my Lord [Sandwich] were here, he were the fittest man to be Lord Treasurer of any man in England; and he thinks it might be compassed; for he confesses that the King's matters do suffer through the inability of this man, who is likely to die, and he will propound him to the King. It will remove him from his place at sea, and the King will have a good place to bestow. He says to me, that he could wish, when my Lord comes, that he would think fit to forbear playing, as a thing below him, and which will lessen him, as it do my Lord St. Albans, in the King's esteem: and as a great secret tells me that he hath made a match for my Lord Hinchingbroke to a daughter[3] of my Lord Burlington's, where there is a great alliance, £10,000 portion; a civil family, and relation to my Lord Chancellor, whose son hath married one of the daughters;[4] and that my Lord Chancellor do take it with

[1] See p. 253 of this volume.

[2] James Stuart, second son of the Duke of York, born July 12th, 1663; created Duke of Cambridge, August 23rd, 1664; died June 20th, 1667.

[3] Lady Mary Boyle, fourth daughter of Richard, first Earl of Burlington, married to Viscount Hinchingbroke, 1668.

[4] Lawrence Hyde, afterwards Earl of Rochester, married Lady Henrietta Boyle, fifth daughter of the Earl of Burlington, 1665.

very great kindness, so that he do hold himself obliged by it. My Lord Sandwich hath referred it to my Lord Crew, Sir G. Carteret, and Mr. Montagu, to end it. My Lord Hinchingbroke and the lady know nothing yet of it. It will, I think, be very happy. Very glad of this discourse, I away mightily pleased with the confidence I have in this family, and so away, took up my wife, who was at her mother's, and so home, where I settled to my chamber about my accounts, both Tangier and private, and up at it till twelve at night, with good success, when news is brought me that there is a great fire in Southwarke: so we up to the leads, and then I and the boy down to the end of our lane, and there saw it, it seeming pretty great, but nothing to the fire of London, that it made me think little of it. We could at that distance see an engine play — that is, the water go out, it being moonlight. By and by, it begun to slacken, and then I home and to bed.

30th. Up, and Mr. Madden[1] come to speak with me, whom my people not knowing have made to wait long without doors, which vexed me. Then comes Sir John Winter to discourse with me about the forest of Deane, and then about my Lord Treasurer, and asking me whether, as he had heard, I had not been cut for the stone, I took him to my closet, and there shewed it to him, of which he took the dimensions and had some discourse of it, and I believe will shew my Lord Treasurer it. Thence to the office, where we sat all the morning, but little to do, and then to the 'Change, where for certain I hear, and the News book declares, a peace between France and Portugal. Met here with Mr. Pierce, and he tells me the Duke of Cambridge is very ill and full of spots about his body, that Dr. Frazier knows not what to think of it. Then home and to dinner, and then to the office, where all the afternoon; we met about Sir W. Warren's business and accounts, wherein I do rather oppose than forward him, but not in declared terms, for I will not be at enmity with him, but I will not have him find any friendship so good as mine. By and by rose and by water to White Hall, and then called my wife at

[1] Probably John Madden, surveyor of the woods on this side Trent (see "Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 83).

Unthanke's. So home and to my chamber, to my accounts, and finished them to my heart's wishes and admiration, they being grown very intricate, being let alone for two months, but I brought them together all naturally, within a few shillings, but to my sorrow the Poll money I paid this month and mourning have made me £80 a worse man than at my last balance, so that I am worth now but £6,700, which is yet an infinite mercy to me, for which God make me thankful. So late to supper, with a glad heart for the evening of my accounts so well, and so to bed.

May 1st. Up, it being a fine day, and after doing a little business in my chamber I left my wife to go abroad with W. Hewer and his mother in a Hackney coach incognito to the Park, while I abroad to the Excise Office first, and there met the Cofferer and Sir Stephen Fox about our money matters there, wherein we agreed, and so to discourse of my Lord Treasurer, who is a little better than he was of the stone, having rested a little this night. I there did acquaint them of my knowledge of that disease, which I believe will be told my Lord Treasurer. Thence to Westminster; in the way meeting many milk-maids with their garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddler before them;[1] and saw pretty Nelly standing at her lodgings'

[1] On the 1st of May milkmaids used to borrow silver cups, tankards, &c., to hang them round their milkpails, with the addition of flowers and ribbons, which they carried upon their heads, accompanied by a bagpipe or fiddle, and went from door to door, dancing before the houses of their customers, in order to obtain a small gratuity from each of them.

"In London thirty years ago,
When pretty milkmaids went about,
It was a goodly sight to see
Their May-day pageant all drawn out.

* * * * *

"Such scenes and sounds once blest my eyes
And charm'd my ears; but all have vanish'd,
On May-day now no garlands go,
For milkmaids and their dance are banish'd."

Hone's *Every-Day Book*, vol. i., pp. 569, 570.

May-day customs have nearly died out, but the editor saw a jack-in-the-green with men dressed as milkmaids dancing round it on May 1st of the present year (1895) in one of the streets near Primrose Hill. There has been a great revival of May-day decoration on cart-horses within the last few years.

door in Drury-lane[1] in her smock sleeves and bodice, looking upon one: she seemed a mighty pretty creature. To the Hall and there walked a while, it being term. I thence home to the Rose, and then had Doll Lane venir para me. . . . To my Lord Crew's, where I found them at dinner, and among others Mrs. Bocket, which I have not seen a long time, and two little dirty children, and she as idle a prating and impertinent woman as ever she was. After dinner my Lord took me alone and walked with me, giving me an account of the meeting of the Commissioners for Accounts, whereof he is one. How some of the gentlemen, Garraway,[2] Littleton, and others, did scruple at their first coming there, being called thither to act, as Members of Parliament, which they could not do by any authority but that of Parliament, and therefore desired the King's direction in it, which was sent for by my Lord Bridgewater,[3] who brought answer, very short, that the King expected they should obey his Commission. Then they went on, and observed a power to be given them of administering and framing an oath, which they thought they could not do by any power but Act of Parliament; and the whole Commission did think fit to have the Judges' opinion in it; and so, drawing up their scruples in writing, they all attended the King, who told them he would send to the Judges to be answered, and did so; who have, my Lord tells me, met three times about it, not knowing what answer to give to it; and they have met this week, doing nothing but expecting the solution of the judges in this point. My Lord tells me he do believe this Commission will do more hurt than good; it may undo some accounts, if these men shall think fit; but it can never clear an account, for he must come into the Exchequer for

[1] The old house in Drury Lane where Nell Gwyn is believed to have lived was pulled down in 1891. It was situated on the west side of the lane, nearly opposite Wych Street. There is a view of it in Peter Cunningham's "Story of Nell Gwyn."

[2] William Garway, M.P. for Chichester (see p. 3 of this volume). Timothy Littleton, or Lyttelton, Serjeant-at-Law, M.P. for Ludlow.

[3] John Egerton, second Earl of Bridgewater, Lord-Lieutenant of the counties of Bucks and Hertford, and High Steward of the University of Oxford. Died October 26th, 1686.

all this. Besides, it is a kind of inquisition that hath seldom ever been granted in England; and he believes it will never, besides, give any satisfaction to the People or Parliament, but be looked upon as a forced, packed business of the King, especially if these Parliament-men that are of it shall not concur with them: which he doubts they will not, and, therefore, wishes much that the King would lay hold of this fit occasion, and let the Commission fall. Then to talk of my Lord Sandwich, whom my Lord Crew hath a great desire might get to be Lord Treasurer if the present Lord should die,[1] as it is believed he will, in a little time; and thinks he can have no competitor but my Lord Arlington, who, it is given out, desires it: but my Lord thinks it is not so, for that the being Secretary do keep him a greater interest with the King than the other would do: at least, do believe, that if my Lord would surrender him his Wardrobe place, it would be a temptation to Arlington to assist my Lord in getting the Treasurer's. I did object to my Lord [Crew] that it would be no place of content, nor safety, nor honour for my Lord, the State being so indigent as it is, and the [King] so irregular, and those about him, that my Lord must be forced to part with any thing to answer his warrants; and that, therefore, I do believe the King had rather have a man that may be one of his vicious caball, than a sober man that will mind the publick, that so they may sit at cards and dispose of the revenue of the kingdom. This my Lord was moved at, and said he did not indeed know how to answer it, and bid me think of it; and so said he himself would also do. He do mightily cry out of the bad management of our monies, the King having had so much given him; and yet, when the Parliament do find that the King should have £900,000 in his purse by the best account of issues they have yet seen, yet we should report in the Navy a debt due from the King of £900,000; which, I did confess, I doubted was true in the first, and knew to be true in the last, and did believe that there was some great miscarriages in it: which he owned to believe also, saying, that at this rate it is not in the power of the kingdom to make a war, nor answer the King's wants.

[1] The Earl of Southampton died May 16th, 1667.

Thence away to the King's playhouse, by agreement met Sir W. Pen, and saw "Love in a Maze:"[1] but a sorry play: only Lacy's clowne's part, which he did most admirably indeed; and I am glad to find the rogue at liberty again. Here was but little, and that ordinary, company. We sat at the upper bench next the boxes; and I find it do pretty well, and have the advantage of seeing and hearing the great people, which may be pleasant when there is good store. Now was only Prince Rupert and my Lord Lauderdale, and my Lord ——,[2] the naming of whom puts me in mind of my seeing, at Sir Robert Viner's, two or three great silver flagons, made with inscriptions as gifts of the King to such and such persons of quality as did stay in town the late great plague, for the keeping things in order in the town,[3] which is a handsome thing. But here was neither Hart, Nell, nor Knipp; therefore, the play was not likely to please me. Thence Sir W. Pen and I in his coach, Tiburne way, into the Park, where a horrid dust, and number of coaches, without pleasure or order. That which we, and almost all went for, was to see my Lady Newcastle; which we could not, she being followed and crowded upon by coaches all the way she went, that nobody could come near her; only I could see she was in a large black coach, adorned with silver instead of gold, and so white curtains, and every thing black and white, and herself in her cap, but other parts I could not make [out]. But that which I did see, and wonder at with reason, was to find Pegg Pen in a new coach, with only her husband's

[1] The second title of Shirley's play of "The Changes" (see vol. ii., p. 226).

[2] Probably Craven. — B.

[3] In reference to this passage, Mr. R. Jacomb Hood wrote to "Notes and Queries" (4th series, vol. xii., p. 471), as follows: "I have an old silver tankard, which has been in my family for several generations, and which, from the inscription upon it, seems to have been given by the king to Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, who was murdered in 1678. The inscriptions show, not only that a tankard was given in 1665 for services during the Plague, but that the recipient was further knighted by the king in September, 1666, for his efforts to preserve order in the Great Fire. The tankard is quite plain, weighs 38 oz., and holds about two quarts." Mr. Hood adds, however, that "the hall mark appears from the trade register to belong to the years 1675–76, *i.e.*, at least eight years later than the notice by Pepys."

pretty sister[1] with her, both patched and very fine, and in much the finest coach in the park, and I think that ever I did see one or other, for neatness and richness in gold, and everything that is noble. My Lady Castlemayne, the King, my Lord St. Albans, nor Mr. Jermyn, have so neat a coach, that ever I saw. And, Lord! to have them have this, and nothing else that is correspondent, is to me one of the most ridiculous sights that ever I did see, though her present dress was well enough; but to live in the condition they do at home, and be abroad in this coach, astonishes me. When we had spent half an hour in the Park, we went out again, weary of the dust, and despairing of seeing my Lady Newcastle; and so back the same way, and to St. James's, thinking to have met my Lady Newcastle before she got home, but we staying by the way to drink, she got home a little before us: so we lost our labours, and then home; where we find the two young ladies come home, and their patches off, I suppose Sir W. Pen do not allow of them in his sight, and going out of town to-night, though late, to Walthamstow. So to talk a little at Sir W. Batten's, and then home to supper, where I find Mrs. Hewer and her son, who have been abroad with my wife in the Park, and so after supper to read and then to bed. Sir W. Pen did give me an account this afternoon of his design of buying Sir Robert Brooke's fine house at Wansted; which I so wondered at, and did give him reasons against it, which he allowed of: and told me that he did intend to pull down the house and build a less, and that he should get £1,500 by the old house, and I know not what fooleries. But I will never believe he ever intended to buy it, for my part;[2] though he troubled Mr. Gawden to go and look upon it, and advise him in it.

2nd. To the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and then abroad to my Lord Treasurer's, who continues so ill as not to be troubled with business.

[1] Margaret Lowther, afterwards the wife of Captain Sir John Holmes. — B.

[2] Pepys's conjecture proved right. The house was not sold till Sir R. Brookes's death, when his heirs alienated it to Sir Josiah Child. Sir R. Child rebuilt it in 1715, and the Earl of Mornington took it down in 1823.

So Mr. Gawden and I to my Lord Ashly's and spoke with him, and then straight home, and there I did much business at the office, and then to my own chamber and did the like there, to my great content, but to the pain of my eyes, and then to supper and to bed, having a song with my wife with great pleasure, she doing it well.

3rd. Up, and with Sir J. Minnes, [Sir] W. Batten, and [Sir] W. Pen in the last man's coach to St. James's, and thence up to the Duke of York's chamber, which, as it is now fretted at the top, and the chimney-piece made handsome, is one of the noblest and best-proportioned rooms that ever, I think, I saw in my life, and when ready, into his closet and did our business, where, among other things, we had a proposition of Mr. Pierce's, for being continued in pay, or something done for him, in reward of his pains as Chyrurgeon-Generall; forasmuch as Troutbecke,[1] that was never a doctor before, hath got £200 a year settled on him for nothing but that one voyage with the Duke of Albemarle. The Duke of York and the whole company did shew most particular kindness to Mr. Pierce, every body moving for him, and the Duke himself most, that he is likely to be a very great man, I believe. Here also we had another mention of Carcasse's business, and we directed to bring in a report of our opinion of his case, which vexes us that such a rogue shall make us so much trouble. Thence I presently to the Excise Office, and there met the Cofferer and [Sir] Stephen Fox by agreement, and agreed upon a method for our future payments, and then we three to my Lord Treasurer, who continues still very ill. I had taken my stone with me on purpose, and Sir Philip Warwicke carried it in to him to see, but was not in a condition to talk with me about it, poor man. So I with them to Westminster by coach; the Cofferer[2] telling us odd stories

[1] John Troughtback (or Troutbeck) served as a surgeon in Lambert's army, but joined Monk in Scotland in 1659. He was appointed chief-surgeon to the king in 1660, was also surgeon to the Duke of Albemarle's troop of His Majesty's Life Guard, and was granted in 1667 a pension of £200 a year for his services. He married in 1665 (second wife), Frances Wray, widow of Sir Christopher Wray, fourth baronet of Glentworth (Dalton's "English Army Lists," 1661–1714, vol. i., p. 3).

[2] William Ashburnham (died 1679). See p. 95 of this volume.

how he was dealt with by the men of the Church at Westminster in taking a lease of them at the King's coming in,[1] and particularly the devilish covetousness of Dr. Bushby.[2] Sir Stephen Fox, in discourse, told him how he is selling some land he hath, which yields him not above three per cent., if so much, and turning it into money, which he can put out at ten per cent.; and, as times go, if they be like to continue, it is the best way for me to keep money going so, for aught I see. I to Westminster Hall, and there took a turn with my old acquaintance Mr. Pechell, whose red nose, makes me ashamed to be seen with him, though otherwise a good-natured man. So away, I not finding of Mr. Moore, with whom I should have met and spoke about a letter I this day received from him from my Lord Hinchingbroke, wherein he desires me to help him to £1,900 to pay a bill of exchange of his father's, which troubles me

[1] The lease here mentioned was that of the famous Ashburnham House in the Cloisters. The lease was purchased by the Crown of John, Earl of Ashburnham, in 1730, and the Cottonian Library was deposited in the house. In 1731 the disastrous fire occurred there which consumed so many treasures, and injured others. Ashburnham House passed to Westminster School in 1881 in fee simple, in pursuance of the Public Schools Act, 31 and 32 Vict., cap. 118. A view of the fine staircase, still existing in old Ashburnham House, is given in Britton and Brayley's "Public Buildings."

[2] Richard Busby, D.D. (1606–1695), the famous head-master of Westminster School. In July, 1660, he was installed as Prebendary of Westminster, and in the following August he became canon residentiary and treasurer of Wells. It would be impossible to find a more inappropriate expression to apply to Busby than "devilish covetousness." He was one of the most charitable of men; and as one instance of this out of many, Mr. J. Sargeaunt, Master at Westminster School, tells the editor that he finds from Busby's accounts that between February, 1656–57, and the end of the following October, out of a total expenditure of about £670, more than £200 went in direct charity and in repairing the school buildings and the houses which he occupied as prebendary and master. In another year he spent at least a tenth of total expenditure in direct charity. Mr. Sargeaunt adds, "His benefactions to Christ Church were large, and to Wells Cathedral not small. Some works in the Abbey he did at his own expense, as well as works at Willen and in other places. By his will he left practically the whole of his property for charitable uses." It must be remembered in respect to the Cofferer's scandalous charge that buyer and seller are seldom of one mind, and that the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey might quite justly take a different view from that held by William Ashburnham.

much, but I will find some way, if I can do it, but not to bring myself in bonds or disbursements for it, whatever comes of it. So home to dinner, where my wife hath ceux là upon her and is very ill with them, and so forced to go to bed, and I sat by her a good while, then down to my chamber and made an end of Rycaut's History of the Turks, which is a very good book. Then to the office, and did some business, and then my wife being pretty well, by coach to little Michell's, and there saw my poor Betty and her little child, which slept so soundly we could hardly wake it in an hour's time without hurting it, and they tell me what I did not know, that a child (as this do) will hunt and hunt up and down with its mouth if you touch the cheek of it with your finger's end for a nipple, and fit its mouth for sucking, but this hath not sucked yet, she having no nipples. Here sat a while, and then my wife and I, it being a most curious clear evening, after some rain to-day, took a most excellent tour by coach to Bow, and there drank and back again, and so a little at the office, and home to read a little, and to supper and bed mightily refreshed with this evening's tour, but troubled that it hath hindered my doing some business which I would have done at the office. This day the newes is come that the fleete of the Dutch, of about 20 ships, which come upon our coast upon design to have intercepted our colliers, but by good luck failed, is gone to the Frith,[1] and there lies, perhaps to trouble the Scotch privateers, which have galled them of late very much, it may be more than all our last year's fleete.

4th. Up and to the office, where sat all the morning, among other things a great conflict I had with Sir W. Warren, he bringing a letter to the Board, flatly in words charging them with their delays in passing his accounts, which have been with them these two years, part of which I said was not true, and the other undecent. The whole Board was concerned to take notice of it, as well as myself, but none of them had the honour to do it, but suffered me to do it alone, only Sir W. Batten, who did what he did out of common spite to him. So I writ in the margin of the letter, "Returned as untrue," and, by consent of the

[1] Frith of Forth. See 5th of this month.

Board, did give it him again, and so parted. Home to dinner, and there came a woman whose husband I sent for, one Fisher, about the business of Perkins and Carcasse, and I do think by her I shall find the business as bad as ever it was, and that we shall find Commissioner Pett a rogue, using foul play on behalf of Carcasse. After dinner to the office again, and there late all the afternoon, doing much business, and with great content home to supper and to bed.

5th (Lord's day). Up, and going down to the water side, I met Sir John Robinson, and so with him by coach to White Hall, still a vain, prating, boasting man as any I know, as if the whole City and Kingdom had all its work done by him. He tells me he hath now got a street ordered to be continued, forty feet broad, from Paul's through Cannon Street to the Tower, which will be very fine. He and others this day, where I was in the afternoon, do tell me of at least six or eight fires within these few days; and continually stirs of fires, and real fires there have been, in one place or other, almost ever since the late great fire, as if there was a fate sent people for fire. I walked over the Park to Sir W. Coventry's. Among other things to tell him what I hear of people being forced to sell their bills before September for 35 and 40 per cent. loss, and what is worst, that there are some courtiers that have made a knot to buy them, in hopes of some ways to get money of the King to pay them, which Sir W. Coventry is amazed at, and says we are a people made up for destruction, and will do what he can to prevent all this by getting the King to provide wherewith to pay them. We talked of Tangier, of which he is ashamed; also that it should put the King to this charge for no good in the world: and now a man going over that is a good soldier, but a debauched man, which the place need not to have. And so used these words: "That this place was to the King as my Lord Carnarvon[1] says of wood, that it is an excrescence of the earth provided by God for the payment of debts." Thence away to Sir

[1] Charles Dormer, second Earl of Carnarvon. Died, s. p., November 29th, 1709. His father, Robert, first earl, was killed at the battle of Newbury, September 20th, 1643, fighting under the royal banner.

G. Carteret, whom I find taking physic. I staid talking with him but a little, and so home to church, and heard a dull sermon, and most of the best women of our parish gone into the country, or at least not at church. So home, and find my boy not there, nor was at church, which vexed me, and when he come home I enquired, he tells me he went to see his mother. I send him back to her to send me some token that he was with her. So there come a man with him back of good fashion. He says he saw him with her, which pacified me, but I did soundly threaten him before him, and so to dinner, and then had a little scolding with my wife for not being fine enough to go to the christening to-day, which she excused by being ill, as she was indeed, and cried, but I was in an ill humour and ashamed, indeed, that she should not go dressed. However, friends by and by, and we went by water to Michell's, and there his little house full of his father and mothers and the kindred, hardly any else, and mighty merry in this innocent company, and Betty mighty pretty in bed, but, her head akeing, not very merry, but the company mighty merry, and I with them, and so the child was christened; my wife, his father, and her mother, the witnesses, and the child's name Elizabeth. So we had gloves and wine and wafers, very pretty, and talked and tattled, and so we away by water and up with the tide, she and I and Barker, as high as Barne Elmes, it being a fine evening, and back again to pass the bridges at standing water between 9 and 10 at night, and then home and to supper, and then to bed with much pleasure. This day Sir W. Coventry tells me the Dutch fleete shot some shot, four or five hundred, into Burnt-Island in the Frith, but without any hurt; and so are gone.[1]

[1] Burntisland, a seaport of Fife on the Frith of Forth, five miles north of Granton. April 30th, 1667: "The Dutch sounded the coast, but Gen. Dalziell cut the beacon at the extreme of Leith harbour, so that they were confused, and battered Burntisland with 1,000 shot, the town returned it from 20 pieces of cannon, and in less than two hours 10,000 were in arms at Burntisland, and as many at Leith, whither more than 6,000 citizens of Edinburgh are gone; the citadel is planted with 30 pieces of cannon, which fired to invite the enemy; the country came up in multitudes. The magistrates of Leith sunk a ship in the mouth of the harbour, and planted 20 cannon on high, whereby a fire-ship that

6th. Up and angry with my mayds for letting in watermen, and I know not who, anybody that they are acquainted with, into my kitchen to talk and prate with them, which I will not endure. Then out and by coach to my Lord Treasurer's, who continues still very ill, then to Sir Ph. Warwicke's house, and there did a little business about my Tangier tallies, and so to Westminster Hall, and there to the Exchequer to consult about some way of getting our poor Creditors of the Navy (who served in their goods before the late Session of Parliament) paid out of the 11 months tax, which seems to relate only for goods to be then served in, and I think I have found out a way to bring them into the Act, which, if it do, I shall think a good service done. Thence by coach home with Captain Cocke, in our way talking of my Lord Bruncker and his Lady, who are mighty angry with us all of the office, about Carcasse's business, but especially with me, and in great confidence he bids me have a care of him, for he hath said that he would wound me with the person where my greatest interest is. I suppose he means Sir W. Coventry, and therefore I will beware of him, and am glad, though vexed to hear it. So home to dinner, where Creed come, whom I vexed devilishly with telling him a wise man, and good friend of his and mine, did say that he lately went into the country to Hinchingbroke; and, at his coming to town again, hath shifted his lodgings, only to avoid paying to the Poll Bill, which is so true that he blushed, and could not in words deny it, but the fellow did think to have not had it discovered. He is so devilish a subtle false rogue, that I am really weary and afeard of his company, and therefore after dinner left him in the house, and to my office, where busy all the afternoon despatching much business, and in the evening to Sir R. Viner's to adjust accounts there, and so home, where some of our old Navy creditors come to me by my direction to consider of what I have invented for their help as I have said in the morning, and like it mighty well, and so I to the office, where busy late, then home to supper and sing with my wife, who do begin to give me real pleasure with her singing, and so to bed.

tried to slip in was prevented. They are now gone, it is supposed to Shetland" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 62).

7th. Up betimes, and by coach to St. James's; but there find Sir W. Coventry gone out betimes this morning, on horseback, with the King and Duke of York, to Putney-heath, to run some horses, and so back again to the office, where some witnesses from Chatham which I sent for are come up, and do give shrewd testimonies against Carcasse, which put my Lord into a new flame, and he and I to high words, and so broke up. Then home to dinner, where W. Hewer dined with us, and he and I after dinner to discourse of Carcasse's business, wherein I apparently now do manage it wholly against my Lord Bruncker, Sir W. Pen, like a false rogue, shrinking out of the collar, Sir J. Minnes, a fool, being easily led either way, and Sir W. Batten, a malicious fellow that is not able to defend any thing, so that the whole odium must fall on me, which I will therefore beware how I manage that I may not get enemies to no purpose. It vexes me to see with what a company I am mixed, but then it pleases me to see that I am reckoned the chief mover among them, as they do confess and esteem me in every thing. Thence to the office, and did business, and then by coach to St. James's again, but [Sir] W. Coventry not within, so I wrote something to him, and then straight back again and to Sir W. Batten's, and there talked with him and [Sir] J. Minnes, who are mighty hot in Carcasse's business, but their judgment's not to be trusted. However, I will go through with it, or otherwise we shall be all slaves to my Lord Bruncker and his man's impudence. So to the office a little, and then home to supper and to bed, after hearing my wife sing, who is manifestly come to be more musical in her eare than ever I thought she could have been made, which rejoices me to the heart, for I take great delight now to hear her sing.

8th. Up pretty betimes and out of doors, and in Fen Church street met Mr. Lovett going with a picture to me, but I could not stand to discourse or see it, but on to the next hackney coach and so to Sir W. Coventry, where he and I alone a while discoursing of some businesses of the office, and then up to the Duke of York to his chamber with my fellow brethren who are come, and so did our usual weekly business, which was but little to-day, and I was glad that the business of Carcasse was not mentioned because

our report was not ready, but I am resolved it shall against the next coming to the Duke of York. Here was discourse about a way of paying our old creditors which did please me, there being hopes of getting them comprehended within the 11 months Tax, and this did give occasion for Sir G. Carteret's and my going to Sir Robert Long to discourse it, who do agree that now the King's Council do say that they may be included in the Act, which do make me very glad, not so much for the sake of the poor men as for the King, for it would have been a ruin to him and his service not to have had a way to have paid the debt. There parted with Sir G. Carteret and into Westminster Hall, where I met with Sir H. Cholmly, and he and I to Sir Ph. Warwicke's to speak a little about our Tangier business, but to little purpose, my Lord Treasurer being so ill that no business can be done. Thence with Sir H. Cholmly to find out Creed from one lodging to another, which he hath changed so often that there is no finding him, but at last do come to his lodging that he is entering into this day, and do find his goods unlading at the door, by Scotland Yard, and there I set down Sir H. Cholmly, and I away to the 'Change, where spoke about several things, and then going home did meet Mr. Andrews our neighbour, and did speak with him to enquire about the ground behind our house, of which I have a mind to buy enough to make a stable and coach-house; for I do see that my condition do require it, as well as that it is more charge to my purse to live as I do than to keep one, and therefore I am resolved before winter to have one, unless some extraordinary thing happens to hinder me. He promises me to look after it for me, and so I home to dinner, where I find my wife's flageolette master, and I am so pleased with her proceeding, though she hath lost time by not practising, that I am resolved for the encouragement of the man to learn myself a little for a month or so, for I do foresee if God send my wife and I to live, she will become very good company for me. He gone, comes Lovett with my little print of my dear Lady Castlemayne varnished, and the frame prettily done like gold, which pleases me well. He dined with me, but by his discourse I do still see that he is a man of good wit but most strange experience, and acquaintance

with all manner of subtleties and tricks, that I do think him not fit for me to keep any acquaintance with him, lest he some time or other shew me a slippery trick. After dinner, he gone, I to the office, where all the afternoon very busy, and so in the evening to Sir R. Viner's, thinking to finish my accounts there, but am prevented, and so back again home, and late at my office at business, and so home to supper and sing a little with my dear wife, and so to bed.

9th. Up, and to the office, and at noon home to dinner, and then with my wife and Barker by coach, and left them at Charing Cross, and I to St. James's, and there found Sir W. Coventry alone in his chamber, and sat and talked with him more than I have done a great while of several things of the Navy, how our debts and wants do unfit us for doing any thing. He tells me he hears stories of Commissioner Pett, of selling timber to the Navy under other names,[1] which I told him I believe is true, and did give him an instance. He told me also how his clerk Floyd[2] he hath put away for his common idlenesse and ill company, and particularly that yesterday he was found not able to come and attend him, by being run into the arme in a squabble, though he pretends it was done in the streets by strangers, at nine at night, by the Maypole in the Strand. Sir W. Coventry did write to me this morning to recommend him another, which I could find in my heart to do W. Hewer for his good; but do believe he will not part with me, nor have I any mind to let him go. I would my brother were fit for it, I would adventure him there. He insists upon an unmarried man, that can write well, and hath French enough to transcribe it only from a copy, and may write shorthand, if it may be. Thence with him to my Lord Chancellor at Clarendon House,[3] to a Committee for

[1] Commissioner Pett wrote from Chatham, on May 24th, to the Navy Commissioners in answer to some of these charges respecting the sale of timber ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 116).

[2] Phil. Lloyd styles himself servant to Sir William Coventry, April, 1667 ("Calendar," 1667, p. 10).

[3] See note, vol. iv., p. 334. "One unpopular act of his [Clarendon] is not to be forgot, because it had a great influence in a short time, and this was the building a very stately large house by the *Park*, called *Clarendon House*, which, in a little time, obtained the name of *Dunkirk House*, as though it had been built by the money taken for the

Tangier, where several things spoke of and proceeded on, and particularly sending Commissioners thither before the new Governor goes, which I think will signify as much good as any thing else that hath been done about the place, which is none at all. I did again tell them the badness of their credit by the time their tallies took before they become payable, and their spending more than their fund. They seem well satisfied with what I said, and I am glad that I may be remembered that I do tell them the case plain; but it troubled me that I see them hot upon it, that the Governor shall not be paymaster, which will force me either to the providing one there to do it (which I will never undertake), or leave the employment, which I had rather do. Mightily pleased with the noblenesse of this house, and the brave furniture and pictures, which indeed is very noble, and, being broke up, I with Sir G. Carteret in his coach into Hide Park, to discourse of things, and spent an hour in this manner with great pleasure, telling me all his concernments, and how he is gone through with the purchase for my Lady Jemimah and her husband; how the Treasury is like to come into the hands of a Committee; but that not that, nor anything else, will do our business, unless the King himself will mind his business, and how his servants do execute their parts; he do fear an utter ruin in the state, and that in a little time, if the King do not mind his business soon; that the King is very kind to him, and to my Lord Sandwich, and that he doubts not but at his coming home, which he expects about Michaelmas, he will be very well received. But it is pretty strange how he began again the business of the intention of a marriage of my Lord Hinchingbroke to a daughter of my Lord Burlington's[1] to my Lord Chancellor, which he now tells me as a great secret, when he told it me the last Sunday

sale of that place. This house was built in the Chancellor's absence in the plague year, principally at the charge of the Vintners' Company, who, designing to monopolize his favour, made it abundantly more large and magnificent than ever he intended or desired. And I have been assured by an unquestionable hand, that when he came to see the case of that house, he rather submitted than consented, and, with a sigh, said, 'This house will one day be my ruin.'" — Echard, vol. iii., p. 192.

[1] See *ante*, p. 277.

but one; but it may be the poor man hath forgot, and I do believe he do make it a secret, he telling me that he has not told it to any but myself, and this day to his daughter my Lady Jemimah, who looks to lie down about two months hence. After all this discourse we turned back and to White Hall, where we parted, and I took up my wife at Unthanke's, and so home, and in our street, at the Three Tuns' Tavern[1] door, I find a great hubbub; and what was it but two brothers have fallen out, and one killed the other. And who should they be but the two Fieldings; one whereof, Bazill, was page to my Lady Sandwich; and he hath killed the other,[2] himself being very drunk, and so is sent to Newgate. I to the office and did as much business as my eyes would let me, and so home to supper and to bed.

10th. Up and to the office, where a meeting about the Victuallers' accounts all the morning, and at noon all of us to Kent's, at the Three Tuns' Tavern, and there dined well at Mr. Gawden's charge; and there the constable of the parish did show us the picklocks and dice that were found in the dead man's pocket, and but 18*d.* in money; and a table-book, wherein were entered the names of several places where he was to go; and among others Kent's house, where he was to dine, and did dine yesterday: and after dinner went into the church, and there saw his corpse with the wound in his left breast; a sad spectacle, and a broad wound, which makes my hand now shake to write of it. His brother intending, it seems, to kill the coachman, who did not please him, this fellow stepped in, and took away his sword; who thereupon took out his knife, which was of the fashion, with a falchion blade, and a little cross at the hilt like a dagger; and with that stabbed him. So to the office again, very busy, and in the evening to Sir Robert Viner's, and there took up all my notes and evened our balance to the 7th of this month, and saw it

[1] There are two tokens of "The Three Tuns Tavern in Crutched Friars" ("Boyne's Tokens," ed. Williamson, vol. i., p. 581).

[2] It was Basil who was killed. He was the fourth son of George Fielding, Earl of Desmond, whose eldest son William succeeded his father as second Earl of Desmond in 1666, and his uncle Basil as third Earl of Denbigh in 1675.

entered in their ledger, and took a receipt for the remainder of my money as the balance of an account then adjusted. Then to my Lord Treasurer's, but missed Sir Ph. Warwicke, and so back again, and drove hard towards Clerkenwell,[1] thinking to have overtaken my Lady Newcastle, whom I saw before us in her coach, with 100 boys and girls running looking upon her: but I could not: and so she got home before I could come up to her. But I will get a time to see her. So to the office and did more business, and then home and sang with pleasure with my wife, and to supper and so to bed.

11th. Up, and being called on by Mr. Commander, he and I out to the ground behind Sir W. Pen's, where I am resolved to take a lease of some of it for a stable and coach [house], and so to keep a coach, unless some change come before I can do it, for I do see it is a greater charge to me now in hackneys, and I am a little dishonoured by going in them. We spoke with him that hath the letting it, and I do believe when I can tell how much it will be fit for me to have we shall go near to agree. So home, and there found my door open, which makes me very angry with Nell, and do think to put her away for it, though it do so go against me to part with a servant that it troubles me more than anything in the world. So to the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, where Mr. Goodgroome and Creed, and I have great hopes that my wife will come to sing to my mind. After dinner my wife and Creed and I being entered a hackney coach to go to the other end of the town, we espied The. Turner coming in her coach to see us, which we were surprised at, and so 'light and took her and another young lady home, and there sat and talked with The., she being lately come out of the North after two or three years absence. She is come to put out her sister and brothers to school at Putney. After a little talk, I over Tower Hill with them to a lady's they go to visit, and so away with my wife, whose being dressed this day in fair hair did make me so mad, that I

[1] At Newcastle House, Clerkenwell Close, the duke and duchess lived in great state. The house was divided, and let in tenements in the eighteenth century.

spoke not one word to her in our going, though I was ready to burst with anger. So to White Hall to the Committee of Tangier, where they were discoursing about laws for the civil government of the place, but so dull and so little to the purpose that I fell to slumber, when the fear of being seen by Sir W. Coventry did trouble me much afterwards, but I hope he did not. After that broke up. Creed and I into the Park, and walked, a most pleasant evening, and so took coach, and took up my wife, and in my way home discovered my trouble to my wife for her white locks,[1] swearing by God, several times, which I pray God forgive me for, and bending my fist, that I would not endure it. She, poor wretch,[2] was surprized with it, and made me no answer all the way home; but there we parted, and I to the office late, and then home, and without supper to bed, vexed.

12th (Lord's day). Up, and to my chamber, to settle some accounts there, and by and by down comes my wife to me in her night-gown, and we begun calmly, that upon having money to lace her gown for second mourning, she would promise to wear white locks no more in my sight, which I, like a severe fool, thinking not enough, begun to except against, and made her fly out to very high terms and cry, and in her heat told me of keeping company with Mrs. Knipp, saying, that if I would promise never to see her more — of whom she hath more reason to suspect than I had heretofore of Pembleton — she would never wear white locks more. This vexed me, but I restrained myself from saying anything, but do think never to see this woman — at least, to have her here more, but by and by I did give

[1] Randle Holmes says the ladies wore "false locks set on wyres, to make them stand at a distance from the head," and accompanies the information with the figure of a lady "with a pair of locks and curls which were in great fashion in 1670" (Planché's "Cyclopædia of Costume," vol. i., p. 248).

[2] A new light is thrown upon this favourite expression of Pepys's when speaking of his wife by the following quotation from a Midland word-book: "Wretch, *n.*, often used as an expression of endearment or sympathy. *Old Woman to Young Master:* 'An' 'ow is the missis to-day, *poor wretch?*' Of a boy going to school a considerable distance off: 'I met 'im with a bit o' bread in 'is bag, *poor wretch*'" ("A Glossary of Words and Phrases used in S.E. Worcestershire," by Jesse Salisbury. Published by the English Dialect Society, 1894).

her money to buy lace, and she promised to wear no more white locks while I lived, and so all very good friends as ever, and I to my business, and she to dress herself. Against noon we had a coach ready for us, and she and I to White Hall, where I went to see whether Sir G. Carteret was at dinner or no, our design being to make a visit there, and I found them set down, which troubled me, for I would not then go up, but back to the coach to my wife, and she and I homeward again, and in our way bethought ourselves of going alone, she and I, to go to a French house to dinner, and so enquired out Monsieur Robins, my perriwigg-maker, who keeps an ordinary, and in an ugly street in Covent Garden, did find him at the door, and so we in; and in a moment almost had the table covered, and clean glasses, and all in the French manner, and a mess of potage first, and then a couple of pigeons a la esterve, and then a piece of bœuf-a-la-mode, all exceeding well seasoned, and to our great liking; at least it would have been anywhere else but in this bad street, and in a perriwigg-maker's house; but to see the pleasant and ready attendance that we had, and all things so desirous to please, and ingenious in the people, did take me mightily. Our dinner cost us 6*s*., and so my wife and I away to Islington, it being a fine day, and thence to Sir G. Whitmore's house, where we 'light, and walked over the fields to Kingsland, and back again; a walk, I think, I have not taken these twenty years; but puts me in mind of my boy's time, when I boarded at Kingsland, and used to shoot with my bow and arrows in these fields. A very pretty place it is; and little did any of my friends think I should come to walk in these fields in this condition and state that I am. Then took coach again, and home through Shoreditch; and at home my wife finds Barker to have been abroad, and telling her so many lies about it that she struck her, and the wench said she would not stay with her: so I examined the wench, and found her in so many lies myself, that I was glad to be rid of her, and so resolved having her go away to-morrow. So my wife and W. Hewer and I to supper, and then he and I to my chamber to begin the draught of the report from this office to the Duke of York in the case of Mr. Carcasse, which I sat up till midnight to do, and then to bed, believing it

necessary to have it done, and to do it plainly, for it is not to be endured the trouble that this rascal hath put us to, and the disgrace he hath brought upon this office.

13th. Up, and when ready, to the office (my wife rising to send away Barker, according to our resolution last night, and she did do it with more clothes than have cost us £10, and 20*s*. in her purse, which I did for the respect I bear Mr. Falconbridge, otherwise she had not deserved half of it, but I am the more willing to do it to be rid of one that made work and trouble in the house, and had not qualities of any honour or pleasure to me or my family, but what is a strange thing did always declare to her mistress and others that she had rather be put to drudgery and to wash the house than to live as she did like a gentlewoman), and there I and Gibson all the morning making an end of my report against Carcasse, which I think will do our business, but it is a horrid shame such a rogue should give me and all of us this trouble. This morning come Sir H. Cholmly to me for a tally or two; and tells me that he hears that we are by agreement to give the King of France Nova Scotia, which he do not like: but I do not know the importance of it.[1] Then abroad with my wife to my Lord Treasurer's, and she to her tailor's. I find Sir Philip Warwicke, who I perceive do give over my Lord Treasurer for a man of this world, his pain being grown great again upon him, and all the rest he hath is by narcotiques, and now Sir Philip Warwicke do please himself, like a good man, to tell some of the good ejaculations of my Lord Treasurer concerning the little worth of this world, to buy it with so much pain, and other things fit for a dying man. So finding no business likely to be done here for Tangier, I having a warrant for tallies to be signed, I away to the New Exchange, and there staid a little, and then to a looking-glass shop to

[1] Nova Scotia and the adjoining countries were called by the French Acadie. Pepys is not the only official personage whose ignorance of Nova Scotia is on record. A story is current of a prime minister [Duke of Newcastle] who was surprised at hearing Cape Breton was an island. "Egad, I'll go tell the King Cape Breton is an island!" Of the same it is said, that when told Annapolis was in danger, and ought to be defended: "Oh! certainly Annapolis must be defended, — where is Annapolis?" — B.

consult about covering the wall in my closet over my chimney, which is darkish, with looking-glasses, and then to my wife's tailor's, but find her not ready to go home, but got to buy things, and so I away home to look after my business and finish my report of Carcasse, and then did get Sir W. Batten, Sir J. Minnes, and [Sir] W. Pen together, and read it over with all the many papers relating to the business, which they do wonder at, and the trouble I have taken about it, and like the report, so as that they do unanimously resolve to sign it, and stand by it, and after a great deal of discourse of the strange deportment of my Lord Bruncker in this business to withstand the whole board in behalf of such an impudent rogue as this is, I parted, and home to my wife, and supped and talked with her, and then to bed, resolving to rise betimes to-morrow to write fair the report.

14th. Up by 5 o'clock, and when ready down to my chamber, and there with Mr. Fist, Sir W. Batten's clerk, who writes mighty well, writing over our report in Mr. Carcasse's business, in which we continued till 9 o'clock, that the office met, and then to the office, where all the morning, and so at noon home to dinner, where Mr. Holliard come and eat with us, who among other things do give me good hopes that we shall give my father some ease as to his rupture when he comes to town, which I expect to-morrow. After dinner comes Fist, and he and I to our report again till 4 o'clock, and then by coach to my Lord Chancellor's, where I met Mr. Povy, expecting the coming of the rest of the Commissioners for Tangier. Here I understand how the two Dukes, both the only sons of the Duke of York, are sick even to danger, and that on Sunday last they were both so ill, as that the poor Duchess was in doubt which would die first: the Duke of Cambridge of some general disease; the other little Duke,[1] whose title I know not, of the convulsion fits, of which he had four this morning. Fear that either of them might be dead, did make us think that it was the occasion that the Duke of York and others were not come to the meeting of the Commission which was designed, and my Lord Chancellor did expect. And

[1] Charles Stuart, third son of the Duke of York, born July 4th, 1666; created Duke of Kendal, October 31st, 1666; and died May 22nd, 1667.

it was pretty to observe how, when my Lord sent down to St. James's to see why the Duke of York come not, and Mr. Povy, who went, returned, my Lord (Chancellor) did ask, not how the Princes or the Dukes do, as other people do, but "How do the children?" which methought was mighty great, and like a great man and grandfather. I find every body mightily concerned for these children, as a matter wherein the State is much concerned that they should live. At last it was found that the meeting did fail from no known occasion, at which my Lord Chancellor was angry, and did cry out against Creed that he should give him no notice. So Povy and I went forth, and staid at the gate of the house by the streete, and there stopped to talk about the business of the Treasury of Tangier, which by the badness of our credit, and the resolution that the Governor shall not be paymaster, will force me to provide one there to be my paymaster, which I will never do, but rather lose my place, for I will not venture my fortune to a fellow to be employed so far off, and in that wicked place. Thence home, and with Fist presently to the finishing the writing fair of our report. And by and by to Sir W. Batten's, and there he and I and [Sir] J. Minnes and [Sir] W. Pen did read and sign it with great good liking, and so away to the office again to look over and correct it, and then home to supper and to bed, my mind being pretty well settled, having this report done, and so to supper and to bed.

15th. [This morning my wife had some things brought home by a new woman of the New Exchange, one Mrs. Smith, which she would have me see for her fine hand, and indeed it is a fine hand, and the woman I observed is a mighty pretty looked woman.[1]] Up, and with Sir W. Batten and [Sir] J. Minnes to St. James's, and stopt at Temple Bar for Sir J. Minnes to go into the Devil's Taverne to shit, he having drunk whey, and his belly wrought. Being come, we up to the Duke of York's chamber, who, when ready, we to our usual business, and being very glad, we all that signed it, that is, Sir J. Minnes, W. Batten, W. Pen, and myself, and then Sir G. Carteret and [Sir] W. Coventry, Bruncker, and T. Harvy, and the officers of the Ordnance,

[1] The passage between brackets is written in the margin of the MS.

Sir J. Duncombe, and Mr. Cholmely presented our report about Carcasse, and did afterwards read it with that success that the Duke of York was for punishing him, not only with turning him out of the office, but with what other punishment he could, which nobody did forward, and so he escaped, only with giving security to secure the King against double tickets of his and other things that he might have wronged the King or subject in before his dismission. Yet, Lord! to see how our silly Lord Bruncker would have stood to have justified this rogue, though to the reproach of all us who have signed, which I shall never forget to have been a most malicious or a most silly act, and I do think it is as much the latter as the other, for none but a fool could have done as this silly Lord hath done in this business. So the Duke of York did like our report, and ordered his being secured till he did give his security, which did fully content me, and will I hope vindicate the office. It happened that my Lord Arlington coming in by chance was at the hearing of all this, which I was not sorry for, for he did move or did second the Duke of York that this roguery of his might be put in the News-book that it might be made publique to satisfy for the wrong the credit of this office hath received by this rogue's occasion. So with utmost content I away with Sir G. Carteret to London, talking all the way; and he do tell me that the business of my Lord Hinchingbroke his marriage with my Lord Burlington's daughter is concluded on by all friends; and that my Lady is now told of it, and do mightily please herself with it; which I am mighty glad of. So home, and there I find that my wife hath been at my desire at the Inne, thinking that my father might be come up with the coach, but he is not come this week, poor man, but will be here the next At noon to dinner, and then to Sir W. Batten's, where I hear the news how our Embassadors were but ill received at Flushing, nor at Bredah itself, there being only a house and no furniture provided for them, though it be said that they have as much as the French. Here we staid talking a little, and then I to the office about my business, and thence to the office, where busy about my own papers of my office, and by and by comes the office full to examine Sir W. Warren's account,

which I do appear mighty fierce in against him, and indeed am, for his accounts are so perplexed that I am sure he cannot but expect to get many a £1,000 in it before it passes our hands, but I will not favour him, but save what I can to the King. At his accounts, wherein I very high against him, till late, and then we broke up with little done, and so broke up, and I to my office, where late doing of business, and then home to supper and to bed. News still that my Lord Treasurer is so ill as not to be any man of this world; and it is said that the Treasury shall be managed by Commission. I would to God Sir G. Carteret, or my Lord Sandwich, be in it! But the latter is the more fit for it. This day going to White Hall, Sir W. Batten did tell me strange stories of Sir W. Pen, how he is already ashamed of the fine coach which his son-in-law and daughter have made, and indeed it is one of the most ridiculous things for people of their low, mean fashion to make such a coach that ever I saw. He tells me how his people come as they do to mine every day to borrow one thing or other, and that his Lady hath been forced to sell some coals (in the late dear time) only to enable her to pay money that she hath borrowed of Griffin to defray her family expense, which is a strange story for a rogue that spends so much money on clothes and other occasions himself as he do, but that which is most strange, he tells me that Sir W. Pen do not give £6,000, as is usually [supposed], with his daughter to him, and that Mr. Lowder is come to use the tubb, that is to bathe and sweat himself, and that his lady is come to use the tubb too, which he takes to be that he hath, and hath given her the pox, but I hope it is not so, but, says Sir W. Batten, this is a fair joynture, that he hath made her, meaning by that the costs the having of a bath.

16th. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning, and, among other things, comes in Mr. Carcasse, and after many arguings against it, did offer security as was desired, but who should this be but Mr. Powell, that is one other of my Lord Bruncker's clerks, and I hope good use will be made of it. But then he began to fall foul upon the injustice of the Board, which when I heard I threatened him with being laid by the heels, which my Lord Bruncker took up as a thing that I could not do upon the occasion

he had given, but yet did own that it was ill said of him. I made not many words of it, but have let him see that I can say what I will without fear of him, and so we broke off, leaving the bond to be drawn by me, which I will do in the best manner I can. At noon, this being Holy Thursday, that is, Ascension Day, when the boys go on procession round the parish, we were to go to the Three Tuns' Tavern, to dine with the rest of the parish; where all the parish almost was, Sir Andrew Rickard and others; and of our house, J. Minnes, W. Batten, W. Pen, and myself; and Mr. Mills did sit uppermost at the table. Here we were informed that the report of our Embassadors being ill received in their way to Bredah is not true, but that they are received with very great civility, which I am glad to hear. But that that did vex me was that among all us there should come in Mr. Carcasse to be a guest for his money (5*s.* a piece) as well as any of us. This did vex me, and I would have gone, and did go to my house, thinking to dine at home, but I was called away from them, and so we sat down, and to dinner. Among other things Sir John Fredericke[1] and Sir R. Ford did talk of Paul's School, which, they tell me, must be taken away; and then I fear it will be long before another place, as they say is promised, is found; but they do say that the honour of their company[2] is concerned in the doing of it, and that it is a thing that they are obliged to do. Thence home, and to my office, where busy; anon at 7 at night I and my wife and Sir W. Pen in his coach to Unthanke's, my wife's tailor, for her to speak one word, and then we to my Lord Treasurer's, where I find the porter crying, and suspected it was that my Lord is dead; and, poor Lord! we did find that he was dead just now; and the crying of the fellow did so trouble me, that considering I was not likely to trouble him any more, nor have occasion to give any more anything, I did

[1] Alderman Sir John Frederick, elected M.P. for the City of London, March, 1662–63; Lord Mayor of London, 1662, and President of Christ's Hospital. His eldest son, John, was created a baronet, 1723.

[2] The Mercers' Company, under whose superintendence St. Paul's School was placed by Dean Colet, the founder. The school remained in its old locality until 1880, when it was removed to West Kensington, and the schoolhouse pulled down.

give him 3*s.*; but it may be, poor man, he hath lost a considerable hope by the death of his Lord, whose house will be no more frequented as before, and perhaps I may never come thither again about any business. There is a good man gone: and I pray God that the Treasury may not be worse managed by the hand or hands it shall now be put into; though, for certain, the slowness, though he was of great integrity, of this man, and remissness, have gone as far to undo the nation, as anything else that hath happened; and yet, if I knew all the difficulties that he hath lain under, and his instrument Sir Philip Warwicke, I might be brought to another mind. Thence we to Islington, to the Old House, and there eat and drank, and then it being late and a pleasant evening, we home, and there to my chamber, and to bed. It is remarkable that this afternoon Mr. Moore come to me, and there, among other things, did tell me how Mr. Moyer,[1] the merchant, having procured an order from the King and Duke of York and Council, with the consent of my Lord Chancellor, and by assistance of Lord Arlington, for the releasing out of prison his brother, Samuel Moyer, who was a great man in the late times in Haberdashers'-hall, and was engaged under hand and seal to give the man that obtained it so much in behalf of my Lord Chancellor; but it seems my Lady Duchess of Albemarle had before undertaken it for so much money, but hath not done it. The Duke of Albemarle did the next day send for this Moyer, to tell him, that notwithstanding this order of the King and Council's being passed for release of his brother, yet, if he did not consider the pains of some friends of his, he would stop that order. This Moyer being an honest, bold man, told him that he was engaged to the hand that had done the thing to give him a reward; and more he would not give, nor could own any kindness done by his Grace's interest; and so parted. The next day Sir Edward Savage did take the said Moyer in tax about it, giving ill words of this Moyer and his brother; which he not being

[1] Lawrence Moyer, of Low Leyton, in Essex, whose son, of the same name, was afterwards Sir Samuel Moyer, Bart., and High Sheriff of Essex, in 1698. He had also been one of the Council of State. His widow, Rebecca, daughter of Alderman Sir William Joliffe, founded the well-known Lady Moyer's Lectures. — B.

able to bear, told him he would give to the person that had engaged him what he promised, and not any thing to any body else; and that both he and his brother were as honest men as himself, or any man else; and so sent him going, and bid him do his worst. It is one of the most extraordinary cases that ever I saw or understood; but it is true. This day Mr. Sheply is come to town and to see me, and he tells me my father is very well only for his pain, so that he is not able to stir, but is in great pain. I would to God that he were in town that I might have what help can be got for him, for it troubles me to have him live in that condition of misery if I can help it.

17th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning upon some accounts of Mr. Gawden's, and at noon to the Three Tuns to dinner with Lord Bruncker, Sir J. Minnes, W. Batten, W. Pen, and T. Harvy, where very merry, and my Lord Bruncker in appearance as good friends as ever, though I know he has a hatred to me in heart. After dinner to my house, where Mr. Sheply dined, and we drank and talked together. He, poor man, hath had his arm broke the late frost, slipping in going over Huntingdon Bridge. He tells me that Jasper Trice and Lewes Phillips and Mr. Ashfield are gone from Brampton, and he thinks chiefly from the height of Sir J. Bernard's carriage, who carries all things before him there, which they cannot bear with, and so leave the town, and this is a great instance of the advantage a man of the law hath over all other people, which would make a man to study it a little. Sheply being gone, there come the flageolet master, who having had a bad bargain of teaching my wife by the year, she not practising so much as she should do, I did think that the man did deserve some more consideration, and so will give him an opportunity of 20*s*. a month more, and he shall teach me, and this afternoon I begun, and I think it will be a few shillings well spent. Then to Sir R. Viner's with 600 pieces of gold to turn into silver, for the enabling me to answer Sir G. Carteret's £3,000; which he now draws all out of my hand towards the paying for a purchase he hath made for his son and my Lady Jemimah, in Northamptonshire,[1]

[1] An error for Bedfordshire. The place was Hawnes, which belonged to the Lukes of Cople, who, about 1654, had sold it to Sir Humphrey

of Sir Samuel Luke,[1] in a good place; a good house, and near all her friends; which is a very happy thing. Thence to St. James's, and there spoke with Sir W. Coventry, and give him some account of some things, but have little discourse with him, there being company with him, and so directly home again and then to my office, doing some business, and so to my house, and with my wife to practice on the flageolet a little, and with great pleasure I see she can readily hit her notes, but only want of practice makes her she cannot go through a whole tune readily. So to supper and to bed.

18th. Up, and all the morning at the office, and then to dinner, and after dinner to the office to dictate some letters, and then with my wife to Sir W. Turner's to visit The., but she being abroad we back again home, and then I to the office, finished my letters, and then to walk an hour in the garden talking with my wife, whose growth in musique do begin to please me mightily, and by and by home and there find our Luce drunk, and when her mistress told her of it would be gone, and so put up some of her things and did go away of her accord, nobody pressing her to it, and the truth is, though she be the dirtiest, homeliest servant that ever I kept, yet I was sorry to have her go, partly through my love to my servants, and partly because she was a very drudging, working wench, only she would be drunk. But that which did a little trouble me was that I did hear her tell her mistress that she would tell her master something before she was aware of her that she would be sorry to have him know; but did it in such a silly, drunken manner, that though it trouble me a little, yet not knowing what to suspect she should know, and not knowing well whether she said it to her mistress or Jane, I did not much think of it. So she gone, we to supper and to bed, my study being made finely clean.

Winch, from whom, and not directly from Sir Samuel Luke, Sir George Carteret purchased it in 1667. The son by this marriage was created Lord Carteret of Hawnes in 1681. — B.

[1] Sir Samuel Luke, eldest son of Sir Oliver Luke, of Woodend, Beds. He belonged to the Presbyterian party, and appears to have been a stout soldier. He was referred to by a contemporary as "Great-spirited little Sir Samuel Luke." He was knighted in 1624, and died in 1670; buried at Cople, in Beds, on the 30th August. His fame has been injured by the supposed fact that he was the hero of "Hudibras."

19th (Lord's day). Up, and to my chamber to set some papers in order, and then to church, where my old acquaintance, that dull fellow, Meriton, made a good sermon, and hath a strange knack of a grave, serious delivery, which is very agreeable. After church to White Hall, and there find Sir G. Carteret just set down to dinner, and I dined with them, as I intended, and good company, the best people and family in the world I think. Here was great talk of the good end that my Lord Treasurer made; closing his owne eyes and setting his mouth, and bidding adieu with the greatest content and freedom in the world; and is said to die with the cleanest hands that ever any Lord Treasurer did. After dinner Sir G. Carteret and I alone, and there, among other discourse, he did declare that he would be content to part with his place of Treasurer of the Navy upon good terms. I did propose my Lord Belasses as a man likely to buy it, which he listened to, and I did fully concur and promote his design of parting with it, for though I would have my father live, I would not have him die Treasurer of the Navy, because of the accounts which must be uncleared at his death, besides many other circumstances making it advisable for him to let it go. He tells me that he fears all will come to naught in the nation soon if the King do not mind his business, which he do not seem likely to do. He says that the Treasury will be managed for a while by a Commission, whereof he thinks my Lord Chancellor for the honour of it, and my Lord Ashly, and the two Secretaries will be, and some others he knows not. I took leave of him, and directly by water home, and there to read the life of Mr. Hooker, which pleases me as much as any thing I have read a great while, and by and by comes Mr. Howe to see us, and after him a little Mr. Sheply, and so we all to talk, and, Mercer being there, we some of us to sing, and so to supper, a great deal of silly talk. Among other things, W. Howe told us how the Barristers and Students of Gray's Inne rose in rebellion against the Benchers the other day, who outlawed them, and a great deal of do; but now they are at peace again. They being gone, I to my book again, and made an end of Mr. Hooker's Life,[1] and so to bed.

[1] Izaac Walton's "Life of Mr. Richard Hooker," "London, by J. G. for Ric. Marriott," was first published in 1665.

20th. Up betimes, and comes my flagelette master to set me a new tune, which I played presently, and shall in a month do as much as I desire at it. He being gone, I to several businesses in my chamber, and then by coach to the Commissioners of Excise, and so to Westminster Hall, and there spoke with several persons I had to do with. Here among other news, I hear that the Commissioners for the Treasury were named by the King yesterday; but who they are nobody could tell: but the persons are the Lord Chancellor, the two Secretaries, Lord Ashly, and others say Sir W. Coventry and Sir John Duncomb, but all conclude the Duke of Albemarle; but reports do differ, but will be known in a day or two. Having done my business, I then homeward, and overtook Mr. Commander; so took him into a coach with me, and he and I into Lincoln's Inne Fields, there to look upon the coach-houses to see what ground is necessary for coach-house and horses, because of that that I am going about to do, and having satisfied myself in this he and I to Mr. Hide's to look upon the ground again behind our house, and concluded upon his going along with us to-morrow to see some stables, he thinking that we demand more than is necessary. So away home, and then, I, it being a broken day, and had power by my vows, did walk abroad, first through the Minorys, the first time I have been over the Hill to the postern-gate, and seen the place, since the houses were pulled down about that side of the Tower, since the fire, to find where my young mercer with my pretty little woman to his wife lives, who lived in Lumbard streete, and I did espy them, but took no notice now of them, but may do hereafter. Thence down to the Old Swan, and there saw Betty Michell, whom I have not seen since her christening. But, Lord! how pretty she is, and looks as well as ever I saw her, and her child (which I am fain to seem very fond of) is pretty also, I think, and will be. Thence by water to Westminster Hall, and there walked a while talking at random with Sir W. Doyly, and so away to Mrs. Martin's lodging, who was gone before, expecting me, and there je hazer what je vellem cum her and drank, and so by coach home (but I have forgot that I did in the morning go to the Swan, and there tumbling of la little fille, son uncle did trouver her cum su neckcloth

off, which I was ashamed of, but made no great matter of it, but let it pass with a laugh), and there spent the evening with my wife at our flagelets, and so to supper, and after a little reading to bed. My wife still troubled with her cold. I find it everywhere now to be a thing doubted whether we shall have peace or no, and the captain of one of our ships that went with the Embassadors do say, that the seamen of Holland to his hearing did defy us, and called us English dogs, and cried out against peace, and that the great people there do oppose peace, though he says the common people do wish it.

21st. Up and to the office, where sat all the morning. At noon dined at home with my wife and find a new girle, a good big girle come to us, got by Payne to be our girle, and his daughter Nell we make our cook. This wench's name is Mary, and seems a good likely maid. After dinner I with Mr. Commander and Mr. Hide's brother to Lincolne's Inne Fields, and there viewed several coach-houses, and satisfied ourselves now fully in it, and then there parted, leaving the rest to future discourse between us. Thence I home; but, Lord! how it went against my heart to go away from the very door of the Duke's play-house, and my Lady Castlemayne's coach, and many great coaches there, to see "The Siege of Rhodes." I was very near making a forfeit, but I did command myself, and so home to my office, and there did much business to my good content, much better than going to a play, and then home to my wife, who is not well with her cold, and sat and read a piece of Grand Cyrus in English by her, and then to my chamber and to supper, and so to bed. This morning the Captain come from Holland did tell us at the board what I have said he reported yesterday. This evening after I come from the office Mrs. Turner come to see my wife and me, and sit and talk with us, and so, my wife not being well and going to bed, Mrs. Turner and I sat up till 12 at night talking alone in my chamber, and most of our discourse was of our neighbours. As to my Lord Bruncker, she says how Mrs. Griffin, our housekeeper's wife, hath it from his maid, that comes to her house often, that they are very poor; that the other day Mrs. Williams was fain to send a jewell to pawn; that their maid hath said herself that she hath got £50

since she come thither, and £17 by the payment of one bill; that they have a most lewd and nasty family here in the office, but Mrs. Turner do tell me that my Lord hath put the King to infinite charge since his coming thither in alterations, and particularly that Mr. Harper at Deptford did himself tell her that my Lord hath had of Foly, the ironmonger, £50 worth in locks and keys for his house, and that it is from the fineness of them, having some of £4 and £5 a lock, such as is in the Duke's closet; that he hath several of these; that he do keep many of her things from her of her own goods, and would have her bring a bill into the office for them; that Mrs. Griffin do say that he do not keep Mrs. Williams now for love, but need, he having another whore that he keeps in Covent Garden; that they do owe money everywhere almost for every thing, even Mrs. Shipman for her butter and cheese about £3, and after many demands cannot get it. Mrs. Turner says she do believe their coming here is only out of a belief of getting purchase by it, and that their servants (which was wittily said of her touching his clerks) do act only as privateers, no purchase, no pay. And in my conscience she is in the right. Then we fell to talk of Sir W. Pen, and his family and rise. She [Mrs. Turner] says that he was a pityfull [fellow] when she first knew them; that his lady was one of the sourest, dirty women, that ever she saw; that they took two chambers, one over another, for themselves and child, in Tower Hill; that for many years together they eat more meals at her house than at their own; did call brothers and sisters the husbands and wives; that her husband was godfather to one, and she godmother to another (this Margaret) of their children, by the same token that she was fain to write with her own hand a letter to Captain Twiddy, to stand for a godfather for her; that she brought my Lady, who then was a dirty slattern, with her stockings hanging about her heels, so that afterwards the people of the whole Hill did say that Mrs. Turner had made Mrs. Pen a gentlewoman, first to the knowledge of my Lady Vane,[1] Sir Henry's lady, and him to the knowledge of most of the great people

[1] Lady Vane was Frances, daughter of Sir Christopher Wray, Bart., of Ashby, Lincolnshire. — B.

that then he sought to, and that in short his rise hath been his giving of large bribes, wherein, and she agrees with my opinion and knowledge before therein, he is very profuse. This made him General; this got him out of the Tower when he was in; and hath brought him into what he is now, since the King's coming in: that long ago, indeed, he would drink the King's health privately with Mr. Turner; but that when he saw it fit to turn Roundhead, and was offered by Mr. Turner to drink the King's health, he answered "No;" he was changed, and now he that would make him drink the King's health, or any health but the Protector's and the State's, or to that purpose, he would be the first man should sheath his sword in his guts. That at the King's coming in, he did send for her husband, and told him what a great man Sir W. Coventry was like to be, and that he having all the records in his hands of the Navy, if he would transcribe what was of most present use of the practice of the Navy, and give them him to give Sir W. Coventry from him, it would undoubtedly do his business of getting him a principal officer's place; that her husband was at £5 charge to get these presently writ; that Sir W. Pen did give them Sir W. Coventry as from himself, which did set him up with W. Coventry, and made him what he is, and never owned any thing of Mr. Turner in them; by which he left him in the lurch, though he did promise the Duke of Albemarle to do all that was possible, and made no question of Mr. Turner's being what he desired; and when afterwards, too, did propose to him the getting of the Purveyor's place for him, he did tell Mr. Turner it was necessary to present Sir W. Coventry 100 pieces, which he did, and W. Coventry took 80 of them: so that he was W. Coventry's mere broker, as Sir W. Batten and my Lady did once tell my Lady Duchess of Albemarle, in the case of Mr. Falconer, whom W. Pen made to give W. Coventry £200 for his place of Clerk of the Rope Yard of Woolwich, and to settle £80 a year upon his daughter Pegg, after the death of his wife, and a gold watch presently to his wife. Mrs. Turner do tell me that my Lady and Pegg have themselves owned to her that Sir W. Coventry and Sir W. Pen had private marks to write to one another by, that when they in appearance writ a fair letter in behalf of anybody,

that they had a little mark to show they meant it only in shew: this, these silly people did confess themselves of him. She says that their son, Mr. William Pen, did tell her that his father did observe the commanders did make their addresses to me and applications, but they should know that his father should be the chief of the office, and that she hath observed that Sir W. Pen never had a kindness to her son, since W. Pen told her son that he had applied himself to me. That his rise hath been by her and her husband's means, and that it is a most inconceivable thing how this man can have the face to use her and her family with the neglect that he do them. That he was in the late war a most devilish plunderer, and that got him his estate, which he hath in Ireland, and nothing else, and that he hath always been a very liberal man in his bribes, that upon his coming into this part of the Controller's business wherein he is, he did send for T. Willson and told him how against his knowledge he was put in, and had so little wit as to say to him, "This will make the pot boyle, will it not, Mr. Willson? will it not make the pot boyle?" and do offer him to come in and do his business for him, and he would reward him. This Mr. Willson did come and tell her presently, he having been their servant, and to this day is very faithful to them. That her husband's not being forward to make him a bill for Rere Admirall's pay and Generall's pay both at the same time after he was first made Generall did first give him occasion of keeping a distance from him, since which they have never been great friends, Pen having by degrees been continually growing higher and higher, till now that he do wholly slight them and use them only as servants. Upon the whole, she told me stories enough to confirm me that he is the most false fellow that ever was born of woman, and that so she thinks and knows him to be.

22nd. Up, and by water to White Hall to Sir G. Carteret, who tells me now for certain how the Commission for the Treasury is disposed of: viz., to Duke of Albemarle, Lord Ashly, Sir W. Coventry, Sir John Duncomb,[1] and Sir

[1] Burnet says of Sir John Duncomb, that "he was a judicious man, but very haughty, and apt to raise enemies. He was an able Parliament-man, but could not go into all the designs of the Court; for he had a

Thomas Clifford: at which, he says, all the whole Court is disturbed; it having been once concluded otherwise into the other hands formerly mentioned in yesterday's notes, but all of a sudden the King's choice was changed, and these are to be the men; the first of which is only for a puppet to give honour to the rest. He do presage that these men will make it their business to find faults in the management of the late Lord Treasurer, and in discouraging the bankers: but I am, whatever I in compliance do say to him, of another mind, and my heart is very glad of it, for I do expect they will do much good, and that it is the happiest thing that hath appeared to me for the good of the nation since the King come in. Thence to St. James's, and up to the Duke of York; and there in his chamber Sir W. Coventry did of himself take notice of this business of the Treasury, wherein he is in the Commission, and desired that I would be thinking of any thing fit for him to be acquainted with for the lessening of charge and bettering of our credit, and what our expence hath been since the King's coming home, which he believes will be one of the first things they shall enquire into: which I promised him, and from time to time, which he desires, will give him an account of what I can think of worthy his knowledge. I am mighty glad of this opportunity of professing my joy to him in what choice the King hath made, and the hopes I have that it will save the kingdom from perishing: and

sense of religion, and a zeal for the liberty of his country" ("Own Time," vol. i., p. 437, ed. 1833). Duncomb's removal from the Ordnance to the Treasury is not overlooked by Marvell ("Works," vol. iii., p. 391):

"*Southampton* dead, much of the treasure's care
And place in council fell to *Duncomb's* share.
All men admired, he to that pitch could fly,
Powder ne'er blew man up so soon, so high;
But, sure his late good husbandry in petre [saltpetre],
Showed him to manage the Exchequer meeter;
And who the forts would not vouchsafe a corn,
To lavish the King's money more with scorn,
Who hath no chimneys to give all is best;
And ablest speaker who of law hath least,
Who less estate for Treasurer most fit,
And for a Chancellor he that has least wit.
But the true cause was, that in's brother *May*,
Th' exchequer might the privy-purse obey." — B.

how it do encourage me to take pains again, after my having through despair neglected it! which he told me of himself that it was so with him, that he had given himself up to more ease than ever he expected, and that his opinion of matters was so bad, that there was no publick employment in the kingdom should have been accepted by him but this which the King hath now given him; and therein he is glad, in hopes of the service he may do therein; and in my conscience he will. So into the Duke of York's closet; and there, among other things, Sir W. Coventry did take notice of what he told me the other day, about a report of Commissioner Pett's dealing for timber in the Navy, and selling it to us in other names; and, besides his own proof, did produce a paper I had given him this morning about it, in the case of Widow Murford and Morecocke,[1] which was so handled, that the Duke of York grew very angry, and commanded us presently to fall into the examination of it, saying that he would not trust a man for his sake that lifts up the whites of his eyes. And it was declared that if he be found to have done so, he should be reckoned unfit to serve the Navy; and I do believe he will be turned out; and it was, methought, a worthy saying of Sir W. Coventry to the Duke of York, "Sir," says he, "I do not make this complaint out of any disrespect to Commissioner Pett, but because I do love to do these things fairly and openly." Thence I to Westminster Hall with Sir G. Carteret to the Chequer Chamber to hear our cause of the Lindeboome prize there before the Lords of Appeal, where was Lord Ashly, Arlington, Barkely, and Sir G. Carteret, but the latter three signified nothing, the former only either minding or understanding what was said. Here was good pleading of Sir Walter Walker's and worth hearing, but little done in our business. Thence by coach to the Red Lyon, thinking to meet my father, but I come too soon, but my wife is gone out of town to meet him. I am in great pain, poor man, for him, lest he should come up in pain to town. So I staid not, but to the 'Change, and there staid a little, where most of the newes is that the

[1] Commissioner Pett, in his communication to the Navy Commissioners (May 24th), states that "Murford and Moorcock went two-thirds in Newhall timber" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 117).

Swedes are likely to fall out with the Dutch, which we wish, but how true I know not. Here I met my uncle Wight, the second day he hath been abroad, having been sick these two months even to death, but having never sent to me even in the greatest of his danger. I do think my Aunt had no mind I should come, and so I never went to see him, but neither he took notice of it to me, nor I made any excuse for it to him, but past two or three How do you's, and so parted and so home, and by and by comes my poor father, much better than I expected, being at ease by fits, according as his truss sits, and at another time in as much pain. I am mighty glad to see him come well to town. So to dinner, where Creed comes. After dinner my wife and father abroad, and Creed and I also by water, and parted at the Temple stairs, where I landed, and to the King's house, where I did give 18*d*., and saw the two last acts of "The Goblins,"[1] a play I could not make any thing of by these two acts, but here Knipp spied me out of the tiring-room, and come to the pit door, and I out to her, and kissed her, she only coming to see me, being in a country-dress, she and others having, it seemed, had a country-dance in the play, but she no other part: so we parted, and I into the pit again till it was done. The house full, but I had no mind to be seen, but thence to my cutler's, and two or three other places on small errands, and so home, where my father and wife come home, and pretty well my father, who to supper and betimes to bed at his country hours. I to Sir W. Batten's, and there got some more part of my dividend of the prize-money. So home and to set down in writing the state of the account, and then to supper, and my wife to her flageolet, wherein she did make out a tune so prettily of herself, that I was infinitely pleased beyond whatever I expected from her, and so to bed. This day coming from Westminster with W. Batten, we saw at White Hall stairs a fisher-boat, with a sturgeon that he had newly catched in the River; which I saw, but it was but a little one; but big enough to prevent my mistake of that for a colt, if ever I become Mayor of Huntingdon.[2]

[1] See January 23rd, 1666–67 (p. 137 of this volume).

[2] During a very high flood in the meadows between Huntingdon and Godmanchester, something was seen floating, which the Godmanchester

23rd. Up, and to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon home, and with my father dined, and, poor man! he hath put off his travelling-clothes to-day, and is mighty spruce, and I love to see him cheerful. After dinner I to my chamber, and my wife and I to talk, and by and by they tell Mrs. Daniel would speak with me, so I down to the parlour to her, and sat down together and talked about getting her husband a place. . . . I do promise, and mean to do what kindness I can to her husband. After having been there hasti je was ashamed de peur that my people pensait τὸ πρᾶγμα de it, or lest they might espy us through some trees, we parted and I to the office, and presently back home again, and there was asked by my wife, I know not whether simply or with design, how I come to look as I did, car ego was in much chaleur et de body and of animi, which I put off with the heat of the season, and so to other business, but I had some fear hung upon me lest alcuno had sidi decouvert. So to the office, and then to Sir R. Viner's about some part of my accounts now going on with him, and then home and ended my letters, and then to supper and my chamber to settle many things there, and then to bed. This noon I was on the 'Change, where I to my astonishment hear, and it is in the Gazette, that Sir John Duncomb is sworn yesterday a Privy-councillor. This day I hear also that last night the Duke of Kendall, second son of the Duke of York, did die; and that the other, Duke of Cambridge, continues very ill still. This afternoon I had opportunity para jouer with Mrs. Pen, tokendo her mammailles and baisando elle, being sola in the casa of her pater, and she fort willing.

24th. Up, and to the office, where, by and by, by appointment, we met upon Sir W. Warren's accounts, wherein I do appear in every thing as much as I can his enemy, though not so far but upon good conditions from him I may return to be his friend, but I do think it necessary to do what I do

people thought was a black *pig*, and the Huntingdon folk declared it was a *sturgeon;* when rescued from the waters, it proved to be *a young donkey*. This mistake led to the one party being styled "Godmanchester black pigs," and the other "Huntingdon sturgeons," terms not altogether forgotten at this day. Pepys's *colt* must be taken to be the *colt of an ass.*—B.

at present. We broke off at noon without doing much, and then home, where my wife not well, but yet engaged by invitation to go with Sir W. Pen. I got her to go with him by coach to Islington to the old house, where his lady and Madam Lowther, with her exceeding fine coach and mean horses, and her mother-in-law,[1] did meet us, and two of Mr. Lowther's brothers,[2] and here dined upon nothing but pigeon-pyes, which was such a thing for him to invite all the company to, that I was ashamed of it. But after dinner was all our sport, when there come in a juggler, who, indeed, did shew us so good tricks as I have never seen in my life, I think, of legerdemaine, and such as my wife hath since seriously said that she would not believe but that he did them by the help of the devil. Here, after a bad dinner, and but ordinary company, saving that I discern good parts in one of the sons, who, methought, did take me up very prettily in one or two things that I said, and I was so sensible of it as to be a caution to me hereafter how I do venture to speak more than is necessary in any company, though, as I did now, I do think them incapable to censure me. We broke up, they back to Walthamstow, and only my wife and I and Sir W. Pen to the King's play-house, and there saw "The Mayden Queene,"[3] which, though I have often seen, yet pleases me infinitely, it being impossible, I think, ever to have the Queen's part, which is very good and passionate, and Florimel's part, which is the most comicall that ever was made for woman, ever done better than they two are by young Marshall and Nelly. Home, where I spent the evening with my father and wife, and late at night some flagillette with my wife, and then to supper and to bed.

25th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At

[1] Mary, widow of Morgan Davis, Esq., the third wife of Alderman Robert Lowther, was the lady here referred to. — B.

[2] According to Collins, Anthony Lowther had but one brother, John, a merchant at Dantzic, and one of the Commissioners of Revenue in Ireland. See Collins, vol. v., p. 702. Anthony Lowther, who married Margaret Penn, was the son of Elizabeth, daughter of William Holcroft, Esq., *second* wife of Robert Lowther, of Marske, co. York, and Alderman of London, who died 1655. — B.

[3] See March 2nd, 1666–67 (p. 192 of this volume).

noon dined at home, and there come Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, and dined with me, telling me that the Duke of Cambridge continues very ill, so as they do despair of his living. So to the office again, where all the afternoon. About 4 o'clock comes Mrs. Pierce to see my wife, and I into them, and there find Pierce very fine, and in her own hair, which do become her, and so says my wife, ten times better than lighter hair, her complexion being mighty good. With them talked a little, and was invited by her to come with my wife on Wednesday next in the evening, to be merry there, which we shall do. Then to the office again, where dispatched a great deal of business till late at night, to my great content, and then home and with my wife to our flageolets a little, and so to supper and to bed, after having my chamber a little wiped up.

26th (Lord's day). Up sooner than usual on Sundays, and to walk, it being exceeding hot all night (so as this night I begun to leave off my waistcoat this year) and this morning, and so to walk in the garden till toward church time, when my wife and I to church, where several strangers of good condition come to our pew, where the pew was full. At noon dined at home, where little Michell come and his wife, who continues mighty pretty. After dinner I by water alone to Westminster, where, not finding Mrs. Martin within, did go towards the parish church,[1] and in the way did overtake her, who resolved to go into the church with her that she was going with (Mrs. Hargrave, the little crooked woman, the vintner's wife of the Dog) and then go out again, and so I to the church, and seeing her return did go out again myself, but met with Mr. Howlett, who, offering me a pew in the gallery, I had no excuse but up with him I must go, and then much against my will staid out the whole church in pain while she expected me at home, but I did entertain myself with my perspective glass up and down the church, by which I had the great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women; and what with that, and sleeping, I passed away the time till sermon was done, and then to Mrs. Martin, and there staid with her an hour or two, and there did what I would with her, and after been here so long I away to my boat, and up

[1] St. Margaret's.

with it as far as Barne Elmes, reading of Mr. Evelyn's late new book against Solitude,[1] in which I do not find much excess of good matter, though it be pretty for a bye discourse. I walked the length of the Elmes, and with great pleasure saw some gallant ladies and people come with their bottles, and basket, and chairs, and form, to sup under the trees by the waterside, which was mighty pleasant. I to boat again and to my book, and having done that I took another book, Mr. Boyle's of Colours, and there read, where I laughed, finding many fine things worthy observation, and so landed at the Old Swan, and so home, where I find my poor father newly come out of an unexpected fit of his pain, that they feared he would have died. They had sent for me to White Hall and all up and down, and for Mr. Holliard also, who did come, but W. Hewer being here did I think do the business in getting my father's bowel, that was fallen down, into his body again, and that which made me more sensible of it was that he this morning did show me the place where his bowel did use to fall down and swell, which did trouble me to see. But above all things the poor man's patience under it and his good heart and humour, as soon as he was out of it, did so work upon me, that my heart was sad to think upon his condition, but do hope that a way will be found by a steel truss to relieve him. By and by to supper, all our discourse about Brampton, and my intentions to build there if I could be free of my engagement to my Uncle Thomas and his son, that they may not have what I have built, against my will, to them whether I will or no, in case of me and my brothers being without heirs male; which is the true reason why I am against laying out money upon that place, together with my fear of some inconvenience by being so near Hinchingbroke; being obliged to be a servant to that family, and subject to what expence they shall cost me; and to have all that I shall buy, or do, esteemed as got by the death of my

[1] "15th February, 1666–67. My little book in answer to Sir George Mackenzie was now published, entitled, 'Public Employment and an Active Life, with its Appenages, preferred to Solitude.'" — Evelyn's *Diary*. Soon afterwards Evelyn wrote to Cowley, the poet, and excused himself for writing in this strain, and in truth his opinions were divided on this question.

uncle, when indeed what I have from him is not worth naming. After supper to read and then to bed.

27th. Up, and there comes Greeting my flagelette master, and I practised with him. There comes also Richardson, the bookbinder, with one of Ogilby's Bibles in quires for me to see and buy, it being Mr. Cade's, my stationer's; but it is like to be so big that I shall not use it, it being too great to stir up and down without much trouble, which I shall not like nor do intend it for. So by water to White Hall, and there find Sir G. Carteret at home, and talked with him a while, and find that the new Commissioners of the Treasury did meet this morning. So I to find out Sir W. Coventry, but missed, only I do hear that they have chosen Sir G. Downing for their Secretary; and I think in my conscience they have done a great thing in it; for he is a business active man, and values himself upon having of things do well under his hand; so that I am mightily pleased in their choice. Here I met Mr. Pierce, who tells me that he lately met Mr. Carcasse, who do mightily inveigh against me, for that all that has been done against him he lays on me, and I think he is in the right and I do own it, only I find what I suspected, that he do report that Sir W. Batten and I, who never agreed before, do now, and since this business agree even more, which I did fear would be thought, and therefore will find occasion to undeceive the world in that particular by promoting something shortly against [Sir] W. Batten. So home, and there to sing with my wife before dinner, and then to dinner, and after dinner comes Carcasse to speak with me, but I would not give him way to enlarge on anything, but he would have begun to have made a noise how I have undone him and used all the wit I could in the drawing up of his report, wherein he told me I had taken a great deal of pains to undo him. To which I did not think fit to enter into any answer, but dismissed him, and so I again up to my chamber, vexed at the impudence of this rogue, but I think I shall be wary enough for him. So to my chamber, and there did some little business, and then abroad, and stopped at the Bear-garden-stairs,[1] there to see a prize fought. But the house so full there was no getting in there,

[1] At Bankside.

so forced to go through an alehouse into the pit, where the bears are baited; and upon a stool did see them fight, which they did very furiously, a butcher and a waterman. The former had the better all along, till by and by the latter dropped his sword out of his hand, and the butcher, whether not seeing his sword dropped I know not, but did give him a cut over the wrist, so as he was disabled to fight any longer. But, Lord! to see how in a minute the whole stage was full of watermen to revenge the foul play, and the butchers to defend their fellow, though most blamed him; and there they all fell to it to knocking down and cutting many on each side. It was pleasant to see, but that I stood in the pit, and feared that in the tumult I might get some hurt. At last the rabble broke up, and so I away to White Hall and so to St. James's, but I found not Sir W. Coventry, so into the Park and took a turn or two, it being a most sweet day, and so by water home, and with my father and wife walked in the garden, and then anon to supper and to bed. The Duke of Cambridge very ill still.

28th. Up, and by coach to St. James's, where I find Sir W. Coventry, and he desirous to have spoke with me. It was to read over a draught of a letter which he hath made for his brother Commissioners and him to sign to us, demanding an account of the whole business of the Navy accounts; and I perceive, by the way he goes about it, that they will do admirable things. He tells me they have chosen Sir G. Downing their Secretary, who will be as fit a man as any in the world; and said, by the by, speaking of the bankers being fearful of Sir G. Downing's being Secretary, he being their enemy, that they did not intend to be ruled by their Secretary, but do the business themselves. My heart is glad to see so great hopes of good to the nation as will be by these men; and it do me good to see Sir W. Coventry so cheerfull as he now is on the same score. Thence home, and there fell to seeing my office and closet there made soundly clean, and the windows cleaned. At which all the morning, and so at noon to dinner. After dinner my wife away down with Jane and W. Hewer to Woolwich, in order to a little ayre and to lie there to-night, and so to gather May-dew[1] to-morrow morning, which Mrs.

[1] If we are to credit the following paragraph, extracted from the

Turner hath taught her as the only thing in the world to wash her face with; and I am contented with it. Presently comes Creed, and he and I by water to Fox-hall, and there walked in Spring Garden. A great deal of company, and the weather and garden pleasant: that it is very pleasant and cheap going thither, for a man may go to spend what he will, or nothing, all is one. But to hear the nightingale and other birds, and here fiddles, and there a harp, and here a Jew's trump, and here laughing, and there fine people walking, is mighty divertising. Among others, there were two pretty women alone, that walked a great while, which being discovered by some idle gentlemen, they would needs take them up; but to see the poor ladies how they were put to it to run from them, and they after them, and sometimes the ladies put themselves along with other company, then the other drew back; at last, the last did get off out of the house, and took boat and away. I was troubled to see them abused so; and could have found in my heart, as little desire of fighting as I have, to have protected the ladies. So by water, set Creed down at White Hall, and I to the Old Swan, and so home. My father gone to bed, and wife abroad at Woolwich, I to Sir W. Pen, where he and his Lady and Pegg and pretty Mrs. Lowther her sister-in-law at supper, where I sat and talked, and Sir W. Pen, half drunk, did talk like a fool and vex his wife, that I was half pleased and half vexed to see so much folly and rudeness from him, and so late home to bed.

29th. Up, and by coach to St. James's, where by and by up to the Duke of York, where, among other things, our parson Mills having the offer of another benefice[1] by Sir Robert Brookes, who was his pupil, he by my Lord Barkeley [of Stratton] is made one of the Duke's Chaplains, which qualifies him for two livings. But to see how slightly such

"Morning Post" of May 2nd, 1791, the virtues of May dew were then still held in some estimation; for it records that "on the day preceding, according to annual and superstitious custom, a number of persons went into the fields, and bathed their faces with the dew on the grass, under the idea that it would render them beautiful" (Hone's "Every Day Book," vol. ii., p. 611). Aubrey speaks of May dew as "a great dissolvent" ("Miscellanies," p. 183). — B.

[1] The rectory of Wanstead, in Essex, to which he was presented.

things are done, the Duke of York only taking my Lord Barkeley's word upon saying, that we the officers of the Navy do say he is a good man and minister of our parish, and the Duke of York admits him to kiss his hand, but speaks not one word to him; but so a warrant will be drawn from the Duke of York to qualify him, and there's an end of it. So we into the Duke's closett, where little to do, but complaint for want of money and a motion of Sir W. Coventry's that we should all now bethink ourselves of lessening charge to the King, which he said was the only way he saw likely to put the King out of debt, and this puts me upon thinking to offer something presently myself to prevent its being done in a worse manner without me relating to the Victualling business, which, as I may order it, I think may be done and save myself something. Thence home, and there settle to some accounts of mine in my chamber I all the morning till dinner. My wife comes home from Woolwich, but did not dine with me, going to dress herself against night, to go to Mrs. Pierce's to be merry, where we are to have Knepp and Harris and other good people. I at my accounts all the afternoon, being a little lost in them as to reckoning interest. Anon comes down my wife, dressed in her second mourning, with her black moyre waistcoat, and short petticoat, laced with silver lace so basely that I could not endure to see her, and with laced lining, which is too soon, so that I was horrid angry, and went out of doors to the office and there staid, and would not go to our intended meeting, which vexed me to the blood, and my wife sent twice or thrice to me, to direct her any way to dress her, but to put on her cloth gown, which she would not venture, which made me mad: and so in the evening to my chamber, vexed, and to my accounts, which I ended to my great content, and did make amends for the loss of our mirth this night, by getting this done, which otherwise I fear I should not have done a good while else. So to bed.

30th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon dined at home, being without any words friends with my wife, though last night I was very angry, and do think I did give her as much cause to be angry with me. After dinner I walked to Arundell House, the way very nasty,

the day of meeting of the Society being changed from Wednesday to Thursday, which I knew not before, because the Wednesday is a Council-day, and several of the Council are of the Society, and would come but for their attending the King at Council; where I find much company, indeed very much company, in expectation of the Duchesse of Newcastle,[1] who had desired to be invited to the Society; and was, after much debate, *pro* and *con.*, it seems many being against it; and we do believe the town will be full of ballads of it. Anon comes the Duchesse with her women attending her; among others, the Ferabosco,[2] of whom so much talk is that her lady would bid her show her face and kill the gallants. She is indeed black, and hath good black little eyes, but otherwise but a very ordinary woman I do think, but they say sings well. The Duchesse hath been a good, comely woman; but her dress so antick, and her deportment so ordinary, that I do not like her at all, nor did I hear her say any thing that was worth hearing, but that she was full of admiration, all admiration. Several fine experiments were shown her of colours, loadstones, microscopes, and of liquors: among others, of one that did, while she was there, turn a piece of roasted mutton into pure blood, which was very rare. Here was Mrs. Moore of Cambridge, whom I had not seen before, and I was glad to see her; as also a very pretty black boy that run up and down the room, somebody's child in Arundell House. After they had shown her many experiments, and she cried still she was full of admiration, she departed, being led out and in by several Lords that were there; among others Lord George Barkeley and Earl of Carlisle, and a very pretty young man,

[1] May 30th. "The duchess of Newcastle coming in, the experiments appointed for her entertainment were made: first that of weighing the air . . . ; next were made several experiments of mixing colours; then two cold liquors by mixture made hot; then the experiments of making water bubble up in the rarefying engine, by drawing out the air, and that of making an empty bladder swell in the same engine; then the experiment of making a body swim in the middle of the water; and that of two well-wrought marbles, which were not separated but by the weight of forty-seven pounds." — Birch's *History of the Royal Society*, vol. ii., p. 178.

[2] This may either have been the wife or daughter of Alfonso Ferrabosco the younger or of John Ferrabosco.

the Duke of Somerset.[1] She gone, I by coach home, and there busy at my letters till night, and then with my wife in the evening singing with her in the garden with great pleasure, and so home to supper and to bed.

31st. Up, and there came young Mrs. Daniel in the morning as I expected about business of her husband's. I took her into the office to discourse with her about getting some employment for him. . . . By water to White Hall to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, the first time I ever was there and I think the second that they have met at the Treasury chamber there. Here I saw Duncomb look as big, and take as much state on him, as if he had been born a lord. I was in with him about Tangier, and at present received but little answer from them, they being in a cloud of business yet, but I doubt not but all will go well under them. Here I met with Sir H. Cholmly, who tells me that he is told this day by Secretary Morris that he believes we are, and shall be, only fooled by the French; and that the Dutch are very high and insolent, and do look upon us as come over only to beg a peace; which troubles me very much, and I do fear it is true. Thence to Sir G. Carteret at his lodgings; who, I perceive, is mightily displeased with this new Treasury; and he hath reason, for it will eclipse him; and he tells me that my Lord Ashly says they understand nothing; and he says he believes the King do not intend they shall sit long. But I believe no such thing, but that the King will find such benefit by them as he will desire to have them continue, as we see he hath done, in the late new Act that was so much decried about the King; but yet the King hath since permitted it, and found good by it. He says, and I believe, that a great many persons at Court are angry at the rise of this Duncomb,[2] whose father, he tells me, was a long-Parliament-

[1] George, Lord Berkeley of Berkeley (created Earl of Berkeley in 1679), died October 10th, 1698. Charles Howard, first Earl of Carlisle, born 1629; died February 24th, 1685. William Seymour, third Duke of Somerset, born 1650; died December 12th, 1671. In the Paston MSS. he is described as "a youth of great beauty and hope."

[2] Sir John Duncombe. See November 8th, 1664 (vol. iv., p. 265). Mr. J. Biddulph Martin says, "The assertion that Duncombe's father had been a Long Parliament man is not confirmed by reference to the

man, and a great Committee-man; and this fellow used to carry his papers to Committees after him: he was a kind of an atturny: but for all this, I believe this man will be a great man, in spite of all. Thence I away to Holborne to Mr. Gawden, whom I met at Bernard's Inn gate, and straight we together to the Navy Office, where we did all meet about some victualling business, and so home to dinner and to the office, where the weather so hot now-a-days that I cannot but sleep before I do any business, and in the evening home, and there, to my unexpected satisfaction, did get my intricate accounts of interest, which have been of late much perplexed by mixing of some moneys of Sir G. Carteret's with mine, evened and set right: and so late to supper, and with great quiet to bed; finding by the balance of my account that I am creditor £6,900,[1] for which the Lord of Heaven be praised!

June 1st. Up; and there comes to me Mr. Commander, whom I employ about hiring of some ground behind the office, for the building of me a stable and coach-house: for I do find it necessary for me, both in respect to honour and the profit of it also, my expense in hackney-coaches being now so great, to keep a coach, and therefore will do it. Having given him some instructions about it, I to the office, where we sat all the morning; where we have news that our peace with Spayne, as to trade, is wholly concluded, and we are to furnish him with some men for Flanders against the French. How that will agree with the French, I know not; but they say that he also hath liberty to get what men he pleases out of England. But for the Spaniard, I hear that my Lord Castlehaven is raising a regiment of 4,000 men, which he is to command there; and several young gentlemen are going over in commands with him: and they say the Duke of Monmouth is going over only as a traveller, not to engage on either side, but only to see the campagne, which will be becoming him much more than to live whoreing and rogueing as he now do. After dinner to the office, where, after a little nap, I

roll of the Long Parliament" ("The Grasshopper in Lombard Street," 1892, p. 29).

[1] Pepys's Private Accounts, made up to May 31st, 1667, are amongst the Rawlinson MSS., A. 174 (Bodleian).

fell to business, and did very much with infinite joy to myself, as it always is to me when I have dispatched much business, and therefore it troubles me to see how hard it is for me to settle to it sometimes when my mind is upon pleasure. So home late to supper and to bed.

2nd (Lord's day). Up betimes, and down to my chamber without trimming myself, or putting on clean linen, thinking only to keep to my chamber and do business to-day, but when I come there I find that without being shaved I am not fully awake, nor ready to settle to business, and so was fain to go up again and dress myself, which I did, and so down to my chamber, and fell roundly to business, and did to my satisfaction by dinner go far in the drawing up a state of my accounts of Tangier for the new Lords Commissioners. So to dinner, and then to my business again all the afternoon close, when Creed come to visit me, but I did put him off, and to my business, till anon I did make an end, and wrote it fair with a letter to the Lords to accompany my accounts, which I think will be so much satisfaction and so soon done (their order for my doing it being dated but May 30) as they will not find from any hand else. Being weary and almost blind with writing and reading so much to-day, I took boat at the Old Swan, and then up the river all alone as high as Putney almost, and then back again, all the way reading, and finishing Mr. Boyle's book of Colours, which is so chymical, that I can understand but little of it, but understand enough to see that he is a most excellent man. So back and home, and there to supper, and so to bed.

3rd. Up, and by coach to St. James's, and with Sir W. Coventry a great while talking about several businesses, but especially about accounts, and how backward our Treasurer is in giving them satisfaction, and the truth is I do doubt he cannot do better, but it is strange to say that being conscious of our doing little at this day, nor for some time past in our office for want of money, I do hang my head to him, and cannot be so free with him as I used to be, nor can be free with him, though of all men, I think, I have the least cause to be so, having taken so much more pains, while I could do anything, than the rest of my fellows. Parted with him, and so going through the Park

met Mr. Mills, our parson, whom I went back with to bring him to [Sir] W. Coventry, to give him the form of a qualification for the Duke of York to sign to, to enable him to have two livings: which was a service I did, but much against my will, for a lazy, fat priest. Thence to Westminster Hall, and there walked a turn or two with Sir William Doyly, who did lay a wager with me, the Treasurership would be in one hand, notwithstanding this present Commission, before Christmas: on which we did lay a poll of ling, a brace of carps, and a pottle of wine; and Sir W. Pen and Mr. Scowen[1] to be at the eating of them. Thence down by water to Deptford, it being Trinity Monday, when the Master is chosen,[2] and there, finding them all at church, and thinking they dined, as usual, at Stepny, I turned back, having a good book in my hand, the Life of Cardinal Wolsey, wrote by his own servant,[3] and to Ratcliffe; and so walked to Stepny, and spent my time in the churchyard,[4] looking over the grave-stones, expecting when the company would come by. Finding no company stirring, I sent to the house to see; and, it seems, they dine not there, but at Deptford: so I back again to Deptford, and there find them just sat down. And so I down with them; and we had a good dinner of plain meat, and good company at our table: among others, my good Mr.

[1] Robert Scawen, at one time Receiver-General for the office of Receiver-General for Hants, Wilts, and Gloucestershire.

[2] Sir William Penn was elected Master of the Trinity House, Monday, June 3rd, 1667.

[3] George Cavendish (1500–61?), elder son of Thomas Cavendish, Clerk of the Pipe in the Exchequer. He entered the service of Cardinal Wolsey in 1526 or 1527 as gentleman-usher, and remained with his master till the latter's death, when he retired into private life, and lived quietly. He wrote the life of Wolsey in 1557, but it was not published, and remained long in MS. For some time there was uncertainty as to the authorship, and the book was attributed to William Cavendish. The question was settled in 1814, when the Rev. Joseph Hunter published his pamphlet entitled, "Who wrote Cavendish's Life of Wolsey." Singer published the life in 1815, and a second edition appeared in 1827. It has since been frequently reprinted.

[4] The churchyard of St. Dunstan's (Old Stepney Church) is referred to both in the "Tatler" and the "Spectator." In the latter we read (No. 518), "I have made discovery of a churchyard in which I believe you might spend an afternoon with great pleasure to yourself and to the public."

Evelyn, with whom, after dinner, I stepped aside, and talked upon the present posture of our affairs; which is, that the Dutch are known to be abroad with eighty sail of ships of war, and twenty fire-ships; and the French come into the Channell with twenty sail of men-of-war, and five fire-ships,[1] while we have not a ship at sea to do them any hurt with; but are calling in all we can, while our Embassadors are treating at Bredah; and the Dutch look upon them as come to beg peace, and use them accordingly; and all this through the negligence of our Prince, who hath power, if he would, to master all these with the money and men that he hath had the command of, and may now have, if he would mind his business. But, for aught we see, the Kingdom is likely to be lost, as well as the reputation of it is, for ever; notwithstanding so much reputation got and preserved by a rebell that went before him. This discourse of ours ended with sorrowful reflections upon our condition, and so broke up, and Creed and I got out of the room, and away by water to White Hall, and there he and I waited in the Treasury-chamber an hour or two, where we saw the Country Receivers and Accountants for money come to attend; and one of them, a brisk young fellow, with his hat cocked like a fool behind, as the present fashion among the blades is,[2] committed to the Serjeant. By and by, I, upon desire, was called in, and delivered in my report of my Accounts. Present, Lord Ashly, Clifford, and Duncomb, who, being busy, did not read it; but committed it to Sir George Downing, and so I was dismissed; but, Lord! to see how Duncomb do take upon him is an eyesore, though I think he deserves great honour, but only the sud-

[1] Richard Watts, writing from Deal to Williamson, June 3rd, says: "Governor Titus of Deal Castle is said to have received a packet from Whitehall at 3 a.m. that the Duke of Beaufort, with 60 sail, is at the Isle of Wight, and the Dutch, with 40 sail, at the Gunfleet. Preparations are made to receive the enemy if they attempt to land" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 146).

[2] It was called the Monmouth cock, which, according to "The Spectator," No. 129, was still worn in the west of England by country squires in 1711: "During our progress through the most western parts of the kingdom, we fancied ourselves in King Charles the Second's reign, the people having made little variations in their dress since that time. The smartest of the country squires *appear still in the Monmouth cock*." — B.

denness of his rise, and his pride. But I do like the way of these lords, that they admit nobody to use many words, nor do they spend many words themselves, but in great state do hear what they see necessary, and say little themselves, but bid withdraw. Thence Creed and I by water up to Fox Hall, and over against it stopped, thinking to see some Cock-fighting; but it was just being done, and, therefore, back again to the other side, and to Spring Garden, and there eat and drank a little, and then to walk up and down the garden, reflecting upon the bad management of things now, compared with what it was in the late rebellious times, when men, some for fear, and some for religion, minded their business, which none now do, by being void of both. Much talk of this and other kinds, very pleasant, and so when it was almost night we home, setting him in at White Hall, and I to the Old Swan, and thence home, where to supper, and then to read a little, and so to bed.

4th. Up, and to the office, and there busy all the morning putting in order the answering the great letter sent to the office by the new Commissioners of the Treasury, who demand an account from the King's coming in to this day, which we shall do in the best manner we can. At noon home to dinner, and after dinner comes Mr. Commander to me and tells me, after all, that I cannot have a lease of the ground for my coach-house and stable, till a suit in law be ended, about the end of the old stable now standing, which they and I would have pulled down to make a better way for a coach. I am a little sorry that I cannot presently have it, because I am pretty full in my mind of keeping a coach; but yet, when I think on it again, the Dutch and French both at sea, and we poor, and still out of order, I know not yet what turns there may be, and besides, I am in danger of parting with one of my places, which relates to the Victualling, that brings me by accident in £800 a year, that is, £300 from the King and £500 from D. Gawden. I ought to be well contented to forbear awhile, and therefore I am contented. To the office all the afternoon, where I dispatched much business to my great content, and then home in the evening, and there to sing and pipe with my wife, and that being done, she fell all of a sudden to discourse about her clothes and my humours in

not suffering her to wear them as she pleases, and grew to high words between us, but I fell to read a book (Boyle's Hydrostatiques[1]) aloud in my chamber and let her talk, till she was tired and vexed that I would not hear her, and so become friends, and to bed together the first night after 4 or 5 that she hath lain from me by reason of a great cold she had got.

5th. Up, and with Mr. Kenasten by coach to White Hall to the Commissioners of the Treasury about getting money for Tangier, and did come to, after long waiting, speak with them, and there I find them all sat; and, among the rest, Duncomb lolling, with his heels upon another chair, by that, that he sat upon, and had an answer good enough, and then away home, and (it being a most windy day, and hath been so all night, South West, and we have great hopes that it may have done the Dutch or French fleets some hurt) having got some papers in order, I back to St. James's, where we all met at Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and dined and talked of our business, he being a most excellent man, and indeed, with all his business, hath more of his employed upon the good of the service of the Navy, than all of us, that makes me ashamed of it. This noon Captain Perriman brings us word how the Happy Returne's[2] [crew] below in the Hope, ordered to carry the Portugal Embassador to Holland (and the Embassador, I think, on board), refuse to go till paid; and by their example two or three more ships are in a mutiny: which is a sad consideration, while so may of the enemy's ships are at this day triumphing in the sea. Here a very good and neat dinner, after the French manner, and good discourse, and then up after dinner to the Duke of York and did our usual business, and

[1] "Hydrostatical Paradoxes made out by New Experiments" was published by the Hon. Robert Boyle in 1666 (Oxford).

[2] Captain Francis Courtenay wrote to the Navy Commissioners ("Happy Return," Hope, June 3rd): "Hopes they will not account him too great an offender in stopping the incessant requests of some necessitated persons for relief of their families. Has granted tickets to 13 men named, and commends them to favour. Is setting sail with the Portugal Ambassador, who came on board this morning" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 147). The "Happy Return" carried the Portuguese ambassador to Holland, and was back at Plymouth on the 14th June ("Calendar," p. 187).

are put in hopes by Sir W. Coventry that we shall have money, and so away, Sir G. Carteret and I to my Lord Crew to advise about Sir G. Carteret's carrying his accounts to-morrow to the Commissioners appointed to examine them and all other accounts since the war, who at last by the King's calling them to him yesterday and chiding them will sit, but Littleton and Garraway much against their wills. The truth of it is, it is a ridiculous thing, for it will come to nothing, nor do the King nor kingdom good in any manner, I think. Here they talked of my Lord Hinchingbroke's match with Lord Burlington's daughter, which is now gone a pretty way forward, and to great content, which I am infinitely glad of. So from hence to White Hall, and in the streete Sir G. Carteret showed me a gentleman coming by in his coach, who hath been sent for up out of Lincolneshire, I think he says he is a justice of peace there, that the Council have laid by the heels here, and here lies in a messenger's hands, for saying that a man and his wife are but one person, and so ought to pay but 12*d.* for both to the Poll Bill; by which others were led to do the like: and so here he lies prisoner. To White Hall, and there I attended to speak with Sir W. Coventry about Lanyon's business, to get him some money out of the Prize Office from my Lord Ashly, and so home, and there to the office a little, and thence to my chamber to read, and supper, and to bed. My father, blessed be God! finds great ease by his new steel trusse, which he put on yesterday. So to bed. The Duke of Cambridge past hopes of living still.

6th. Up, and to the office all the morning, where (which he hath not done a great while) Sir G. Carteret come to advise with us for the disposing of £10,000, which is the first sum the new Lords Treasurers have provided us; but, unless we have more, this will not enable us to cut off any of the growing charge which they seem to give it us for, and expect we should discharge several ships quite off with it. So home and with my father and wife to Sir W. Pen's to dinner, which they invited us to out of their respect to my father, as a stranger; though I know them as false as the devil himself, and that it is only that they think it fit to oblige me; wherein I am a happy man, that all my

fellow-officers are desirous of my friendship. Here as merry as in so false a place, and where I must dissemble my hatred, I could be, and after dinner my father and wife to a play, and I to my office, and there busy all the afternoon till late at night, and then my wife and I sang a song or two in the garden, and so home to supper and to bed. This afternoon comes Mr. Pierce to me about some business, and tells me that the Duke of Cambridge is yet living, but every minute expected to die, and is given over by all people, which indeed is a sad loss.

7th. Up, and after with my flageolet and Mr. Townsend, whom I sent for to come to me to discourse about my Lord Sandwich's business; for whom I am in some pain, lest the Accounts of the Wardrobe may not be in so good order as may please the new Lords Treasurers, who are quick-sighted, and under obligations of recommending themselves to the King and the world, by their finding and mending of faults, and are, most of them, not the best friends to my Lord, and to the office, and there all the morning. At noon home to dinner, my father, wife, and I, and a good dinner, and then to the office again, where busy all the afternoon, also I have a desire to dispatch all business that hath lain long on my hands, and so to it till the evening, and then home to sing and pipe with my wife, and then to supper and to bed, my head full of thoughts how to keep if I can some part of my wages as Surveyor of the Victualling, which I see must now come to be taken away among the other places that have been occasioned by this war, and the rather because I have of late an inclination to keep a coach. Ever since my drinking, two days ago, some very coole drink at Sir W. Coventry's table I have been full of wind and with some pain, and I was afraid last night that it would amount to much, but, blessed be God! I find that the worst is past, so that I do clearly see that all the indisposition I am liable to-day as to sickness is only the Colique. This day I read (shown me by Mr. Gibson) a discourse newly come forth of the King of France, his pretence to Flanders, which is a very fine discourse, and the truth is, hath so much of the Civil Law in it, that I am not a fit judge of it, but, as it appears to me, he hath a good pretence to it by right of his Queene. So to bed.

8th. Up, and to the office, where all the news this morning is, that the Dutch are come with a fleete of eighty sail to Harwich, and that guns were heard plain by Sir W. Rider's people at Bednall-greene, all yesterday even. So to the office; we all sat all the morning, and then home to dinner, where our dinner a ham of French bacon, boiled with pigeons, an excellent dish. Here dined with us only W. Hewer and his mother. After dinner to the office again, where busy till night, and then home and to read a little and then to bed. The news is confirmed that the Dutch are off of Harwich, but had done nothing last night. The King hath sent down my Lord of Oxford to raise the countries there; and all the Westerne barges are taken up to make a bridge over the River, about the Hope, for horse to cross the River, if there be occasion.

9th (Lord's day). Up, and by water to White Hall, and so walked to St. James's, where I hear that the Duke of Cambridge, who was given over long since by the Doctors, is now likely to recover; for which God be praised! To Sir W. Coventry, and there talked with him a great while; and mighty glad I was of my good fortune to visit him, for it keeps in my acquaintance with him, and the world sees it, and reckons my interest accordingly. In comes my Lord Barkeley, who is going down to Harwich also to look after the militia there: and there is also the Duke of Monmouth, and with him a great many young Hectors, the Lord Chesterfield, my Lord Mandeville, and others: but to little purpose, I fear, but to debauch the country women thereabouts. My Lord Barkeley wanting some maps, and Sir W. Coventry recommending the six maps[1] of England that are bound up for the pocket, I did offer to present my Lord with them, which he accepted: and so I will send them him. Thence to White Hall, and there to the Chapel, where I met Creed, and he and I staid to hear who preached, which was a man who begun dully, and so we away by water and landed in Southwarke, and to a church in the street where we take water beyond the bridge, which

[1] This was Hollar's map, published in 1644, and entitled, "The Kingdom of England and Principality of Wales, exactly described with every Sheere, and the small towns in every one of them, in six maps" This is generally known as the Quartermasters' map.

was so full and the weather hot that we could not stand there. So to my house, where we find my father and wife at dinner, and after dinner Creed and I by water to White Hall, and there we parted, and I to Sir G. Carteret's, where, he busy, I up into the house, and there met with a gentleman, Captain Aldrige, that belongs to my Lord Barkeley, and I did give him the book of maps for my Lord, and so I to Westminster Church and there staid a good while, and saw Betty Michell there. So away thence, and after church time to Mrs. Martin's, and then hazer what I would with her, and then took boat and up, all alone, a most excellent evening, as high as Barne Elmes, and there took a turn; and then to my boat again, and home, reading and making an end of the book I lately bought — a merry satyr, called "The Visions," translated from Spanish[1] by L'Estrange, wherein there are many very pretty things; but the translation is, as to the rendering it into English expression, the best that ever I saw, it being impossible almost to conceive that it should be a translation. Being come home I find an order come for the getting some fire-ships presently to annoy the Dutch, who are in the King's Channel and expected up higher. So [Sir] W. Batten and [Sir] W. Pen being come this evening from their country houses to town we did issue orders about it, and then home to supper and to bed.

10th. Up; and news brought us that the Dutch are come up as high as the Nore; and more pressing orders for fire-ships. W. Batten, W. Pen, and I to St. James's; where the Duke of York gone this morning betimes, to send away some men down to Chatham. So we three to White Hall, and met Sir W. Coventry, who presses all that is possible for fire-ships. So we three to the office presently; and thither comes Sir Fretcheville Hollis,[2] who is to command

[1] "The Visions of Quevedo, made English by Roger L'Estrange," was published in 1668, and reprinted 1671, 1673, 1689, 1702, 1710, 1715, 1795.

[2] Grandson of Fretcheville Hollis, of Grimsby. His father, Gervase Hollis, the antiquary, most of whose collections came into the British Museum, was an officer in the king's service. Sir Fretcheville Hollis, embracing the naval profession, lost an arm in the sea-fight of 1665, and afterwards served as Rear-Admiral under Sir Robert Holmes, when

them all in some exploits he is to do with them on the enemy in the River. So we all down to Deptford, and pitched upon ships and set men at work: but, Lord! to see how backwardly things move at this pinch, notwithstanding that, by the enemy's being now come up as high as almost the Hope, Sir J. Minnes, who has gone down to pay some ships there, hath sent up the money; and so we are possessed of money to do what we will with. Yet partly ourselves, being used to be idle and in despair, and partly people that have been used to be deceived by us as to money, won't believe us; and we know not, though we have it, how almost to promise it; and our wants such, and men out of the way, that it is an admirable thing to consider how much the King suffers, and how necessary it is in a State to keep the King's service always in a good posture and credit. Here I eat a bit, and then in the afternoon took boat and down to Greenwich, where I find the stairs full of people, there being a great riding[1] there to-day for

they attacked the Smyrna fleet. He fell in the battle of Southwold Bay, 1672, on board the "Cambridge." Although Pepys speaks slightly of him, he was a man of high spirit and enterprise, and is thus eulogized by Dryden in his "Annus Mirabilis":

> "Young Hollis on a Muse by Mars begot,
> Born, Cæsar-like, to write and act great deeds,
> Impatient to revenge his fatal shot,
> His right hand doubly to his left succeeds." — B.

[1] It was an ancient custom in Berkshire, when a man had beaten his wife, for the neighbours to parade in front of his house, for the purpose of serenading him with kettles, and horns and hand-bells, and every species of "rough music," by which name the ceremony was designated. Perhaps the *riding* mentioned by Pepys was a punishment somewhat similar. Malcolm ("Manners of London") quotes from the "Protestant Mercury," that a porter's lady, who resided near Strand Lane, beat her husband with so much violence and perseverance, that the poor man was compelled to leap out of the window to escape her fury. Exasperated at this virago, the neighbours made a "riding," *i.e.*, a pedestrian procession, headed by a drum, and accompanied by a chemise, displayed for a banner. The manual musician sounded the tune of "You round-headed cuckolds, come dig, come dig!" and nearly seventy coalheavers, carmen, and porters, adorned with large horns fastened to their heads, followed. The public seemed highly pleased with the nature of the punishment, and gave liberally to the vindicators of injured manhood (page 211, 4to ed., 1811). — B.

a man, the constable of the town, whose wife beat him. Here I was with much ado fain to press two watermen to make me a galley, and so to Woolwich to give order for the dispatch of a ship I have taken under my care to see dispatched, and orders being so given, I, under pretence to fetch up the ship, which lay at Grays (the Golden Hand),[1] did do that in my way, and went down to Gravesend, where I find the Duke of Albemarle just come, with a great many idle lords and gentlemen, with their pistols and fooleries; and the bulwarke[2] not able to have stood half an hour had they come up; but the Dutch are fallen down from the Hope and Shell-haven as low as Sheernesse, and we do plainly at this time hear the guns play. Yet I do not find the Duke of Albemarle intends to go thither, but stays here to-night, and hath, though the Dutch are gone, ordered our frigates to be brought to a line between the two block-houses; which I took then to be a ridiculous thing. So I away into the town and took a captain or two of our ships (who did give me an account of the proceedings of the Dutch fleete in the river) to the taverne, and there eat and drank, and I find the townsmen had removed most of their goods out of the town, for fear of the Dutch coming up to them; and from Sir John Griffen,[3] that last night there was not twelve men to be got in the town to defend it: which the master of the house tells me is not true, but that the men of the town did intend to stay, though they did indeed,

[1] The "Golden Hand" was to have been used for the conveyance of the Swedish Ambassadors' horses and goods to Holland. In August, 1667, Frances, widow of Captain Douglas and daughter of Lord Grey, petitioned the king "for a gift of the prize ship Golden Hand, now employed in weighing the ships sunk at Chatham, where her husband lost his life in defence of the ships against the Dutch" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 430).

[2] That is, the block-house. There were formerly considerable fortifications at Gravesend, and about the year 1778 they were greatly extended under the superintendence of Sir Thomas Hyde Page; a few years since, however, a great portion was dismantled, the ground was sold, and the "Terrace Pier," and other works *ejusdem generis* erected. —B.

[3] An error for Sir John Griffith, Governor of Gravesend and captain of West Tilbury Blockhouse, who was knighted at Whitehall, January 2nd, 1665. His name appears in the State Papers almost as often as Griffin as Griffith.

and so had he, at the Ship, removed their goods. Thence went off to an Ostend man-of-war, just now come up, who met the Dutch fleete, who took three ships that he come convoying hither from him: says they are as low as the Nore, or thereabouts. So I homeward, as long as it was light reading Mr. Boyle's book of Hydrostatics, which is a most excellent book as ever I read, and I will take much pains to understand him through if I can, the doctrine being very useful. When it grew too dark to read I lay down and took a nap, it being a most excellent fine evening, and about one o'clock got home, and after having wrote to Sir W. Coventry an account of what I had done and seen (which is entered in my letter-book), I to bed.

11th. Up, and more letters still from Sir W. Coventry about more fire-ships, and so Sir W. Batten and I to the office, where Bruncker come to us, who is just now going to Chatham upon a desire of Commissioner Pett's, who is in a very fearful stink for fear of the Dutch, and desires help for God and the King and kingdom's sake. So Bruncker goes down, and Sir J. Minnes also, from Gravesend. This morning Pett writes us word that Sheernesse is lost last night, after two or three hours' dispute. The enemy hath possessed himself of that place; which is very sad, and puts us into great fears of Chatham. Sir W. Batten and I down by water to Deptford, and there Sir W. Pen and we did consider of several matters relating to the dispatch of the fire-ships, and so [Sir] W. Batten and I home again, and there to dinner, my wife and father having dined, and after dinner, by W. Hewer's lucky advice, went to Mr. Fenn, and did get him to pay me above £400 of my wages, and W. Hewer received it for me, and brought it home this night. Thence I meeting Mr. Moore went toward the other end of the town by coach, and spying Mercer in the street, I took leave of Moore and 'light and followed her, and at Paul's overtook her and walked with her through the dusty street almost to home, and there in Lombard Street met The. Turner in coach, who had been at my house to see us, being to go out of town to-morrow to the Northward, and so I promised to see her to-morrow, and then home, and there to our business, hiring some fire-ships, and receiving every hour almost letters from Sir W. Coventry, calling for

more fire-ships; and an order from Council to enable us to take any man's ships; and Sir W. Coventry, in his letter to us, says he do not doubt but at this time, under an invasion, as he owns it to be, the King may, by law, take any man's goods. At this business late, and then home; where a great deal of serious talk with my wife about the sad state we are in, and especially from the beating up of drums this night for the trainbands upon pain of death to appear in arms to-morrow morning with bullet and powder, and money to supply themselves with victuals for a fortnight; which, considering the soldiers drawn out to Chatham and elsewhere, looks as if they had a design to ruin the City and give it up to be undone; which, I hear, makes the sober citizens to think very sadly of things. So to bed after supper, ill in my mind. This afternoon Mrs. Williams sent to me to speak with her, which I did, only about news. I had not spoken with her many a day before by reason of Carcasse's business.

12th. Up very betimes to our business at the office, there hiring of more fire-ships; and at it close all the morning. At noon home, and Sir W. Pen dined with us. By and by, after dinner, my wife out by coach to see her mother; and I in another, being afraid, at this busy time, to be seen with a woman in a coach, as if I were idle, towards The. Turner's; but met Sir W. Coventry's boy; and there in his letter find that the Dutch had made no motion since their taking Sheernesse; and the Duke of Albemarle writes that all is safe as to the great ships against any assault, the boom and chaine[1] being so fortified; which put my heart into great joy. When I come to Sir. W. Coventry's chamber, I find him abroad; but his clerk, Powell, do tell me that ill newes is come to Court of the Dutch breaking the Chaine at Chatham;[2] which struck me to the heart. And to White

[1] There had been correspondence with Pett respecting this chain in April and May. On the 10th May Pett wrote to the Navy Commissioners, "The chain is promised to be dispatched to-morrow, and all things are ready for fixing it." On the 11th June the Dutch "got twenty or twenty-two ships over the narrow part of the river at Chatham, where ships had been sunk; after two and a half hours' fighting one guardship after another was fired and blown up, and the enemy master of the chain" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, pp. 58, 87, 215).

[2] The account of this national disgrace is very characteristic, in "Poems

Hall to hear the truth of it; and there, going up the back-stairs, I did hear some lacquies speaking of sad newes come to Court, saying, that hardly anybody in the Court but do look as if he cried, and would not go into the house for fear of being seen, but slunk out and got into a coach, and to The. Turner's to Sir W. Turner's, where I met Roger Pepys, newly come out of the country. He and I talked aside a little, he offering a match for Pall, one Barnes, of whom we shall talk more the next time. His father married a Pepys; in discourse, he told me further that his grandfather, my great grandfather, had £800 per annum, in Queen Elizabeth's time, in the very town of Cottenham; and that we did certainly come out of Scotland with the Abbot of Crowland.[1] More talk I had, and shall have more with him, but my mind is so sad and head full of this ill news that I cannot now set it down. A short visit here, my wife coming to me, and took leave of The., and so home, where all our hearts do now ake; for the newes is true, that the Dutch have broken the chaine and burned our ships, and particularly "The Royal Charles:"[2] other particulars I know not, but most sad to be sure. And, the truth is, I do fear so much that the whole kingdom is undone, that I do this night resolve to study with my father and wife what to do with the little that I have in money by me, for I give [up] all the rest that I have in the King's hands, for Tangier, for lost. So God help us! and God knows what disorders we may fall into, and whether any violence on this office, or perhaps some severity on our persons, as being reckoned by the silly people, or perhaps may, by policy of State, be thought fit to be condemned by the King and Duke of York, and so put to trouble; though, God knows! I have, in my own person, done my full duty, I am sure. So having with much ado finished

on State Affairs," vol. i., p. 48, in the "Advice to a Painter," ascribed to Sir John Denham. — B.

[1] Samuel's uncle William told him that William Pepys was born at Dunbar, in Scotland, brought up by the Abbot of Crowland, placed by him at Cottenham, and made "bayliffe of all his lands in Cambridgeshire." He died in 1519, leaving issue three sons and three daughters (see vol. i., p. xiii). There were, however, earlier Pepyses at Cottenham.

[2] Vandervelde's drawings of the conflagration of the English fleet, made by him on the spot, are in the British Museum. — B.

my business at the office, I home to consider with my father and wife of things, and then to supper and to bed with a heavy heart. The manner of my advising this night with my father was, I took him and my wife up to her chamber, and shut the door; and there told them the sad state of the times how we are like to be all undone; that I do fear some violence will be offered to this office, where all I have in the world is; and resolved upon sending it away — sometimes into the country — sometimes my father to lie in town, and have the gold with him at Sarah Giles's, and with that resolution went to bed full of fear and fright, hardly slept all night.

13th. No sooner up but hear the sad newes confirmed of the Royall Charles being taken by them, and now in fitting by them — which Pett should have carried up higher by our several orders, and deserves, therefore, to be hanged for not doing it — and turning several others; and that another fleete is come up into the Hope. Upon which newes the King and Duke of York have been below[1] since four o'clock in the morning, to command the sinking of ships at Barking-Creeke, and other places, to stop their coming up higher: which put me into such a fear, that I presently resolved of my father's and wife's going into the country; and, at two hours' warning, they did go by the coach this day, with about £1,300 in gold in their night-bag. Pray God give them good passage, and good care to hide it when they come home! but my heart is full of fear. They gone, I continued in fright and fear what to do with the rest. W. Hewer hath been at the banker's, and hath got £500 out of Backewell's hands of his own money; but they are so called upon that they will be all broke, hundreds coming to them for money: and their answer is, "It is payable at twenty days — when the days are out, we will pay you;" and those that are not so, they make tell over their money, and make their bags false, on purpose to give cause to retell it, and so spend time. I cannot have my 200 pieces of gold again for silver, all being bought up last night that were to be had, and sold for 24 and 25*s.* a-piece.[2] So I

[1] Below London Bridge.

[2] After the Bank Restriction Act, in 1797, guineas were sold for 27*s.* — B.

must keep the silver by me, which sometimes I think to fling into the house of office, and then again know not how I shall come by it, if we be made to leave the office. Every minute some one or other calls for this or that order; and so I forced to be at the office, most of the day, about the fire-ships which are to be suddenly fitted out: and it's a most strange thing that we hear nothing from any of my brethren at Chatham; so that we are wholly in the dark, various being the reports of what is done there; in so much that I sent Mr. Clapham[1] express thither to see how matters go. I did, about noon, resolve to send Mr. Gibson away after my wife with another 1,000 pieces, under colour of an express to Sir Jeremy Smith; who is, as I hear, with some ships at Newcastle; which I did really send to him, and may, possibly, prove of good use to the King; for it is possible, in the hurry of business, they may not think of it at Court, and the charge of an express is not considerable to the King. So though I intend Gibson no further than to Huntingdon I direct him to send the packet forward. My business the most of the afternoon is listening to every body that comes to the office, what news? which is variously related, some better, some worse, but nothing certain. The King and Duke of York up and down all the day here and there: some time on Tower Hill, where the City militia was; where the King did make a speech to them, that they should venture themselves no further than he would himself. I also sent, my mind being in pain, Saunders after my wife and father, to overtake them at their night's lodgings, to see how matters go with them. In the evening, I sent for my cousin Sarah [Gyles] and her husband, who come; and I did deliver them my chest of writings about Brampton, and my brother Tom's papers, and my journalls, which I value much; and did send my two silver flaggons[2] to Kate Joyce's: that so, being scattered what I have, something might be saved. I have also made a girdle, by which, with some trouble, I do carry about me £300 in gold about

[1] On June 14th John Clapham wrote from Chatham a letter to Pepys describing the doings of the Dutch fleet ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 185).

[2] See July 28th, 1664 (vol. iv., p. 189), and January 11th, 1667 (p. 123 of this volume).

my body, that I may not be without something in case I should be surprised: for I think, in any nation but our's, people that appear (for we are not indeed so) so faulty as we, would have their throats cut. In the evening comes Mr. Pelling, and several others, to the office, and tell me that never were people so dejected as they are in the City all over at this day; and do talk most loudly, even treason; as, that we are bought and sold — that we are betrayed by the Papists, and others, about the King; cry out that the office of the Ordnance hath been so backward as no powder to have been at Chatham nor Upnor Castle till such a time, and the carriages all broken; that Legg is a Papist; that Upnor, the old good castle built by Queen Elizabeth, should be lately slighted; that the ships at Chatham should not be carried up higher. They look upon us as lost, and remove their families and rich goods in the City; and do think verily that the French, being come down with his army to Dunkirke, it is to invade us, and that we shall be invaded. Mr. Clerke, the solicitor, comes to me about business, and tells me that he hears that the King hath chosen Mr. Pierpont[1] and Vaughan[2] of the West, Privy-councillors; that my Lord Chancellor was affronted in the Hall this day, by people telling him of his Dunkirke house;[3] and that there are regiments ordered to be got together, whereof to be commanders my Lord Fairfax, Ingoldsby, Bethell, Norton, and Birch, and other Presbyterians; and that Dr. Bates will have liberty to preach. Now, whether this be true or not, I know not; but do think that nothing but this will unite us together. Late at night comes Mr. Hudson, the cooper,

[1] William Pierrepont, called "wise Pierrepont," younger son of the first Earl of Kingston, and brother to the Marquis of Dorchester. His grandson, Robert, succeeded as third Earl of Kingston. — B.

[2] See March 28th, 1664 (vol. iv., p. 86).

[3] See February 20th, 1664–65 (vol. iv., p. 334). Evelyn's "Diary," September 18th, 1683: "After dinner I walked to survey the sad demolition of Clarendon House, that costly and only sumptuous palace of the late Lord Chancellor Hyde. . . . The Chancellor gone, and dying in exile, the Earl his successor sold that which cost £50,000 building to the young Duke of Albemarle for £25,000. . . . He sold it to the highest bidder, and it fell to certain rich bankers and mechanics who gave for it and the ground about it £35,000; they design a new town, as it were, and a most magnificent piazza (*i.e.* square)." — B.

my neighbour, and tells me that he come from Chatham this evening at five o'clock, and saw this afternoon "The Royal James," "Oake," and "London," burnt by the enemy with their fire-ships: that two or three men-of-war come up with them, and made no more of Upnor Castle's shooting, than of a fly; that those ships lay below Upnor Castle, but therein, I conceive, he is in an error; that the Dutch are fitting out "The Royall Charles;" that we shot so far as from the Yard thither, so that the shot did no good, for the bullets grazed on the water; that Upnor played hard with their guns at first, but slowly afterwards, either from the men being beat off, or their powder spent.[1] But we hear that the fleete in the Hope is not come up any higher the last flood; and Sir W. Batten tells me that ships are provided to sink in the River, about Woolwich, that will prevent their coming up higher if they should attempt it. I made my will also this day, and did give all I had equally between my father and wife, and left copies of it in each of Mr. Hater and W. Hewer's hands, who both witnessed the will, and so to supper and then to bed, and slept pretty well, but yet often waking.

14th. Up, and to the office; where Mr. Fryer comes and tells me that there are several Frenchmen and Flemish ships in the River, with passes from the Duke of York for carrying of prisoners, that ought to be parted from the rest of the ships, and their powder taken, lest they do fire themselves when the enemy comes, and so spoil us; which is good advice, and I think I will give notice of it; and did so. But it is pretty odd to see how every body, even at

[1] The want of ammunition when the Dutch burnt the fleet, and the revenge of the deserter sailors, are well described by Marvell:

> "Our Seamen, whom no danger's shape could fright,
> Unpaid, refuse to mount their ships, for spite:
> Or to their fellows swim, on board the Dutch,
> Who show the tempting metal in their clutch.
> Oft had he [Monk] sent, of *Duncombe* and of *Legge*,
> Cannon and powder, but in vain, to beg;
> And *Upnor's Castle's ill-deserted wall,*
> *Now needful does for ammunition call,*
> He finds, where'er he succour might expect,
> Confusion, folly, treachery, fear, neglect."
>
> *Instructions to a Painter.* — B.

this high time of danger, puts business off of their own hands! He says that he told this to the Lieutenant of the Tower, to whom I, for the same reason, was directing him to go; and the Lieutenant of the Tower bade him come to us, for he had nothing to do with it; and yesterday comes Captain Crew, of one of the fire-ships, and told me that the officers of the Ordnance would deliver his gunner's materials, but not compound them,[1] but that we must do it; whereupon I was forced to write to them about it; and one that like a great many come to me this morning by and by comes — Mr. Wilson,[2] and by direction of his, a man of Mr. Gawden's; who come from Chatham last night, and saw the three ships burnt, they lying all dry, and boats going from the men-of-war and fire them. But that, tha the tells me of worst consequence is, that he himself, I think he said, did hear many Englishmen on board the Dutch ships speaking to one another in English; and that they did cry and say, "We did heretofore fight for tickets; now we fight for dollars!" and did ask how such and such a one did, and would commend themselves to them: which is a sad consideration. And Mr. Lewes, who was present at this fellow's discourse to me, did tell me, that he is told that when they took "The Royall Charles," they said that they had their tickets signed, and showed some, and that now they come to have them paid, and would have them paid before they parted. And several seamen come this morning to me, to tell me that, if I would get their tickets paid, they would go and do all they could against the Dutch; but otherwise they would not venture being killed, and lose all they have already fought for: so that I was forced to try what I could do to get them paid. This man tells me that the ships burnt last night did lie above Upnor Castle, over against the Docke; and the boats come from the ships of

[1] Meaning, apparently, that the Ordnance would deliver the charcoal, sulphur, and saltpetre separately, but not mix them as gunpowder — a distinction which has been brought prominently forward lately in the war-rocket case. — B.

[2] Apparently Thomas Wilson, who was appointed gunner in Upnor Castle, July, 1667, "in consideration of his good service in defence of the river at Chatham against the late attempt of the Dutch" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 322).

war and burnt them: all which is very sad. And masters of ships, that we are now taking up, do keep from their ships all their stores, or as much as they can, so that we can despatch them, having not time to appraise them nor secure their payment; only some little money we have, which we are fain to pay the men we have with, every night, or they will not work. And indeed the hearts as well as affections of the seamen are turned away; and in the open streets in Wapping, and up and down, the wives have cried publickly, "This comes of your not paying our husbands; and now your work is undone, or done by hands that understand it not." And Sir W. Batten told me that he was himself affronted with a woman, in language of this kind, on Tower Hill publickly yesterday; and we are fain to bear it, and to keep one at the office door to let no idle people in, for fear of firing of the office and doing us mischief. The City is troubled at their being put upon duty: summoned one hour, and discharged two hours after; and then again summoned two hours after that; to their great charge as well as trouble. And Pelling, the Potticary, tells me the world says all over, that less charge than what the kingdom is put to, of one kind or other, by this business, would have set out all our great ships. It is said they did in open streets yesterday, at Westminster, cry, "A Parliament! a Parliament!" and I do believe it will cost blood to answer for these miscarriages. We do not hear that the Dutch are come to Gravesend; which is a wonder. But a wonderful thing it is that to this day we have not one word yet from Bruncker, or Peter Pett, or J. Minnes, of any thing at Chatham. The people that come hither to hear how things go, make me ashamed to be found unable to answer them: for I am left alone here at the office; and the truth is, I am glad my station is to be here, near my own home and out of danger, yet in a place of doing the King good service. I have this morning good news from Gibson; three letters from three several stages, that he was safe last night as far as Royston, at between nine and ten at night. The dismay that is upon us all, in the business of the kingdom and Navy at this day, is not to be expressed otherwise than by the condition the citizens were in when the City was on fire, nobody knowing which way to turn themselves,

while every thing concurred to greaten the fire; as here the easterly gale and spring-tides for coming up both rivers, and enabling them to break the chaine. D. Gawden did tell me yesterday, that the day before at the Council they were ready to fall together by the ears at the Council-table, arraigning one another of being guilty of the counsel that brought us into this misery, by laying up all the great ships. Mr. Hater tells me at noon that some rude people have been, as he hears, at my Lord Chancellor's, where they have cut down the trees before his house and broke his windows; and a gibbet either set up before or painted upon his gate, and these three words writ: "Three sights to be seen; Dunkirke, Tangier, and a barren Queene."[1] It gives great matter of talk that it is said there is at this hour, in the Exchequer, as much money as is ready to break down the floor. This arises, I believe, from Sir G. Downing's late talk of the greatness of the sum lying there of people's money, that they would not fetch away, which he shewed me and a great many others. Most people that I speak with are in doubt how we shall do to secure our seamen from running over to the Dutch; which is a sad but very true consideration at this day. At noon I am told that my Lord Duke of Albemarle is made Lord High Constable; the meaning whereof at this time I know not, nor whether it be true or no.[2] Dined, and Mr. Hater and W. Hewer with me; where they do speak very sorrowfully of the posture of the times, and how people do cry out in the streets of their being bought and sold; and both they, and every body that come to me, do tell me that people make nothing of talking treason in the streets openly: as, that we are bought and sold, and governed by Papists, and that we are

[1] "Pride, Lust, Ambition, and the People's Hate,
The kingdom's broker, ruin of the State,
Dunkirk's sad loss, divider of the fleet,
Tangier's compounder for a barren sheet:
This shrub of gentry, married to the crown,
His daughter to the heir, is tumbled down."
Poems on State Affairs, vol. i., p. 253. — B.

[2] The report was not true. The Lord High Constable at the coronation of Charles II. in 1661 was Algernon, Earl of Northumberland. The next holder of this office was Henry, Duke of Grafton, who officiated at the coronation of James II. in 1685.

betrayed by people about the King, and shall be delivered up to the French, and I know not what. At dinner we discoursed of Tom of the Wood, a fellow that lives like a hermit near Woolwich, who, as they say, and Mr. Bodham,[1] they tell me, affirms that he was by at the Justice's when some did accuse him there for it, did foretell the burning of the City, and now says that a greater desolation is at hand. Thence we read and laughed at Lilly's prophecies this month, in his Almanack this year.[2] So to the office after dinner; and thither comes Mr. Pierce, who tells me his condition, how he cannot get his money, about £500, which, he says, is a very great part of what he hath for his family and children, out of Viner's hand: and indeed it is to be feared that this will wholly undo the bankers. He says he knows nothing of the late affronts to my Lord Chancellor's house, as is said, nor hears of the Duke of Albemarle's being made High Constable; but says that they are in great distraction at White Hall, and that every where people do speak high against Sir W. Coventry:[3] but he agrees with me, that he is the best Minister of State the King hath, and so from my heart I believe. At night come home Sir W. Batten and W. Pen, who only can tell me that they have placed guns at Woolwich and Deptford, and sunk some ships below Woolwich and Blackewall, and are in hopes that they will stop the enemy's coming up.

[1] William Bodham was attached to Woolwich Ropeyard.

[2] Probably the following prognostications amused Pepys and his friends: "The several lunations of this month do rather portend sea-fights, wars, &c., than give hopes of peace, particularly the several configurations do very much threaten Holland with a most strange and unusual loss at sea, if they shall dare to fight His Majesty's forces. Still poor Poland is threatened either by the Muscovites or wandering Cossacks. Strange rumours dispersed in London, some vain people abuse His Majesty's subjects with untruths and ill-grounded suggestions. Much division in London about building; perhaps that may occasion those vain and idle reports. Strange news out of Holland, as if all were in an uproar; we believe they are now in a sad and fearful condition." — B.

[3] Evelyn ("Diary," July 29th, 1667) says it was owing to Sir W. Coventry that no fleet was sent out in 1667: "It is well known who of the Commissioners of the Treasury gave advice that the charge of setting forth a fleet this year might be spared, Sir W. C. (William Coventry) by name."

But strange our confusion! that among them that are sunk they have gone and sunk without consideration "The Franakin,"[1] one of the King's ships, with stores to a very considerable value, that hath been long loaden for supply of the ships; and the new ship at Bristoll, and much wanted there; and nobody will own that they directed it, but do lay it on Sir W. Rider. They speak also of another ship, loaden to the value of £80,000, sunk with the goods in her, or at least was mightily contended for by him, and a foreign ship, that had the faith of the nation for her security: this Sir R. Ford tells us. And it is too plain a truth, that both here and at Chatham the ships that we have sunk have many, and the first of them, been ships completely fitted for fire-ships at great charge. But most strange the backwardness and disorder of all people, especially the King's people in pay, to do any work, Sir W. Pen tells me, all crying out for money; and it was so at Chatham, that this night comes an order from Sir W. Coventry to stop the pay of the wages of that Yard; the Duke of Albemarle having related, that not above three of 1,100 in pay there did attend to do any work there. This evening having sent a messenger to Chatham on purpose, we have received a dull letter from my Lord Bruncker and Peter Pett, how matters have gone there this week; but not so much, or so particularly, as we knew it by common talk before, and as true. I doubt they will be found to have been but slow men in this business; and they say the Duke of Albemarle did tell my Lord Bruncker to his face that his discharging of the great ships there was the cause of all this; and I am told that it is become common talk against my Lord Bruncker. But in that he is to be justified, for he did it by verbal order from Sir W. Coventry, and with good intent; and it was to good purpose, whatever the success be, for the men would have but spent the King so much the more in wages, and yet not attended on board to have done the King any service; and as an evidence of that, just now, being the 15th day in the morning that I am writing yesterday's passages, one is with me, Jacob

[1] The "Franakin" was raised, and soon afterwards restored to its former state ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, pp. 401, 436).

Bryan, Purser of "The Princesse," who confesses to me that he hath about 180 men borne at this day in victuals and wages on that ship lying at Chatham, being lately brought in thither; of which 180 there was not above five appeared to do the King any service at this late business. And this morning also, some of the Cambridge's men come up from Portsmouth, by order from Sir Fretcheville Hollis, who boasted to us the other day that he had sent for 50, and would be hanged if 100 did not come up that would do as much as twice the number of other men: I say some of them, instead of being at work at Deptford, where they were intended, do come to the office this morning to demand the payment of their tickets; for otherwise they would, they said, do no more work; and are, as I understand from every body that has to do with them, the most debauched, damning, swearing rogues that ever were in the Navy, just like their prophane commander. So to Sir W. Batten's to sit and talk a little, and then home to my flageolet, my heart being at pretty good ease by a letter from my wife, brought by Saunders, that my father and wife got well last night to their Inne and out again this morning, and Gibson's being got safe to Caxton[1] at twelve last night. So to supper, and then to bed. No news to-day of any motion of the enemy either upwards towards Chatham or this way.

15th. All the morning at the office. No newes more than last night; only Purser Tyler[2] comes and tells me that he being at all the passages in this business at Chatham, he says there have been horrible miscarriages, such as we shall shortly hear of: that the want of boats hath undone us; and it is commonly said, and Sir J. Minnes under his hand tells us, that they were employed by the men of the Yard to carry away their goods; and I hear that Commissioner Pett will be found the first man that began to remove; he is much spoken against, and Bruncker is complained of and reproached for discharging the men of the great ships heretofore. At noon Mr. Hater dined with me; and tells

[1] Caxton is a town in Cambridgeshire, nine and a half miles west of Cambridge.

[2] Richard Tyler.

me he believes that it will hardly be the want of money alone that will excuse to the Parliament the neglect of not setting out a fleete, it having never been done in our greatest straits, but however unlikely it appeared, yet when it was gone about, the State or King did compass it; and there is something in it. In like manner all the afternoon busy, vexed to see how slowly things go on for want of money. At night comes, unexpectedly so soon, Mr. Gibson, who left my wife well, and all got down well with them, but not with himself, which I was afeard of, and cannot blame him, but must myself be wiser against another time. He had one of his bags broke, through his breeches, and some pieces dropped out, not many, he thinks, but two, for he 'light, and took them up, and went back and could find no more. But I am not able to tell how many, which troubles me, but the joy of having the greatest part safe there makes me bear with it, so as not to afflict myself for it. This afternoon poor Betty Michell, whom I love, sent to tell my wife her child was dying, which I am troubled for, poor girle! At night home and to my flageolet. Played with pleasure, but with a heavy heart, only it pleased me to think how it may please God I may live to spend my time in the country with plainness and pleasure, though but with little glory. So to supper and to bed.

16th (Lord's day). Up, and called on by several on business of the office. Then to the office to look out several of my old letters to Sir W. Coventry in order to the preparing for justifying this office in our frequent foretelling the want of money. By and by comes Roger Pepys and his son Talbot, whom he had brought to town to settle at the Temple, but, by reason of our present stirs, will carry him back again with him this week. He seems to be but a silly lad. I sent them to church this morning, I staying at home at the office, busy. At noon home to dinner, and much good discourse with him, he being mighty sensible of our misery and mal-administration. Talking of these straits we are in, he tells me that my Lord Arlington did the last week take up £12,000 in gold, which is very likely, for all was taken up that could be. Discoursing afterwards with him of our family he told me, that when I

come to his house he will show me a decree in Chancery, wherein there was twenty-six men all housekeepers in the town of Cottenham, in Queene Elizabeth's time, of our name. He to church again in the afternoon, I staid at home busy, and did show some dalliance to my maid Nell, speaking to her of her sweetheart which she had, silly girle. After sermon Roger Pepys comes again. I spent the evening with him much troubled with the thoughts of the evils of our time, whereon we discoursed. By and by occasion offered for my writing to Sir W. Coventry a plain bold letter touching lack of money; which, when it was gone, I was afeard might give offence: but upon two or three readings over again the copy of it, I was satisfied it was a good letter; only Sir W. Batten signed it with me, which I could wish I had done alone. Roger Pepys gone, I to the garden, and there dallied a while all alone with Mrs. Markham, and then home to my chamber and to read and write, and then to supper and to bed.

17th. Up, and to my office, where busy all the morning, particularly setting my people to work in transcribing pieces of letters publique and private, which I do collect against a black day to defend the office with and myself. At noon dined at home, Mr. Hater with me alone, who do seem to be confident that this nation will be undone, and with good reason. Wishes himself at Hambrough, as a great many more, he says, he believes do, but nothing but the reconciling of the Presbyterian party will save us, and I am of his mind. At the office all the afternoon, where every moment business of one kind or other about the fireships and other businesses, most of them vexatious for want of money, the commanders all complaining that, if they miss to pay their men a night, they run away; seamen demanding money of them by way of advance, and some of Sir Fretcheville Hollis's men, that he so bragged of, demanding their tickets to be paid, or they would not work: this Hollis, Sir W. Batten and W. Pen say, proves a very . . ., as Sir W. B. terms him, and the other called him a conceited, idle, prating, lying fellow. But it was pleasant this morning to hear Hollis give me the account what, he says, he told the King in Commissioner Pett's presence, whence it was that his ship was fit sooner than others, tell-

ing the King how he dealt with the several Commissioners and agents of the Ports where he comes, offering Lanyon to carry him a Ton or two of goods to the streights, giving Middleton an hour or two's hearing of his stories of Barbadoes, going to prayer with Taylor, and standing bare and calling, "If it please your Honour," to Pett, but Sir W. Pen says that he tells this story to every body, and believes it to be a very lie. At night comes Captain Cocke to see me, and he and I an hour in the garden together. He tells me there have been great endeavours of bringing in the Presbyterian interest, but that it will not do. He named to me several of the insipid lords that are to command the armies that are to be raised. He says the King and Court are all troubled, and the gates of the Court were shut up upon the first coming of the Dutch to us, but they do mind the business no more than ever: that the bankers, he fears, are broke as to ready-money, though Viner had £100,000 by him when our trouble begun: that he and the Duke of Albemarle have received into their own hands, of Viner, the former £10,000, and the latter £12,000, in tallies or assignments, to secure what was in his hands of their's; and many other great men of our masters have done the like; which is no good sign, when they begin to fear the main. He and every body cries out of the office of the Ordnance, for their neglects, both at Gravesend and Upnor, and everywhere else. He gone, I to my business again, and then home to supper and to bed. I have lately played the fool much with our Nell, in playing with her breasts. This night, late, comes a porter with a letter from Monsieur Pratt, to borrow £100 for my Lord Hinchingbroke, to enable him to go out with his troop in the country, as he is commanded; but I did find an excuse to decline it. Among other reasons to myself, this is one, to teach him the necessity of being a good husband, and keeping money or credit by him.

18th. Up, and did this morning dally with Nell . . . which I was afterward troubled for. To the office, and there all the morning. Peg Pen come to see me, and I was glad of it, and did resolve to have tried her this afternoon, but that there was company with elle at my home, whither I got her. Dined at home, W. Hewer with me,

and then to the office, and to my Lady Pen's, and did find occasion for Peg to go home with me to my chamber, but there being an idle gentleman with them, he went with us, and I lost my hope. So to the office, and by and by word was brought me that Commissioner Pett is brought to the Tower,[1] and there laid up close prisoner; which puts me into a fright, lest they may do the same with us as they do with him. This puts me upon hastening what I am doing with my people, and collecting out of my papers our defence. Myself got Fist, Sir W. Batten's clerk, and busy with him writing letters late, and then home to supper and to read myself asleep, after piping, and so to bed. Great newes to-night of the blowing up of one of the Dutch greatest ships, while a Council of War was on board: the latter part, I doubt, is not so, it not being confirmed since; but the former, that they had a ship blown up, is said to be true. This evening comes Sir G. Carteret to the office, to talk of business at Sir W. Batten's; where all to be undone for want of money, there being none to pay the Chest at their publique pay the 24th of this month, which will make us a scorn to the world. After he had done there, he and I into the garden, and walked; and the greatest of our discourse is, his sense of the requisiteness of his parting with his being Treasurer of the Navy, if he can, on any good terms. He do harp upon getting my Lord Bruncker to take it on half profit, but that he is not able to secure him in paying him so much. But the thing I do advise him to do by all means, and he resolves on it, being but the same counsel which I intend to take myself. My Lady Jem goes down to Hinchingbroke to lie down, because of the troubles of the times here. He tells me he is not sure that the King of France will not annoy us this year, but that the Court seems [to] reckon upon it as a thing certain, for that is all that I and most people are afeard of this year. He tells me now the great question

[1] "June 17th. This day, Commissioner Pett, to whom was committed the care of the Yard at Chatham, with the affairs of the Navy there, was committed close prisoner to the Tower, in order to his farther examination." — *The London Gazette*, No. 166. "Warrants to [John] Bradley to seize [Peter] Pett, Commissioner at Chatham, and bring him to the Tower; and to the Lieutenant of the Tower to keep him close prisoner, for dangerous practices and misdemeanours," dated June 16th ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 196).

is, whether a Parliament or no Parliament; and says the Parliament itself cannot be thought able at present to raise money, and therefore it will be to no purpose to call one. I hear this day poor Michell's child is dead.

19th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning busy with Fist again, beginning early to overtake my business in my letters, which for a post or two have by the late and present troubles been interrupted. At noon comes Sir W. Batten and [Sir] W. Pen, and we to [Sir] W. Pen's house, and there discoursed of business an hour, and by and by comes an order from Sir R. Browne, commanding me this afternoon to attend the Council-board, with all my books and papers touching the Medway. I was ready [to fear] some mischief to myself, though it appears most reasonable that it is to inform them about Commissioner Pett. I eat a little bit in haste at Sir W. Batten's, without much comfort, being fearful, though I shew it not, and to my office and get up some papers, and found out the most material letters and orders in our books, and so took coach and to the Council-chamber lobby, where I met Mr. Evelyn, who do miserably decry our follies that bring all this misery upon us. While we were discoursing over our publique misfortunes, I am called in to a large Committee of the Council: present the Duke of Albemarle, Anglesey, Arlington, Ashly, Carteret, Duncomb, Coventry, Ingram, Clifford, Lauderdale, Morrice, Manchester, Craven, Carlisle, Bridgewater. And after Sir W. Coventry's telling them what orders His Royal Highness had made for the safety of the Medway, I told them to their full content what we had done, and showed them our letters. Then was Peter Pett called in, with the Lieutenant of the Tower. He is in his old clothes, and looked most sillily. His charge was chiefly the not carrying up of the great ships, and the using of the boats in carrying away his goods; to which he answered very sillily, though his faults to me seem only great omissions. Lord Arlington and Coventry very severe against him; the former saying that, if he was not guilty, the world would think them all guilty.[1] The latter urged, that

[1] Pett was made a scapegoat. This is confirmed by Marvell:

> "After this loss, to relish discontent,
> Some one must be accused by Parliament;

there must be some faults, and that the Admiral must be found to have done his part. I did say an unhappy word, which I was sorry for, when he complained of want of oares for the boats: and there was, it seems, enough, and good enough, to carry away all the boats with from the King's occasions. He said he used never a boat till they were all gone but one; and that was to carry away things of great value, and these were his models of ships; which, when the Council, some of them, had said they wished that the Dutch had had them instead of the King's ships, he answered, he did believe the Dutch would have made more advantage of the models than of the ships, and that the King had had greater loss thereby; this they all laughed at. After having heard him for an hour or more, they bid him withdraw. I all this while showing him no respect, but rather against him, for which God forgive me! for I mean no hurt to him, but only find that these Lords are upon their own purgation, and it is necessary I should be so in behalf of the office. He being gone, they caused Sir

All our miscarriages on Pett must fall,
His name alone seems fit to answer all.
Whose counsel first did this mad war beget?
Who all commands sold through the Navy? *Pett.*
Who would not follow when the Dutch were beat?
Who treated out the time at Bergen? *Pett.*
Who the Dutch fleet with storms disabled met,
And, rifling prizes, them neglected? *Pett.*
Who with false news prevented the Gazette,
The fleet divided, writ for *Rupert?* *Pett.*
Who all our seamen cheated of their debt?
And all our prizes who did swallow? *Pett.*
Who did advise no navy out to set?
And who the forts left unprepared? *Pett.*
Who to supply with powder did forget
Languard, Sheerness, Gravesend, and Upnor? *Pett.*
Who all our ships exposed in Chatham net?
Who should it be but the fanatick *Pett?*
Pett, the sea-architect, in making ships,
Was the first cause of all these naval slips.
Had he not built, none of these faults had been;
If no creation, there had been no sin:
But his great crime, one boat away he sent,
That lost our fleet, and did our flight prevent."

Instructions to a Painter. — B.

Richard Browne[1] to read over his minutes; and then my Lord Arlington moved that they might be put into my hands to put into form, I being more acquainted with such business; and they were so. So I away back with my books and papers; and when I got into the Court it was pretty to see how people gazed upon me, that I thought myself obliged to salute people and to smile, lest they should think I was a prisoner too; but afterwards I found that most did take me to be there to bear evidence against P. Pett; but my fear was such, at my going in, of the success of the day, that at my going in I did think fit to give T. Hater, whom I took with me, to wait the event, my closet-key and directions where to find £500 and more in silver and gold, and my tallys, to remove, in case of any misfortune to me. Thence to Sir G. Carteret's to take my leave of my Lady Jem, who is going into the country to-morrow; but she being now at prayers with my Lady and family, and hearing here by Yorke, the carrier, that my wife is coming to towne, I did make haste home to see her, that she might not find me abroad, it being the first minute I have been abroad since yesterday was se'ennight. It is pretty to see how strange it is to be abroad to see people, as it used to be after a month or two's absence, and I have brought myself so to it, that I have no great mind to be abroad, which I could not have believed of myself. I got home, and after being there a little, she come, and two of her fellow-travellers with her, with whom we drunk: a couple of merchant-like men, I think, but have friends in our country. They being gone, I and my wife to talk, who did give me so bad an account of her and my father's method in burying of our gold, that made me mad: and she herself is not pleased with it, she believing that my sister knows of it. My father and she did it on Sunday, when they were gone to church, in open daylight, in the midst of the garden; where, for aught they knew, many eyes might see them: which put me into such trouble, that I was almost mad about it, and presently cast about, how to have it back again to secure it here, the times being a little better now; at least at White Hall they seem as if they were, but one

[1] Clerk of the Council.

way or other I am resolved to free them from the place if I can get them. Such was my trouble at this, that I fell out with my wife, that though new come to towne, I did not sup with her, nor speak to her to-night, but to bed and sleep.

20th. Up, without any respect to my wife, only answering her a question or two, without any anger though, and so to the office, where all the morning busy, and among other things Mr. Barber come to me (one of the clerks of the Ticket office) to get me to sign some tickets, and told me that all the discourse yesterday, about that part of the town where he was, was that Mr. Pett and I were in the Tower; and I did hear the same before. At noon, home to dinner, and there my wife and I very good friends; the care of my gold being somewhat over, considering it was in their hands that have as much cause to secure it as myself almost, and so if they will be mad, let them. But yet I do intend to send for it away. Here dined Mercer with us, and after dinner she cut my hair, and then I into my closet and there slept a little, as I do now almost every day after dinner; and then, after dallying a little with Nell, which I am ashamed to think of, away to the office. Busy all the afternoon; in the evening did treat with, and in the end agree, but by some kind of compulsion, with the owners of six merchant ships, to serve the King as men-of-war. But, Lord! to see how against the hair it is with these men and every body to trust us and the King; and how unreasonable it is to expect they should be willing to lend their ships, and lay out 2 or £300 a man to fit their ships for new voyages, when we have not paid them half of what we owe them for their old services! I did write so to Sir W. Coventry this night. At night my wife and I to walk and talk again about our gold, which I am not quiet in my mind to be safe, and therefore will think of some way to remove it, it troubling me very much. So home with my wife to supper and to bed, miserable hot weather all night it was.

21st. Up and by water to White Hall, there to discourse with [Sir] G. Carteret and Mr. Fenn about office business. I found them all aground, and no money to do anything with. Thence homewards, calling at my Tailor's to bespeak some coloured clothes, and thence to Hercules Pillars, all alone, and there spent 6*d.* on myself, and so home and

busy all the morning. At noon to dinner, home, where my wife shows me a letter from her father, who is going over sea, and this afternoon would take his leave of her. I sent him by her three Jacobuses in gold, having real pity for him and her. So I to my office, and there all the afternoon. This day comes news from Harwich that the Dutch fleete are all in sight, near 100 sail great and small, they think, coming towards them; where, they think, they shall be able to oppose them; but do cry out of the falling back of the seamen, few standing by them, and those with much faintness. The like they write from Portsmouth, and their letters this post are worth reading. Sir H. Cholmly come to me this day, and tells me the Court is as mad as ever; and that the night the Dutch burned our ships the King did sup with my Lady Castlemayne, at the Duchess of Monmouth's, and they were all mad in hunting a poor moth. All the Court afraid of a Parliament; but he thinks nothing can save us but the King's giving up all to a Parliament. Busy at the office all the afternoon, and did much business to my great content. In the evening sent for home, and there I find my Lady Pen and Mrs. Lowther, and Mrs. Turner and my wife eating some victuals, and there I sat and laughed with them a little, and so to the office again, and in the evening walked with my wife in the garden, and did give Sir W. Pen at his lodgings (being just come from Deptford from attending the dispatch of the fire-ships there) an account of what passed the other day at Council touching Commissioner Pett, and so home to supper and to bed.

22nd. Up, and to my office, where busy, and there comes Mrs. Daniel. . . . At the office I all the morning busy. At noon home to dinner, where Mr. Lewes Phillips, by invitation of my wife, comes, he coming up to town with her in the coach this week, and she expected another gentleman, a fellow-traveller, and I perceive the feast was for him, though she do not say it, but by some mistake he come not, so there was a good dinner lost. Here we had the two Mercers, and pretty merry Much talk with Mr. Phillips about country business, among others that there is no way for me to purchase any severall lands in Brampton, or making any severall that is not so, without much trouble

and cost, and, it may be, not do it neither, so that there is no more ground to be laid to our Brampton house. After dinner I left them, and to the office, and thence to Sir W. Pen's, there to talk with Mrs. Lowther, and by and by we hearing Mercer and my boy singing at my house, making exceeding good musique, to the joy of my heart, that I should be the master of it, I took her to my office and there merry a while, and then I left them, and at the office busy all the afternoon, and sleepy after a great dinner. In the evening come Captain Hart[1] and Haywood to me about the six merchant-ships now taken up for men-of-war; and in talk they told me about the taking of "The Royal Charles;" that nothing but carelessness lost the ship, for they might have saved her the very tide that the Dutch come up, if they would have but used means and had had but boats: and that the want of boats plainly lost all the other ships. That the Dutch did take her with a boat of nine men, who found not a man on board her, and her laying so near them was a main temptation to them to come on; and presently a man went up and struck her flag and jacke, and a trumpeter sounded upon her "Joan's placket is torn:"[2] that they did carry her down at a time, both for tides and wind, when the best pilot in Chatham would not have undertaken it, they heeling her on one side to make her draw little water: and so carried her away safe. They being gone, by and by comes Sir W. Pen home, and he and I together talking. He hath been at Court; and in the first place, I hear the Duke of Cambridge is dead;[3] which is a great loss to the nation, having, I think, never an heyre male now of the King's or Duke's to succeed to the Crown. He tells me that they do begin already to damn the Dutch, and call them cowards at White Hall, and think of them and their business no better than they used to do; which is very sad. The King did tell him himself, which is so,

[1] The warrant of the Earl of Sandwich, appointing John Hart captain of the "Revenge," September 13th, 1665, is among the loose papers in Rawlinson, A. 289. — B.

[2] This was the earliest notice of the air so named that Mr. William Chappell had come across. He was unable to discover the original words. ("Popular Music of the Olden Time," p. 518.)

[3] He died on June 20th at Richmond.

I was told, here in the City, that the City hath lent him £10,000, to be laid out towards securing of the River of Thames; which, methinks, is a very poor thing, that we should be induced to borrow by such mean sums. He tells me that it is most manifest that one great thing making it impossible for us to have set out a fleete this year, if we could have done it for money or stores, was the liberty given the beginning of the year for the setting out of merchant-men, which did take up, as is said, above ten, if not fifteen thousand seamen: and this the other day Captain Cocke tells me appears in the Council-books, that is the number of seamen required to man the merchant ships that had passes to go abroad. By and by, my wife being here, they sat down and eat a bit of their nasty victuals, and so parted and we to bed.

23rd (Lord's day). Up to my chamber, and there all the morning reading in my Lord Coke's Pleas of the Crowne,[1] very fine noble reading. After church time comes my wife and Sir W. Pen his lady and daughter, and Mrs. Markham and Captain Harrison (who come to dine with them), by invitation and dined with me, they as good as inviting themselves. I confess I hate their company and tricks, and so had no great pleasure in [it], but a good dinner lost. After dinner they all to church, and I by water alone to Woolwich, and there called on Mr. Bodham: and he and I to see the batterys newly raised; which, indeed, are good works to command the River below the ships that are sunk, but not above them. Here I met with Captain Cocke and Matt. Wren, Fenn, and Charles Porter, and Temple and his wife. Here I fell in with these, and to Bodham's with them, and there we sat and laughed and drank in his arbour, Wren making much and kissing all the day of Temple's wife. It is a sad sight to see so many good ships there sunk in the River, while we would be thought to be masters of the sea. Cocke says the bankers cannot, till peace returns, ever hope to have credit again; so that they can pay no more money, but people must be

1 "The Third Part of the Institutes of the Laws of England concerning High Treason and other Pleas of the Crown and Criminall Cases," by Sir Edward Coke; London, 1644, folio.

contented to take publick security such as they can give them; and if so, and they do live to receive the money thereupon, the bankers will be happy men. Fenn read me an order of council passed the 17th instant, directing all the Treasurers of any part of the King's revenue to make no payments but such as shall be approved by the present Lords Commissioners; which will, I think, spoil the credit of all his Majesty's service, when people cannot depend upon payment any where. But the King's declaration[1] in behalf of the bankers, to make good their assignments for money, is very good, and will, I hope, secure me. Cocke says, that he hears it is come to it now, that the King will try what he can soon do for a peace; and if he cannot, that then he will cast all upon the Parliament to do as they see fit: and in doing so, perhaps, he may save us all. The King of France, it is believed, is engaged for this year;[2]

[1] "I shall draw towards a conclusion of this section with a case of very recent memory and of singular notoriety throughout the whole kingdom. I mean that of the conflagration of our ships by the Dutch (June, 1667) not many years past in the river of Chatham. There prevailed at that time an universal jealousie among the people that upon this occasion some suddain stop might be put upon the Exchequer, and thereupon the Bankers were exercised with restless solicitations for the speedy payment of their debts. The king for the sedation of these fears and apprehensions is advised (and to the eternal honour of the persons who gave the advice I write it) to issue forthwith his declaration (see the Declaration at the end of this treatise), to preserve inviolate the course of payments in the Exchequer, which was accordingly done" ("The Case of the Bankers and their Creditors Stated and Examined; the third impression with additions amounting to a third part more than hath been at any time before printed," London, 1675, 8vo., pp. 105, 106). This curious little work, written to show the enormity of shutting up the Exchequer, is composed by Thomas Turnor, as appears by the preliminary letter and by the postscript at the end. The "Declaration" alluded to, which was issued in 1667, is printed in pp. 135–137. — Buckle's *Miscel. and Posth. Works*, vol. ii., p. 215. — M. B.

[2] Louis XIV. was at this time in Flanders, with his queen, his mistresses, and all his Court. Turenne commanded under him. Whilst Charles was hunting moths at Lady Castlemaine's, and the English fleet was burning, Louis was carrying on the campaign with vigour. Armentières was taken on the 28th May; Charleroi on the 2nd June, St. Winox on the 6th, Furnes on the 12th, Ath on the 16th, Tournay on the 24th; the Escarpe on the 6th July, Courtray on the 18th, Audenarde on the 31st; and Lisle on the 27th August. — B.

so that we shall be safe as to him. The great misery the City and kingdom is like to suffer for want of coals[1] in a little time is very visible, and, is feared, will breed a mutiny; for we are not in any prospect to command the sea for our colliers to come, but rather, it is feared, the Dutch may go and burn all our colliers at Newcastle; though others do say that they lie safe enough there. No news at all of late from Bredagh[2] what our Treaters do. By and by, all by water in three boats to Greenwich, there to Cocke's, where we supped well, and then late, Wren, Fenn, and I home by water, set me in at the Tower, and they to White Hall, and so I home, and after a little talk with my wife to bed.

24th. Up, and to the office, where much business upon me by the coming of people of all sorts about the dispatch of one business or other of the fire-ships, or other ships to be set out now. This morning Greeting come, and I with him at my flageolet. At noon dined at home with my wife alone, and then in the afternoon all the day at my office. Troubled a little at a letter from my father, which tells me of an idle companion, one Coleman, who went down with him and my wife in the coach, and come up again with my wife, a pensioner of the King's Guard, and one that my wife, indeed, made the feast for on Saturday last, though he did not come; but if he knows nothing of our money I will prevent any other inconvenience. In the evening comes Mr. Povy about business; and he and I to walk in the garden an hour or two, and to talk of State matters. He tells me his opinion that it is out of possibility for us to escape being undone, there being nothing in our power to do that is necessary for the saving us: a lazy Prince, no Council, no money, no reputation at home or abroad. He says that to this day the King do follow the women as much as ever he did; that the Duke of York hath not got Mrs. Middleton, as I was told the other day: but says that he wants not her, for he hath others, and hath always had, and that he [Povy] hath known them brought through the Matted Gallery at White Hall into his [the

[1] See June 26th, *post*.
[2] See August 9th, *post*.

Duke's] closet; nay, he hath come out of his wife's bed, and gone to others laid in bed for him: that Mr. Bruncker is not the only pimp, but that the whole family is of the same strain, and will do any thing to please him: that, besides the death of the two Princes lately, the family is in horrible disorder by being in debt by spending above £60,000 per annum, when he hath not £40,000: that the Duchesse is not only the proudest woman in the world, but the most expensefull; and that the Duke of York's marriage with her hath undone the kingdom, by making the Chancellor so great above reach, who otherwise would have been but an ordinary man, to have been dealt with by other people; and he would have been careful of managing things well, for fear of being called to account; whereas, now he is secure, and hath let things run to rack, as they now appear. That at a certain time Mr. Povy did carry him an account of the state of the Duke of York's estate, showing in faithfullness how he spent more than his estate would bear, by above £20,000 per annum, and asked my Lord's opinion of it; to which he answered that no man that loved the King or kingdom durst own the writing of that paper; at which Povy was startled, and reckoned himself undone for this good service, and found it necessary then to show it to the Duke of York's Commissioners;[1] who read, examined, and approved of it, so as to cause it to be put into form, and signed it, and gave it the Duke. Now the end of the Chancellor was, for fear that his daughter's ill housewifery should be condemned. He [Povy] tells me that the other day, upon this ill newes of the Dutch being upon us, White Hall was shut up, and the Council called and sat close; and, by the way, he do assure me, from the mouth of some Privy-councillors, that at this day the Privy-council in general do know no more what the state of the kingdom as to peace and war is, than he or I; nor knows who manages it, nor upon whom it depends; and there my Lord Chancellor did make a speech to them, saying that they knew well that he was no friend to the war from the

[1] The Commissioners for regulating the Duke of York's affairs, in May, 1667, were John, Lord Berkeley of Stratton, Colonel Robert Werden, and Colonel Anthony Eyre. — *Household Book*, at Audley-End. — B.

beginning, and therefore had concerned himself little in, nor could say much to it; and a great deal of that kind, to discharge himself of the fault of the war. Upon which my Lord Anglesey rose up and told his Majesty that he thought their coming now together was not to enquire who was, or was not, the cause of the war, but to enquire what was, or could be, done in the business of making a peace, and in whose hands that was, and where it was stopped or forwarded; and went on very highly to have all made open to them: and, by the way, I remember that Captain Cocke did the other day tell me that this Lord Anglesey hath said, within few days, that he would willingly give £10,000 of his estate that he was well secured of the rest, such apprehensions he hath of the sequel of things, as giving all over for lost. He tells me, speaking of the horrid effeminacy of the King, that the King hath taken ten times more care and pains in making friends between my Lady Castlemayne and Mrs. Stewart, when they have fallen out, than ever he did to save his kingdom; nay, that upon any falling out between my Lady Castlemayne's nurse and her woman, my Lady hath often said she would make the King to make them friends, and they would be friends and be quiet; which the King hath been fain to do: that the King is, at this day, every night in Hyde Park with the Duchesse of Monmouth, or with my Lady Castlemaine: that he [Povy] is concerned of late by my Lord Arlington in the looking after some buildings that he is about in Norfolke,[1] where my Lord is laying out a great deal of money; and that he, Mr. Povy, considering the unsafeness of laying out money at such a time as this, and, besides, the enviousness of the particular county, as well as all the kingdom, to find him building and employing workmen, while all the ordinary people of the country are carried down to the sea-sides for securing the land, he thought it becoming him to go to my

[1] At Buston Hall, in Suffolk, on the borders of Norfolk, which afterwards came into the Grafton family by the marriage of the first duke with Lord Arlington's only child. Among Pepys's papers (Rawlinson, A. 195, fol. 58) is a document, entitled "Considerations touching the purchase of the Park and Woods near Euston, drawn and presented by Mr. Povy, as his advice to my Lord Arlington, at this time (Oct. 28, 1668) in treaty for the purchase of Euston." — B.

Lord Arlington (Sir Thomas Clifford by), and give it as his advice to hold his hands a little; but my Lord would not, but would have him go on, and so Sir Thomas Clifford advised also, which one would think, if he were a statesman worth a fart should be a sign of his foreseeing that all shall do well. But I do forbear concluding any such thing from them. He tells me that there is not so great confidence between any two men of power in the nation at this day, that he knows of, as between my Lord Arlington and Sir Thomas Clifford; and that it arises by accident only, there being no relation nor acquaintance between them, but only Sir Thomas Clifford's coming to him, and applying himself to him for favours, when he come first up to town to be a Parliament-man. He tells me that he do not think there is anything in the world for us possibly to be saved by but the King of France's generousnesse to stand by us against the Dutch, and getting us a tolerable peace, it may be, upon our giving him Tangier and the islands he hath taken, and other things he shall please to ask. He confirms me in the several grounds I have conceived of fearing that we shall shortly fall into mutinys and outrages among ourselves, and that therefore he, as a Treasurer, and therefore much more myself, I say, as being not only a Treasurer but an officer of the Navy, on whom, for all the world knows, the faults of all our evils are to be laid, do fear to be seized on by some rude hands as having money to answer for, which will make me the more desirous to get off of this Treasurer-ship as soon as I can, as I had before in my mind resolved. Having done all this discourse, and concluded the kingdom in a desperate condition, we parted: and I to my wife, with whom was Mercer and Betty Michell, poor woman, come with her husband to see us after the death of her little girle. We sat in the garden together a while, it being night, and then Mercer and I a song or two, and then in (the Michell's home,) my wife, Mercer, and I to supper, and then parted and to bed.

25th. Up, and with Sir W. Pen in his new chariot (which indeed is plain, but pretty and more fashionable in shape than any coach he hath, and yet do not cost him, harness and all, above £32) to White Hall; where staid a very little: and thence to St. James's to [Sir] W. Coventry, whom

I have not seen since before the coming of the Dutch into the river, nor did indeed know how well to go to see him, for shame either to him or me, or both of us, to find ourselves in so much misery. I find that he and his fellow-Treasurers are in the utmost want of money, and do find fault with Sir G. Carteret, that, having kept the mystery of borrowing money to himself so long, to the ruin of the nation, as [Sir] W. Coventry said in words to [Sir] W. Pen and me, he should now lay it aside and come to them for money for every penny he hath, declaring that he can raise no more: which, I confess, do appear to me the most like ill-will of any thing that I have observed of [Sir] W. Coventry, when he himself did tell us, on another occasion at the same time, that the bankers who used to furnish them money are not able to lend a farthing, and he knows well enough that that was all the mystery [Sir] G. Carteret did use, that is, only his credit with them. He told us the masters and owners of the two ships that I had complained of, for not readily setting forth their ships, which we had taken up to make men-of-war, had been yesterday with the King and Council, and had made their case so well understood, that the King did owe them for what they had earned the last year, that they could not set them out again without some money or stores out of the King's Yards; the latter of which [Sir] W. Coventry said must be done, for that they were not able to raise money for them, though it was but £200 a ship: which do shew us our condition to be so bad, that I am in a total despair of ever having the nation do well. After talking awhile, and all out of heart with stories of want of seamen, and seamen's running away, and their demanding a month's advance, and our being forced to give seamen 3*s.* a-day to go hence to work at Chatham, and other things that show nothing but destruction upon us; for it is certain that, as it now is, the seamen of England, in my conscience, would, if they could, go over and serve the King of France or Holland rather than us. Up to the Duke of York to his chamber, where he seems to be pretty easy, and now and then merry; but yet one may perceive in all their minds there is something of trouble and care, and with good reason. Thence to White Hall, and with Sir W. Pen, by chariot; and there in the

Court met with my Lord Anglesey: and he to talk with [Sir] W. Pen, and told him of the masters of ships being with the Council yesterday, and that we were not in condition, though the men were willing, to furnish them with £200 of money, already due to them as earned by them the last year, to enable them to set out their ships again this year for the King: which he is amazed at; and when I told him, "My Lord, this is a sad instance of the condition we are in," he answered, that it was so indeed, and sighed: and so parted: and he up to the Council-chamber, where I perceive they sit every morning, and I to Westminster Hall, where it is Term time. I met with none I knew, nor did desire it, but only past through the Hall and so back again, and by coach home to dinner, being weary indeed of seeing the world, and thinking it high time for me to provide against the foul weather that is certainly coming upon us. So to the office, and there [Sir] W. Pen and I did some business, and then home to dinner, where my wife pleases me mightily with what she can do upon the flageolet, and then I to the office again, and busy all the afternoon, and it is worth noting that the King and Council, in their order of the 23rd instant, for unloading three merchant-ships taken up for the King's service for men-of-war, do call the late coming of the Dutch "an invasion." I was told, yesterday, that Mr. Oldenburg,[1] our Secretary at Gresham College, is put into the Tower, for writing newes to a virtuoso in France, with whom he constantly corresponds in philosophical matters; which makes it very unsafe at this time to write, or almost do any thing. Several captains come to the office yesterday and to-day, complaining that their men come and go when they will, and will not be commanded, though they are paid every night, or may be. Nay, this afternoon comes Harry Russell from Gravesend, telling us that the money carried down yesterday for the Chest at Chatham had like to have been seized upon yesterday, in the barge there by seamen, who did beat our watermen: and what men should these be but the boat's crew of Sir Fretcheville Hollis, who used to brag so much

[1] Henry Oldenburgh, secretary to the Royal Society. The warrant for his arrest is dated June 20th, 1667. The warrant for his discharge is dated August 26th.

of the goodness and order of his men, and his command over them. Busy all the afternoon at the office. Towards night I with Mr. Kinaston to White Hall about a Tangier order, but lost our labour, only met Sir H. Cholmly there, and he tells me great newes; that this day in Council the King hath declared that he will call his Parliament in thirty days: which is the best newes I have heard a great while, and will, if any thing, save the kingdom. How the King come to be advised to this, I know not; but he tells me that it was against the Duke of York's mind flatly, who did rather advise the King to raise money as he pleased; and against the Chancellor's, who told the King that Queen Elizabeth did do all her business in eighty-eight without calling a Parliament, and so might he do, for anything he saw. But, blessed be God! it is done; and pray God it may hold, though some of us must surely go to the pot, for all must be flung up to them, or nothing will be done. So back home, and my wife down by water, I sent her, with Mrs. Hewer and her son, W. Hewer, to see the sunk ships, while I staid at the office, and in the evening was visited by Mr. Roberts the merchant by us about the getting him a ship cleared from serving the King as a man of war, which I will endeavour to do. So home to supper and to bed.

26th. Up, and in dressing myself in my dressing chamber comes up Nell, and I did play with her. . . . So being ready I to White Hall by water, and there to the Lords Treasurers' chamber, and there wait, and here it is every body's discourse that the Parliament is ordered to meet the 25th of July, being, as they say, St. James's day; which every creature is glad of. But it is pretty to consider how, walking to the Old Swan from my house, I met Sir Thomas Harvy, whom, asking the newes of the Parliament's meeting, he told me it was true, and they would certainly make a great rout among us. I answered, I did not care for my part, though I was ruined, so that the Commonwealth might escape ruin by it. He answered, that is a good one, in faith; for you know yourself to be secure, in being necessary to the office; but for my part, says he, I must look to be removed; but then, says he, I doubt not but I shall have amends made me; for all the world knows upon what terms I come in, which is a saying that a wise man would not

unnecessarily have said, I think, to any body, meaning his buying his place of my Lord Barkely [of Stratton]. So we parted, and I to White Hall, as I said before, and there met with Sir Stephen Fox and Mr. Scawen, who both confirm the news of the Parliament's meeting. Here I staid for an order for my Tangier money, £30,000, upon the 11 months' tax, and so away to my Lord Arlington's office, and there spoke to him about Mr. Lanyon's business, and received a good answer, and thence to Westminster Hall and there walked a little, and there met with Colonell Reames, who tells me of a letter come last night, or the day before, from my Lord St. Albans, out of France, wherein he says, that the King of France did lately fall out with him, giving him ill names, saying that he had belied him to our King, by saying that he had promised to assist our King, and to forward the peace; saying that indeed he had offered to forward the peace at such a time, but it was not accepted of, and so he thinks himself not obliged, and would do what was fit for him; and so made him to go out of his sight in great displeasure: and he hath given this account to the King, which, Colonell Reymes tells me, puts them into new melancholy at Court, and he believes hath forwarded the resolution of calling the Parliament. Wherewith for all this I am very well contented, and so parted and to the Exchequer, but Mr. Burgess was not in his office; so alone to the Swan, and thither come Mr. Kinaston to me, and he and I into a room and there drank and discoursed, and I am mightily pleased with him for a most diligent and methodical man in all his business. By and by to Burgess, and did as much as we could with him about our Tangier order, though we met with unexpected delays in it, but such as are not to be avoided by reason of the form of the Act and the disorders which the King's necessities do put upon it, and therefore away by coach, and at White Hall spied Mr. Povy, who tells me, as a great secret, which none knows but himself, that Sir G. Carteret hath parted with his place of Treasurer of the Navy, by consent, to my Lord Anglesey, and is to be Treasurer of Ireland in his stead; but upon what terms it is I know not, but Mr. Povy tells it is so, and that it is in his power to bring me to as great a friendship and confidence in my Lord Anglesey as

ever I was with [Sir] W. Coventry, which I am glad of, and so parted, and I to my tailor's about turning my old silk suit and cloak into a suit and vest, and thence with Mr. Kinaston (whom I had set down in the Strand and took up again at the Temple gate) home, and there to dinner, mightily pleased with my wife's playing on the flageolet, and so after dinner to the office. Such is the want already of coals, and the despair of having any supply, by reason of the enemy's being abroad, and no fleete of ours to secure, that they are come, as Mr. Kinaston tells me, at this day to £5 10*s.* per chaldron. All the afternoon busy at the office. In the evening with my wife and Mercer took coach and to Islington to the Old House, and there eat and drank and sang with great pleasure, and then round by Hackney home with great pleasure, and when come home to bed, my stomach not being well pleased with the cream we had to-night.

27th. Wakened this morning, about three o'clock, by Mr. Griffin with a letter from Sir W. Coventry to W. Pen, which W. Pen sent me to see, that the Dutch are come up to the Nore again, and he knows not whether further or no, and would have, therefore, several things done — ships sunk, and I know not what — which Sir W. Pen (who it seems is very ill this night, or would be thought so) hath directed Griffin to carry to the Trinity House; so he went away with the letter, and I tried and with much ado did get a little sleep more, and so up about six o'clock, full of thought what to do with the little money I have left and my plate, wishing with all my heart that that was all secured. So to the office, where much business all the morning, and the more by my brethren being all out of the way; Sir W. Pen this night taken so ill cannot stir; [Sir] W. Batten ill at Walthamstow; Sir J. Minnes the like at Chatham, and my Lord Bruncker there also upon business. Horrible trouble with the backwardness of the merchants to let us have their ships, and seamen's running away, and not to be got or kept without money. It is worth turning to our letters this day to Sir W. Coventry about these matters. At noon to dinner, having a haunch of venison boiled; and all my clerks at dinner with me; and mightily taken with Mr. Gibson's discourse of the faults of this war

in its management compared [with] that in the last war, which I will get him to put into writing. Thence, after dinner, to the office again, and there I saw the proclamations[1] come out this day for the Parliament to meet the 25th of next month; for which God be praised! and another to invite seamen to bring in their complaints, of their being ill-used in the getting their tickets and money, there being a Committee of the Council appointed to receive their complaints. This noon W. Hewer and T. Hater both tell me that it is all over the town, and Mr. Pierce tells me also, this afternoon coming to me, that for certain Sir G. Carteret hath parted with his Treasurer's place, and that my Lord Anglesey is in it upon agreement and change of places, though the latter part I do not think. This Povy told me yesterday, and I think it is a wise act of [Sir] G. Carteret. Pierce tells me that he hears for certain fresh at Court, that France and we shall agree; and more, that yesterday was damned at the Council, the Canary Company; and also that my Lord Mordaunt hath laid down his Commission, both good things to please the Parliament, which I hope will do good. Pierce tells me that all the town do cry out of our office, for a pack of fools and knaves; but says that everybody speaks either well, or at least the best of me, which is my great comfort, and think I do deserve it, and shall shew I have; but yet do think, and he also, that the Parliament will send us all going; and I shall be well contented with it, God knows! But he tells me how Matt. Wren should say that he was told that I should say that W. Coventry was guilty of the miscarriage at Chatham, though I myself, as he confesses, did tell him otherwise, and that it was wholly Pett's fault. This do trouble me, not only as untrue, but as a design in some [one] or other to do me hurt; for, as the thing is false, so it never entered into my mouth or thought, nor ever shall. He says that he hath rectified Wren in his belief of this, and so all is well. He gone, I to business till the evening, and then by chance home, and find the fellow that come up with my

[1] A proclamation by the Privy Council "Concerning the Pay of the Navy and Army" was issued on June 25th, 1667, and a proclamation for "Reassembling of Parliament" on June 26th, 1667 ("Bibliotheca Lindesiana," "Hand List of Proclamations," vol. i., 1893).

wife, Coleman, last from Brampton, a silly rogue, but one that would seem a gentleman; but I did not stay with him. So to the office, where late, busy, and then to walk a little in the garden, and so home to supper and to bed. News this tide, that about 80 sail of the Dutch, great and small, were seen coming up the river this morning; and this tide some of them to the upper end of the Hope.

28th. Up, and hear Sir W. Batten is come to town: I to see him; he is very ill of his fever, and come to town only for advice. Sir J. Minnes, I hear also, is very ill all this night, worse than before. Thence I going out met at the gate Sir H. Cholmly coming to me, and I to him in the coach, and both of us presently to St. James's, by the way discoursing of some Tangier business about money, which the want of I see will certainly bring the place into a bad condition. We find the Duke of York and [Sir] W. Coventry gone this morning, by two o'clock, to Chatham, to come home to-night: and it is fine to observe how both the King and Duke of York have, in their several late journeys to and again, done them in the night for coolnesse. Thence with him to the Treasury Chamber, and then to the Exchequer to inform ourselves a little about our warrant for £30,000 for Tangier, which vexes us that it is so far off in time of payment. Having walked two or three turns with him in the Hall we parted, and I home by coach, and did business at the office till noon, and then by water to White Hall to dinner to Sir G. Carteret, but he not at home, but I dined with my Lady and good company, and good dinner. My Lady and the family in very good humour upon this business of his parting with his place of Treasurer of the Navy, which I perceive they do own, and we did talk of it with satisfaction. They do here tell me that the Duke of Buckingham hath surrendered himself to Secretary Morrice, and is going to the Tower. Mr. Fenn, at the table, says that he hath been taken by the watch two or three times of late, at unseasonable hours, but so disguised that they could not know him: and when I come home, by and by, Mr. Lowther tells me that the Duke of Buckingham do dine publickly this day at Wadlow's, at the Sun Tavern; and is mighty merry, and sent word to the Lieutenant of the Tower, that he would come to him as soon as he had

dined. Now, how sad a thing it is, when we come to make sport of proclaiming men traitors, and banishing them, and putting them out of their offices, and Privy Council, and of sending to and going to the Tower: God have mercy on us! At table, my Lady and Sir Philip Carteret have great and good discourse of the greatness of the present King of France — what great things he hath done, that a man may pass, at any hour in the night, all over that wild city [Paris], with a purse in his hand and no danger: that there is not a beggar to be seen in it, nor dirt lying in it; that he hath married two of Colbert's daughters to two of the greatest princes of France, and given them portions — bought the greatest dukedom in France, and given it to Colbert;[1] and ne'er a prince in France dare whisper against it, whereas here our King cannot do any such thing, but everybody's mouth is open against him for it, and the man that hath the favour also. That to several commanders that had not money to set them out to the present campagne, he did of his own accord send them £1,000 sterling a-piece, to equip themselves. But then they did enlarge upon the slavery of the people — that they are taxed more than the real estates they have; nay, it is an ordinary thing for people to desire to give the King all their land that they have, and themselves become only his tenants, and pay him rent to the full value of it: so they may have but their earnings. But this will not be granted; but he shall give the value of his rent, and part of his labour too. That there is not a petty governor of a province — nay, of a town, but he will take the daughter from the richest man in the town under him, that hath got anything, and give her to his footman for a wife if he pleases, and the King of France will do the like to the best man in his kingdom — take his daughter from him, and give her to his footman, or whom

[1] The Carterets appear to have mystified Pepys, who eagerly believed all that was told him. At this time Paris was notoriously unsafe, infested with robbers and beggars, and abominably unclean. Colbert had three daughters, of whom the eldest was just married when Pepys wrote, viz., Jean Marie Therèse, to the Duc de Chevreuse, on the 3rd February, 1667. The second daughter, Henriette Louise, was not married to the Duc de St. Aignan till January 21st, 1671; and the third, Marie Anne, to the Duc de Mortemart, February 14th, 1679. Colbert himself was never made a duke. His highest title was Marquis de Seignelay. — B.

he pleases. It is said that he do make a sport of us now; and says, that he knows no reason why his cozen, the King of England, should not be as willing to let him have his kingdom, as that the Dutch should take it from him, which is a most wretched thing that ever we should live to be in this most contemptible condition. After dinner Sir G. Carteret come in, and I to him and my Lady, and there he did tell me that the business was done between him and my Lord Anglesey; that himself is to have the other's place of Deputy Treasurer of Ireland, which is a place of honour and great profit, being far better, I know not for what reason, but a reason there is, than the Treasurer's, my Lord of Corke's,[1] and to give the other his, of Treasurer of the Navy; that the King, at his earnest entreaty, did, with much unwillingness, but with owning of great obligations to him, for his faithfulness and long service to him and his father, and therefore was willing to grant his desire. That the Duke of York hath given him the same kind words, so that it is done with all the good manner that could be, and he I perceive do look upon it, and so do I, I confess, as a great good fortune to him to meet with one of my Lord Anglesey's quality willing to receive it at this time. Sir W. Coventry he hath not yet made acquainted with it, nor do intend it, it being done purely to ease himself of the many troubles and plagues which he thinks the perverseness and unkindness of Sir W. Coventry and others by his means have and is likely every day to bring upon him, and the Parliaments' envy, and lastly to put himself into a condition of making up his accounts, which he is, he says, afeard he shall never otherwise be. My Lord Chancellor, I perceive, is his friend in it. I remember I did in the morning tell Sir H. Cholmly of this business: and he answered me, he was sorry for it; for, whatever Sir G. Carteret was, he is confident my Lord Anglesey is one of the greatest knaves in the world, which is news to me, but I shall make my use of it. Having done this discourse with Sir G. Carteret, and signified my great satisfaction in it, which they seem to look upon as something, I went away

[1] Richard Boyle, eldest son of the great Earl of Cork (1612–1698), succeeded his father as second Earl of Cork in 1643, created Baron Clifford of Lanesborough in 1644, and Earl of Burlington in 1664.

and by coach home, and there find my wife making of tea; a drink which Mr. Pelling, the Potticary, tells her is good for her cold and defluxions. I to the office (whither come Mr. Carcasse to me to sue for my favour to him), and Sir W. Pen's, where I find Mr. Lowther come to town after the journey, and after a small visit to him, I to the office to do much business, and then in the evening to Sir W. Batten's, to see how he did; and he is better than he was. He told me how Mrs. Lowther had her train held up yesterday by her page,[1] at his house in the country; which is so ridiculous a piece of pride as I am ashamed of. He told me also how he hears by somebody that my Lord Bruncker's maid hath told that her lady Mrs. Williams had sold her jewels and clothes to raise money for something or other; and indeed the last night a letter was sent from her to me, to send to my Lord, with about five pieces of gold in it, which methought at the time was but a poor supply. I then to Sir W. Pen, who continues a little ill, or dissembles it, the latter of which I am apt to believe. Here I staid but little, not meaning much kindness in it; and so to the office, and dispatched more business; and then home at night, and to supper with my wife, and who should come in but Mr. Pelling, and supped with us, and told us the news of the town; how the officers of the Navy are cried out upon, and a great many greater men; but do think that I shall do well enough; and I think, if I have justice, I shall. He tells me of my Lord Duke of Buckingham, his dining to-day at the Sun, and that he was mighty merry; and, what is strange, tells me that really he is at this day a very popular man, the world reckoning him to suffer upon no other account than that he did propound in Parliament to have all the questions that had to do with the receipt of the taxes and prizes; but they must be very silly that do think he can do any thing out of good intention. After a great deal of tittle-tattle with this honest man, he gone we to bed. We hear that the Dutch are gone down again; and thanks be to God! the trouble they give us this second time is not very considerable.

29th. Up, having had many ugly dreams to-night of my fa-

[1] See July 14th (vol. vii., p. 21).

ther and my sister and mother's coming to us, and meeting my wife and me at the gate of the office going out, they all in laced suits, and come, they told me, to be with me this May day. My mother told me she lacked a pair of gloves, and I remembered a pair of my wife's in my chamber, and resolved she should have them, but then recollected how my mother come to be here when I was in mourning for her, and so thinking it to be a mistake in our thinking her all this while dead, I did contrive that it should be said to any that enquired that it was my mother-in-law, my wife's mother, that was dead, and we in mourning for. This dream troubled me and I waked. . . . These dreams did trouble me mightily all night. Up, and by coach to St. James's, and there find Sir W. Coventry and Sir W. Pen above stairs, and then we to discourse about making up our accounts against the Parliament; and Sir W. Coventry did give us the best advice he could for us to provide for our own justification, believing, as everybody do, that they will fall heavily upon us all, though he lay all upon want of money, only a little, he says (if the Parliament be in any temper), may be laid upon themselves for not providing money sooner, they being expressly and industriously warned thereof by him, he says, even to the troubling them, that some of them did afterwards tell him that he had frighted them. He says he do prepare to justify himself, and that he hears that my Lord Chancellor, my Lord Arlington, the Vice Chamberlain and himself are reported all up and down the Coffee houses to be the four sacrifices that must be made to atone the people. Then we to talk of the loss of all affection and obedience now in the seamen, so that all power is lost. He told us that he do concur in thinking that want of money to do the most of it, but that that is not all, but the having of gentlemen Captains, who discourage all Tarpaulins, and have given out that they would in a little time bring it to that pass that a Tarpaulin should not dare to aspire to more than to be a Boatswain or a gunner. That this makes the Sea Captains to lose their own good affections to the service, and to instil it into the seamen also, and that the seamen do see it themselves and resent it; and tells us that it is notorious, even to his bearing of great ill will at Court, that he hath been

the opposer of gentlemen Captains; and Sir W. Pen did put in, and said that he was esteemed to have been the man that did instil it into Sir W. Coventry, which Sir W. Coventry did owne also, and says that he hath always told the Gentlemen Captains his opinion of them, and that himself who had now served to the business of the sea 6 or 7 years should know a little, and as much as them that had never almost been at sea, and that yet he found himself fitter to be a Bishop or Pope than to be a Sea-Commander, and so indeed he is. I begun to tell him of the experience I had of the great brags made by Sir F. Hollis the other day, and the little proof either of the command or interest he had in his men, which Sir W. Pen seconded by saying Sir Fr. Hollis had told him that there was not a pilot to be got the other day for his fire-ships, and so was forced to carry them down himself, which Sir W. Coventry says, In my conscience, he knows no more to do and understand the River no more than he do Tiber or Ganges. Thence I away with Sir W. Pen to White Hall, to the Treasury Chamber, but to no purpose, and so by coach home, and there to my office to business, and then home to dinner, and to pipe with my wife, and so to the office again, having taken a resolution to take a turn to Chatham to-morrow, indeed to do business of the King's, but also to give myself the satisfaction of seeing the place after the Dutch have been here. I have sent to and got Creed to go with me by coach betimes to-morrow morning. After having done my business at the office I home, and there I found Coleman come again to my house, and with my wife in our great chamber, which vexed me, there being a bed therein. I staid there awhile, and then to my study vexed, showing no civility to the man. But he comes on a compliment to receive my wife's commands into the country, whither he is going, and it being Saturday my wife told me there was no other room for her to bring him in, and so much is truth. But I staid vexed in my closet till by and by my cozen Thomas Pepys,[1] of Hatcham, come to see me, and he up to my closet, and there sat talking an hour or two of the sad state of the times, whereof we did talk very freely,

[1] See May 12th, 1665 (vol. iv., p. 385).

and he thinks nothing but a union of religious interests will ever settle us; and I do think that, and the Parliament's taking the whole management of things into their hands, and severe inquisitions into our miscarriages, will help us. After we had bewailed ourselves and the kingdom very freely one to another (wherein I do blame myself for my freedom of speech to anybody), he gone, and Coleman gone also before, I to the office, whither Creed come by my desire, and he and I to my wife, to whom I now propose the going to Chatham, who, mightily pleased with it, sent for Mercer to go with her, but she could not go, having friends at home, which vexed my wife and me; and the poor wretch would have had anybody else to have gone, but I would like nobody else, so was contented to stay at home, on condition to go to Epsum next Sunday, which I will do, and so I to the office to dispatch my business, and then home to supper with Creed, and then Creed and I together to bed, very pleasant in discourse. This day talking with Sir W. Batten, he did give me an account how ill the King and Duke of York was advised to send orders for our frigates and fire-ships to come from Gravesend, soon as ever news come of the Dutch being returned into the river, wherein no seamen, he believes, was advised with; for, says he, we might have done just as Warwicke[1] did, when he, W. Batten,[2] come with the King and the like fleete, in the late wars, into the river: for Warwicke did not run away from them, but sailed before them when they sailed, and come to anchor when they come to anchor, and always kept in a small distance from them: so as to be able to take any opportunity of any of their ships running aground, or change of wind, or any thing else, to his advantage. So might we have done with our fire-ships, and we have lost an opportunity of taking or burning a good ship of their's, which was run aground about Holehaven, I think he said, with the wind so as their ships could not get her away; but we might have done what we would

[1] Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick, Lord High Admiral 1643–45, 1648–49.

[2] See May 25th, 1660 (vol. i., p. 151). Clarendon's assertion that Batten was an "obscure fellow," there quoted, is disputed by Professor Laughton in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

with her, and, it may be, done them mischief, too, with the wind. This seems very probable, and I believe was not considered.

30th (Lord's day). Up about three o'clock, and Creed and I got ourselves ready, and took coach at our gate, it being very fine weather, and the cool of the morning, and with much pleasure, without any stop, got to Rochester about ten of the clock, all the way having mighty pleasant talk of the fate that is over all we do, that it seems as if we were designed in every thing, by land by sea, to undo ourselves. At the foot of Rochester bridge, at the landing-place, I met my Lord Bruncker and my Lord Douglas,[1] and all the officers of the soldiers in the town, waiting there for the Duke of York, whom they heard was coming thither this day; by and by comes my Lord Middleton, the first time I remember to have seen him, well mounted, who had been to meet him, but come back without him; he seems a fine soldier, and so every body says he is; and a man, like my Lord Teviott, and indeed most of the Scotch gentry, as I observe, of few words. After staying here by the water-side and seeing the boats come up from Chatham, with them that rowed with bandeleeres about their shoulders, and muskets in their boats, they being the workmen of the Yard, who have promised to redeem their credit, lost by their deserting the service when the Dutch were there, my Lord Bruncker went with Lord Middleton to his inne, the Crowne, to dinner, which I took unkindly, but he was slightly invited. So I and Creed down by boat to Chatham-yard (our watermen having their bandeleeres about them all the way), and to Commissioner Pett's house, where my Lord Bruncker told me that I should meet with his dinner two dishes of meat, but did not, but however by the help of Mr. Wiles had some beer and ale brought me, and a good piece of roast beef from somebody's table, and eat well at two, and after dinner into the garden to shew Creed, and I must confess it must needs be thought a sorrowful thing for a man that hath taken so much pains to make a place neat to lose it as Commissioner Pett must now this. Thence

[1] James, second Marquis of Douglas, and nephew to the Duke of Hamilton. — B.

to see the batteries made; which, indeed, are very fine, and guns placed so as one would think the River should be very secure. I was glad, as also it was new to me, to see so many fortifications as I have of late seen, and so up to the top of the Hill, there to look, and could see towards Sheerenesse, to spy the Dutch fleete, but could make [out] none but one vessel, they being all gone. But here I was told, that, in all the late attempt, there was but one man that they knew killed on shore: and that was a man that had laid himself upon his belly upon one of the hills, on the other side of the River, to see the action; and a bullet come, took the ground away just under his belly, and ripped up his belly, and so was killed. Thence back to the docke, and in my way saw how they are fain to take the deals of the rope-house to supply other occasions, and how sillily the country troopers look, that stand upon the passes there; and, methinks, as if they were more willing to run away than to fight, and it is said that the country soldiers did first run at Sheerenesse, but that then my Lord Douglas's men did run also; but it is excused that there was no defence for them towards the sea, that so the very beach did fly in their faces as the bullets come, and annoyed them, they having, after all this preparation of the officers of the ordnance, only done something towards the land, and nothing at all towards the sea. The people here everywhere do speak very badly of Sir Edward Spragge, as not behaving himself as he should have done in that business, going away with the first, and that old Captain Pyne, who, I am here told, and no sooner, is Master-Gunner of England, was the last that staid there. Thence by barge, it raining hard, down to the chaine; and in our way did see the sad wrackes of the poor "Royall Oake," "James," and "London;"[1] and several other of our ships by us sunk, and several of the enemy's, whereof three men-of-war that they could not get off, and so burned. We did also see several dead bodies lie by the side of the water. I do not

[1] "The bottom of the 'Royal James is got afloat, and those of the 'Loyal London' and 'Royal Oak' soon will be so. Many men are at work to put Sheerness in a posture of defence, and a boom is being fitted over the river by Upnor Castle, which with the good fortifications will leave nothing to fear." — *Calendar of State Papers*, 1667, p. 285.

see that Upnor Castle hath received any hurt by them, though they played long against it; and they themselves shot till they had hardly a gun left upon the carriages, so badly provided they were: they have now made two batteries on that side, which will be very good, and do good service. So to the chaine, and there saw it fast at the end on Upnor side of the River; very fast, and borne up upon the several stages across the River; and where it is broke nobody can tell me. I went on shore on Upnor side to look upon the end of the chaine; and caused the link to be measured, and it was six inches and one-fourth in circumference. They have burned the Crane House that was to hawl it taught. It seems very remarkable to me, and of great honour to the Dutch, that those of them that did go on shore to Gillingham, though they went in fear of their lives, and were some of them killed; and, notwithstanding their provocation at Schelling,[1] yet killed none of our people nor plundered their houses, but did take some things of easy carriage, and left the rest, and not a house burned; and, which is to our eternal disgrace, that what my Lord Douglas's men, who come after them, found there, they plundered and took all away; and the watermen that carried us did further tell us, that our own soldiers are far more terrible to those people of the country-towns than the Dutch themselves. We were told at the batteries, upon my seeing of the field-guns that were there, that, had they come a day sooner, they had been able to have saved all; but they had no orders, and lay lingering upon the way, and did not come forward for want of direction. Commissioner Pett's house was all unfurnished, he having carried away all his goods. I met with no satisfaction whereabouts the chaine was broke, but do confess I met with nobody that I could well expect to have satisfaction [from], it being Sunday; and the officers of the Yard most of them abroad, or at the Hill house, at the pay of the Chest, which they did make use of to-day to do part in. Several complaints, I hear, of the Monmouth's coming away too soon from the chaine, where she was placed with the two guard-ships to secure

[1] The island near the entrance of the Zuyder Zee, on which Sir Robert Holmes had landed. See August 15th, 1666 (vol. v., p. 375). —B.

it; and Captain Robert Clerke, my friend, is blamed for so doing there, but I hear nothing of him at London about it; but Captain Brookes's running aground with the "Sancta Maria," which was one of the three ships that were ordered to be sunk to have dammed up the River at the chaine, is mightily cried against, and with reason, he being the chief man to approve of the abilities of other men and the other two ships did get safe thither and he run aground; but yet I do hear that though he be blameable, yet if she had been there, she nor two more to them three would have been able to have commanded the river all over. I find that here, as it hath been in our river,[1] fire-ships, when fitted, have been sunk afterwards, and particularly those here at the Mussle,[2] where they did no good at all. Our great ships that were run aground and sunk are all well raised but the "Vanguard," which they go about to raise to-morrow. "The Henery," being let loose to drive up the river of herself, did run up as high as the bridge, and broke down some of the rails of the bridge, and so back again with the tide, and up again, and then berthed himself so well as no pilot could ever have done better; and Punnet says he would not, for his life, have undertaken to have done it, with all his skill. I find it is true that the Dutch did heele "The Charles"[3] to get her down, and yet run aground twice or thrice, and yet got her safe away, and have her, with a great many good guns in her, which none of our pilots would ever have undertaken. It is very considerable the quantity of goods, which the making of these platforms and batterys do take out of the King's stores: so that we shall have little left there, and, God knows! no credit to buy any; besides, the taking away and spending

[1] The Thames.

[2] Muscle Bank, in the Medway.

[3] John Conny, writing to Williamson from Chatham, June 17th, 1667, says: "The 'Royal Charles' is got away. The Dutch are all drawn down the river; there are not many within Sheerness, yet enough to secure their men, who are said to be fortifying the Ness. They have fired what they can of the ships sunk to prevent their approach, and cleared the river except weighing those vessels. The 'St. George' is got afloat. Hopes this high water to recover the 'Monmouth,' 'Rainbow,' 'Triumph,' 'Unicorn,' and 'Henry'" ("Calendar of State Papers," 1667, p. 200).

of (it is possible) several goods that would have been either rejected or abatement made for them before used. It is a strange thing to see that, while my Lords Douglas and Middleton do ride up and down upon single horses, my Lord Bruncker do go up and down with his hackney-coach and six horses at the King's charge, which will do, for all this time, and the time that he is likely to stay, must amount to a great deal. But I do not see that he hath any command over the seamen, he being affronted by three or four seamen before my very face, which he took sillily, methought; and is not able to do so much good as a good boatswain in this business. My Lord Bruncker, I perceive, do endeavour to speak well of Commissioner Pett, saying that he did exercise great care and pains while he was there, but do not undertake to answer for his not carrying up of the great ships. Back again to Rochester, and there walked to the Cathedral as they were beginning of the service, but would not be seen to stay to church there, besides had no mind, but rather to go to our inne, the White Hart, where we drank and were fain (the towne being so full of soldiers) to have a bed corded for us to lie in, I being unwilling to lie at the Hill house for one night, being desirous to be near our coach to be gone betimes to-morrow morning. Here in the streets, I did hear the Scotch march beat by the drums before the soldiers, which is very odde. Thence to the Castle, and viewed it with Creed, and had good satisfaction from him that showed it us touching the history of it. Then into the fields, a fine walk, and there saw Sir Francis Clerke's house, which is a pretty seat, and then back to our inne and bespoke supper, and so back to the fields and into the Cherry garden, where we had them fresh gathered, and here met with a young, plain, silly shopkeeper, and his wife, a pretty young woman, the man's name Hawkins, and I did kiss her, and we talked (and the woman of the house is a very talking bawdy jade), and eat cherries together, and then to walk in the fields till it was late, and did kiss her, and I believe had I had a fit time and place I might have done what I would with her. Walked back and left them at their house near our inne, and then to our inne, where, I hear, my Lord Bruncker hath sent for me to speak with me before I go: so I took

his coach, which stands there with two horses, and to him and to his bedside, where he was in bed, and hath a watchman with a halbert at his door; and to him, and did talk a little, and find him a very weak man for this business that he is upon; and do pity the King's service, that is no better handled, and his folly to call away Pett before we could have found a better man to have staid in his stead. So took leave of him, and with Creed back again, it being now about 10 at night, and to our inne to supper, and then to bed, being both sleepy, but could get no sheets to our bed, only linen to our mouths, and so to sleep, merrily talking of Hawkins and his wife, and troubled that Creed did see so much of my dalliance, though very little.

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END OF VOL. VI.

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